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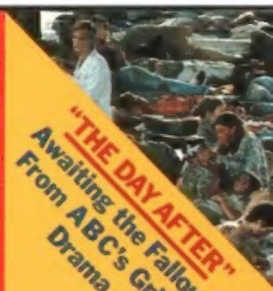

"THE DAY AFTER"
Awaiting the Fallout
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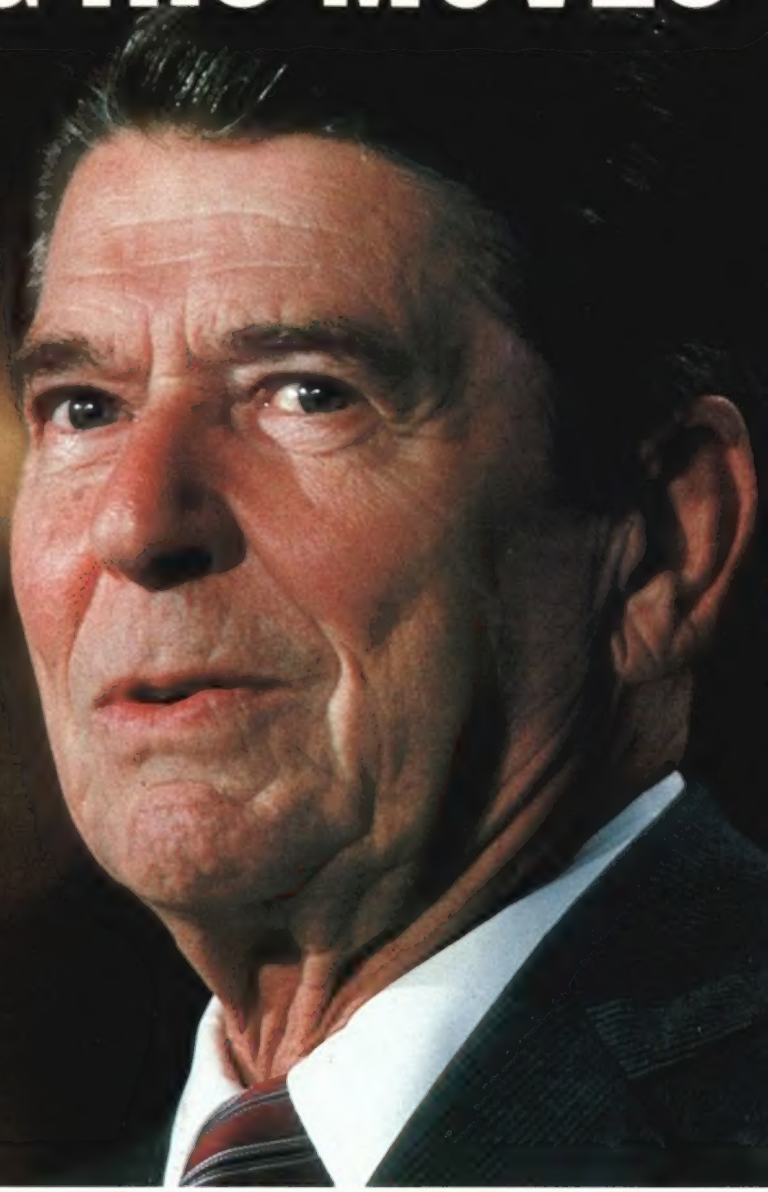
Drama

MAKING HIS MOVES

- A Shocker For Interior
- A Shake-Up For the NSC
- And a Big "Why Not?" For 1984



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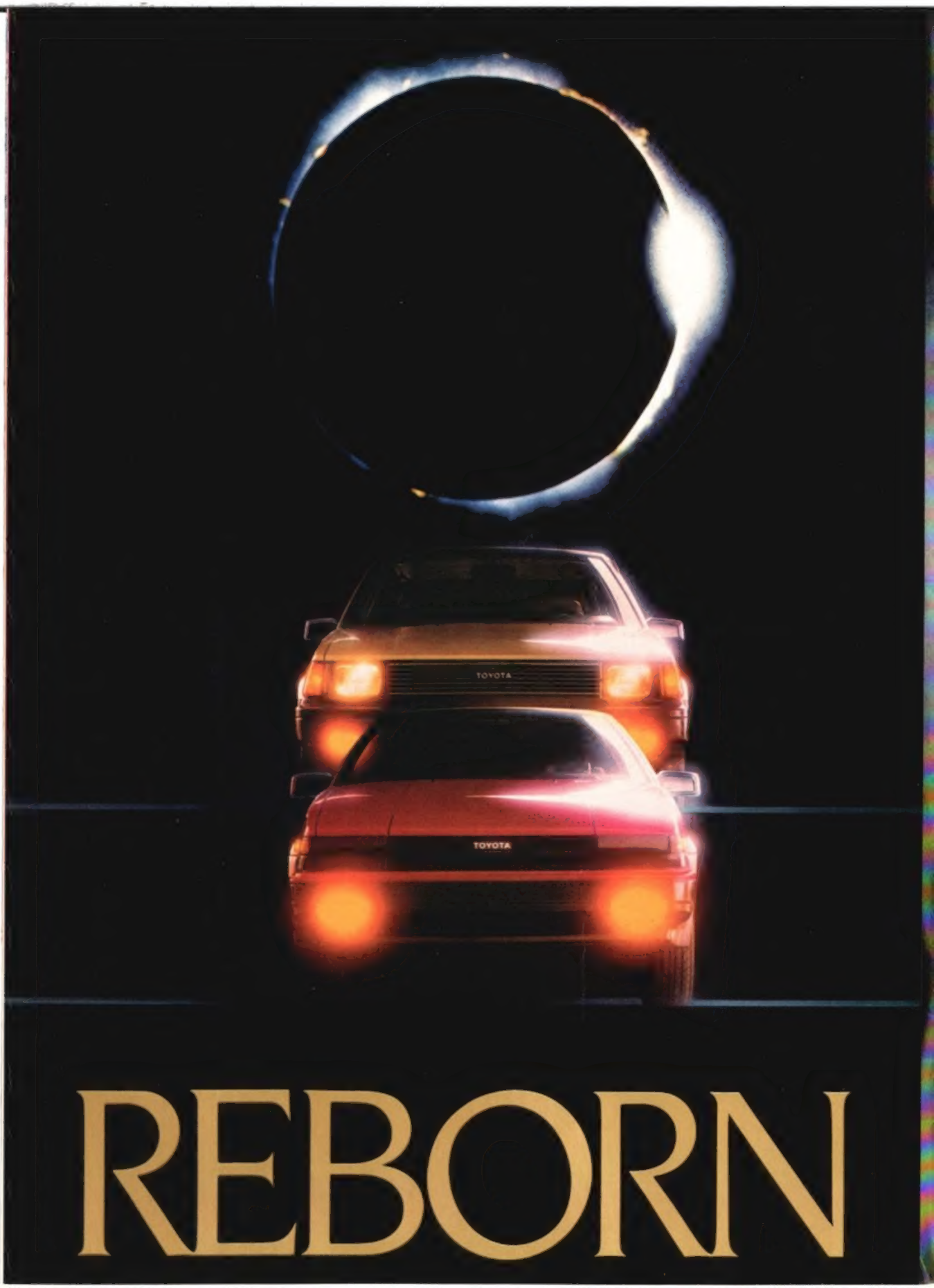
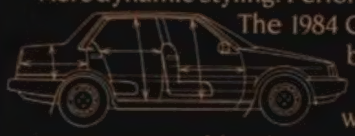

TOYOTA
TOYOTA
REBORN

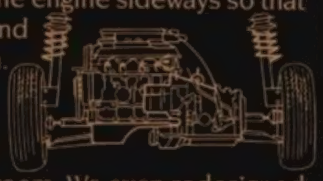
Toyota Corolla. Think fast. What comes to mind? Economy. Dependability. Affordability. How about one of the world's most popular cars? And now reborn for 1984, the totally new Corollas bring even more words to mind. Room. Comfort. Aerodynamic styling. Performance. Efficiency.



The 1984 Corolla 4-Door Sedan blends a new, crisp, aerodynamic design with front-wheel drive roominess and family car comfort. It's hard to believe a car this lean and trim is so roomy inside.

On the outside the Corolla 4-Door Sedan has been aerodynamically redesigned from bumper to bumper. A tapered hood combined with a high tail gives the gas and diesel Sedan a wedge-shaped appearance and helps the diesel Sedan achieve an impressive 59 Estimated Highway, 43 EPA Estimated MPG.* Corolla also comes in a functional 5-Door Liftback which features the versatility of a split fold-down rear seat for easier access to cargo, and the practicality of a hatchback. It even has a spoiler designed into the hatch to help cut through the wind giving it a drag coefficient of .34.

Inside both of these models, careful attention has been paid to create the definitive environment for driver comfort and family size roominess. In addition to front-wheel drive, we mounted the engine sideways so that there is more front and rear passenger room. The dash and the rear wheel arches have been recessed to make even more room. We even redesigned the seat backs, which not only adds more passenger space but helps increase the luggage capacity by 15%. The driving compartment has been carefully thought out so that every knob and switch is conveniently placed. They're "family car comfortable," driver practical, and still very affordable. But the Family Corollas tell only half the Corolla story. The Sporty Corollas tell the rest of it.



This striking new 3-Door Liftback combines performance and aerodynamic styling to give you that good old-fashioned fun-to-drive feeling.

Like the Family Corollas, the Sporty Corollas have been aerodynamically redesigned. Retractable headlamps, an integrated front air dam, a thin radiator grille and an integrated spoiler together help create a slippery silhouette. Features like rack and pinion steering, MacPherson struts, 5-speed transmission and carefully engineered weight distribution give the Corolla superb handling and precise control.

The clean interior is as functional as it is pleasing to the eye. The dash has been moved forward to increase roominess. The full array of instruments are easy to read and in convenient reach. The seats come with a lumbar support system and a height adjuster to improve driver comfort. And rear seats also feature a split back for easy access to the cargo area.

If you prefer the style and private trunk space of a coupe, this new Corolla also comes in a dazzling 2-Door Coupe version.

The 1984 Toyota Corollas. Your eyes may tell you that they're totally new cars. But their reputation and your wallet will insist they're still Corollas.

*Remember: Compare this estimate to the "EPA Estimated MPG" of other diesel powered cars with manual transmission. You may get different mileage depending on how fast you drive, weather conditions and trip length. Actual highway mileage will probably be less than the "Highway Estimate."

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TIME

OCTOBER 24, 1983 Vol. 122 No. 18 THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

A Letter from the Publisher

As subscribers and newsstand buyers know, we are marking TIME's 60th birthday with a just published Special Anniversary Issue. The milestone is also being celebrated on television, with a 72-minute documentary called *The Time of Our Lives: The Most Amazing 60 Years in History*. The show, which debuted last week on Home Box Office, the nation's leading pay cable TV service and a subsidiary of Time Inc., will air several times in October and November. It looks at TIME's reporting of the personalities and events of the past six decades.

The idea for the program came from Michael Fuchs, president of HBO's entertainment division, who thought that the times covered and the way TIME covered them would make for a lively combination of film and words. The show was made for HBO by Bruce Cohn Productions and overseen by Fuchs and Bridget Potter, HBO vice president for original programming.

TV Host Robards and first cover

Using TIME as the basis for film reports was not unfamiliar to an earlier generation of TIME editors during the years (1935-51) when the MARCH OF *TIME* was a popular feature in movie theaters. For the current project, HBO staff members went out of their way to involve the editors as well as representatives of the publisher's office. The show was even checked for accuracy by reporter-researchers, in the manner of TIME stories. "It was a collaborative effort all the way through," says Potter. "TIME's editors seemed very interested in the experience of working in our medium."

With Academy Award–winning Actor Jason Robards as host, the fast-paced show uses film footage of events and quotes from TIME's contemporaneous judgments. There are also a few behind-the-scenes looks at TIME's own history, beginning with its somewhat shaky 1923 start under Henry Luce and Briton Hadden, when the first issue sold fewer than 9,000 copies. The program goes on to examine the origins of the Man of the Year and the phenomenon of early-years TIME style, with its backward-running sentences and punchy neologisms, like "tycoon" and "socialite," which are now part of everyday English. It even displays some of the cover stories that were canceled because of late-breaking news, such as a Jack Benny cover that was scrapped for Winston Churchill and the outbreak of World War II. "In making this show," says Fuchs, "we learned a lot about the role TIME has played in shaping the history of the past 60 years. At HBO, which is just eleven years old, we were thrilled to work with an organization that has so much tradition and history."

John a. Meyer

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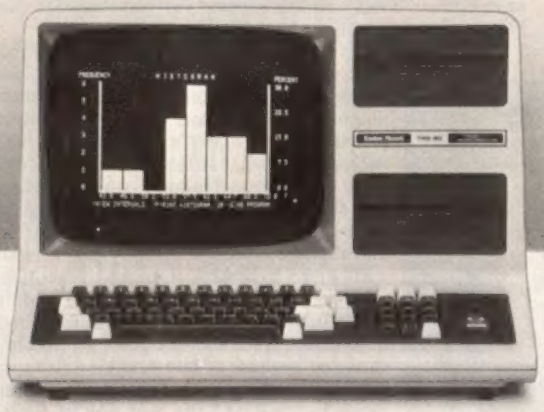

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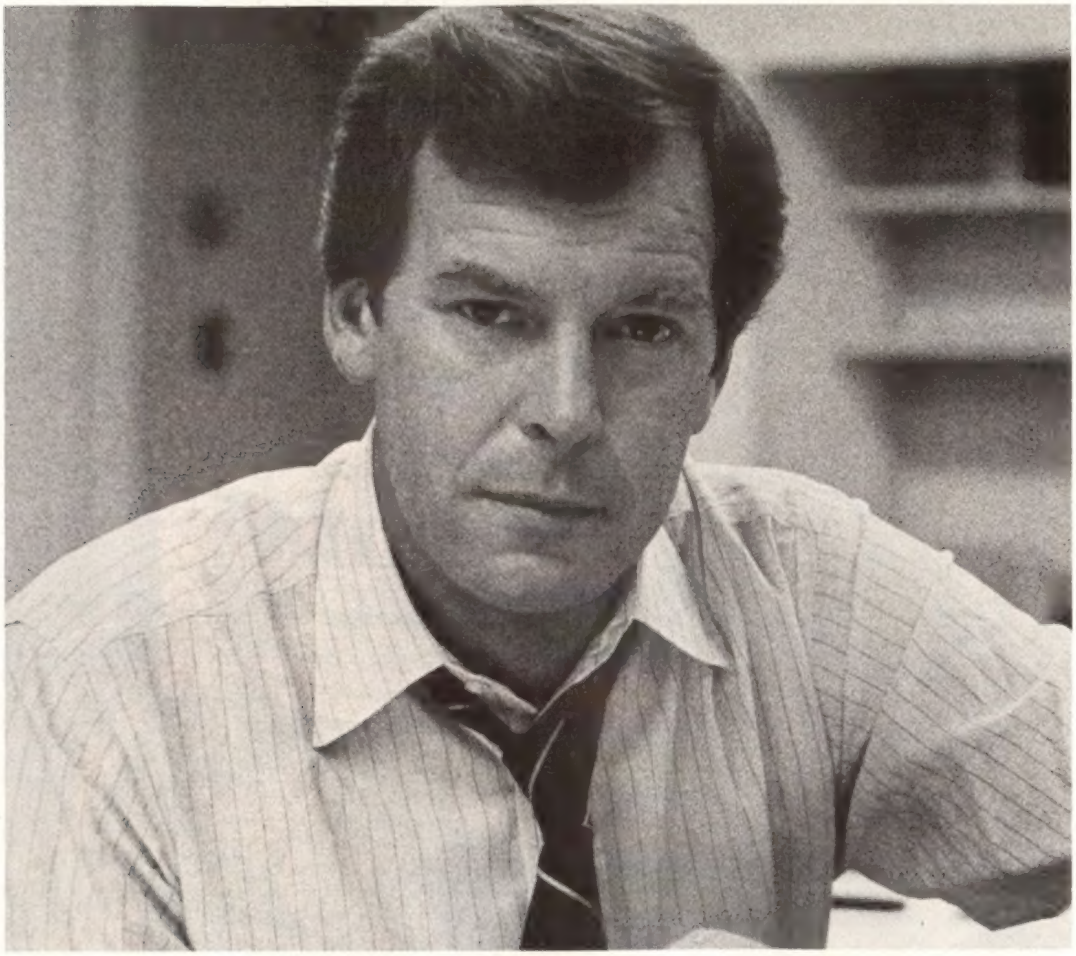

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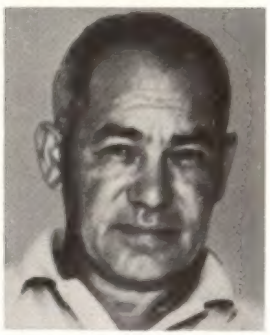

Starting with borrowed money Duraclean gave me the opportunity for financial security... In eight years I sold out at a profit and retired.

"Not until I was forty did I make up my mind that I was going to retire before ten years had passed. I knew I couldn't do it on a salary, no matter how good. I knew I couldn't do it working for others. It was perfectly obvious to me that I had to start a business of my own. But that posed a problem. What kind of business? Most of my money was tied up. Temporarily I was broke. But, when I found the business I wanted I was able to start it for a small amount of borrowed money.

"To pyramid this investment into retirement in less than ten years seems like magic, but in my opinion any man in good health who has the same ambition and drive that motivated me, could achieve such a goal. Let me give you a little history.

"I finished high school at the age of 18 and got a job as a shipping clerk. My next job was butchering at a plant that processed boneless beef. Couldn't see much future there. Next, I got a job as a Greyhound Bus Driver. The money was good. The work was pleasant, but I couldn't see it as leading to retirement. Finally I took the plunge and went into business for myself.

"I managed to raise enough money with my savings to invest in a combination motel, restaurant, grocery, and service station. It didn't take long to get my eyes opened. In order to keep that business going my wife and I worked from dawn to dusk, 20 hours a day, seven days a week. Putting in all those hours didn't match my idea of independence and it gave me no time for my favorite sport—golf! Finally we both agreed that I should look for something else.

"I found it. Not right away. I investigated a lot of businesses offered as franchises. I felt that I wanted the guidance of an experienced company—wanted to have the benefit of the plans that had brought success to others, plus the benefit of running my own business under an established name that had national recognition.

"Most of the franchises offered were too costly for me. Temporarily all my capital was frozen in the motel. But I found that the Duraclean franchise offered what I had been looking for.

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"I could work it as a one-man business to start, and operate from my home. No office or shop or other overhead, no salaries to pay. Equipment would fit in my car trunk. (I bought the truck later, out of profits.) Best of all, there was no ceiling on my earnings. I could build a business as big as my ambition and energy dictated. I could put on as many men as I needed to cover my volume. And I could build little by little, or as fast as I wished.

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Letters

Mission Lebanon

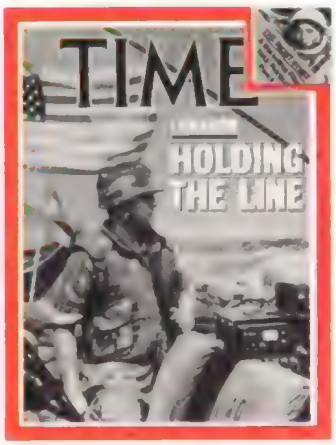
To the Editors:

A peace can exist in Lebanon [Oct. 3] only if the country is partitioned. People who harbor such deep hatred for one another and who are in perpetual conflict can never live as one nation. I am ready to sacrifice a united Lebanon for a divided but peaceful Lebanon.

Bassam Nassar
Waltham, Mass.

Considering the factional nature of Lebanese politics, the nation should have a bicameral legislature, with a house of representatives elected on a majority basis and a senate elected, or appointed, on a religious basis. Such a system would allow the power to be shared and give everyone equal representation.

Daniel Ivanick
New City, N.Y.



The Soviets are doing the same thing in Lebanon that they did in Viet Nam. By supplying the Syrians and the Druze with weapons, the U.S.S.R. is fostering internal feuds and abetting the downfall of Lebanon. In the end, the Soviets will not have lost one soldier, but they will have a stranglehold on the area.

Robert Christison
Aberdeen, Scotland

60th Anniversary

For some of us, your special anniversary issue covering the past 60 years could be called "This Is Your Life." The magazine will become a grand textbook of contemporary history.

Professor J. Calvin Koonts
Erskine College
Due West, S.C.

I missed TIME during my World War II years. Your special issue filled in the gaps. I am two years older than TIME but many times wiser because of it.

Peter L. Caparell
Boston

Your anniversary magazine is an amazing record of the past, but I was melancholy after reading it. Where are those glittering names that radiated from your pages and fed our curiosity? They are now dust and ashes.

Calvin Hoffman
Sarasota, Fla.

The most amazing 60 years in history? You flatter yourself. Merely consider the first 60 years A.D. Their effect has been felt for nearly 2,000 years.

Brian K. Davis
Columbus

After reading the Letters to the Editor page, I noted with humor that people were then as now concerned with their Government, with themselves and how others perceived them. Nothing has changed in human nature. How delightful.

Barbara C. Kuehm
Houston

Considering Animals

Lance Morrow's Essay "Thinking Animal Thoughts" [Oct. 3] left much room for humane reflection. Those of us who are concerned with the plight of animals used for research purposes are a far cry from the fanatics described in your article. The offense committed against these creatures is not, as Morrow suggests, the taking of their lives. Rather, it is the pain that is inflicted upon them. Scientific advancement and humaneness toward animals are compatible. Ethical guidelines have even been established for the use of laboratory animals. Live animals should be used only when there is no adequate alternative available. Even under those circumstances, every effort should be made to eliminate suffering.

John F. Kullberg, Executive Director
A.S.P.C.A.
New York City

People abuse animals because the animals, for the most part, cannot fight back. The same individuals would be just as cruel to humans if they thought they could get away with it.

Mary Bray
Las Vegas

By possessing a higher intelligence, man not only ascends over animals but has an undeniable responsibility for them. Underlying the animal rights movement is the belief that we must treat fairly those creatures placed in our care by nature. By not fulfilling this obligation, we have sunk very low.

Kathryn McCullough
Ithaca, N.Y.

There is another criterion by which we decide which life forms are worthy of reverence and which are not: bigness. The same people who would march to Washington on behalf of tigers would have their scalps treated at the first sign of head lice. It is when our heads start itching or the raisins in the cookies start moving that we are confronted with the genuineness of our reverence. The truth is that we can be very selective about which species we are willing to let live and which we want to die.

Joyce Higman
Ottawa, Kans.

When my two cats climb on my lap and purr, when the mother raccoon brings her three babies to my window and peers in, I know God gave us something very special. I am quickly learning to become a vegetarian.

Bob Whempner
Daytona Beach, Fla.

Goodbye, U.N.

Three cheers for Charles Lichenstein, the U.S. delegate to the U.N. who suggested that members unhappy with a U.S.-based United Nations should consider moving the organization's headquarters elsewhere [Oct. 3].

Kenneth N. Karol
Tucson

President Reagan is wrong when he says that Americans would welcome the U.N.'s leaving the U.S. While some people may have become disillusioned with the world organization, most Americans want the group to have more power. This opinion has been consistent over the years, as proved by the major polling organizations. We live in an increasingly interdependent world. All men and women must learn to live as brothers and sisters or we will die as fools. To prevent the latter, the President should work to reform and restructure the U.N. rather than give stridently nationalistic responses to international events.

Eric Cox, Legislative Director
Campaign for U.N. Reform
Arlington, Va.

Wattspeak

In his off-the-cuff remark about appointing a black, a woman, two Jews and a cripple to his commission to review coal leasing on public lands, Secretary of the Interior James Watt [Oct. 3] proved that he cannot win. If he had not appointed that mix, he would have been criticized by minority groups and both political parties. The next thing he will be denounced for is not including a gay.

Lawrence Forrest
St. Croix, Virgin Islands

What has happened to plain speaking in America? To censure Watt for calling a black a black, a woman a woman, a Jew a Jew and a cripple a cripple is ridiculous. Unfortunately, there are not enough honest, outspoken politicians like Watt in the U.S. today.

Ricardo I. De Moya
Lauderdale Lakes, Fla.

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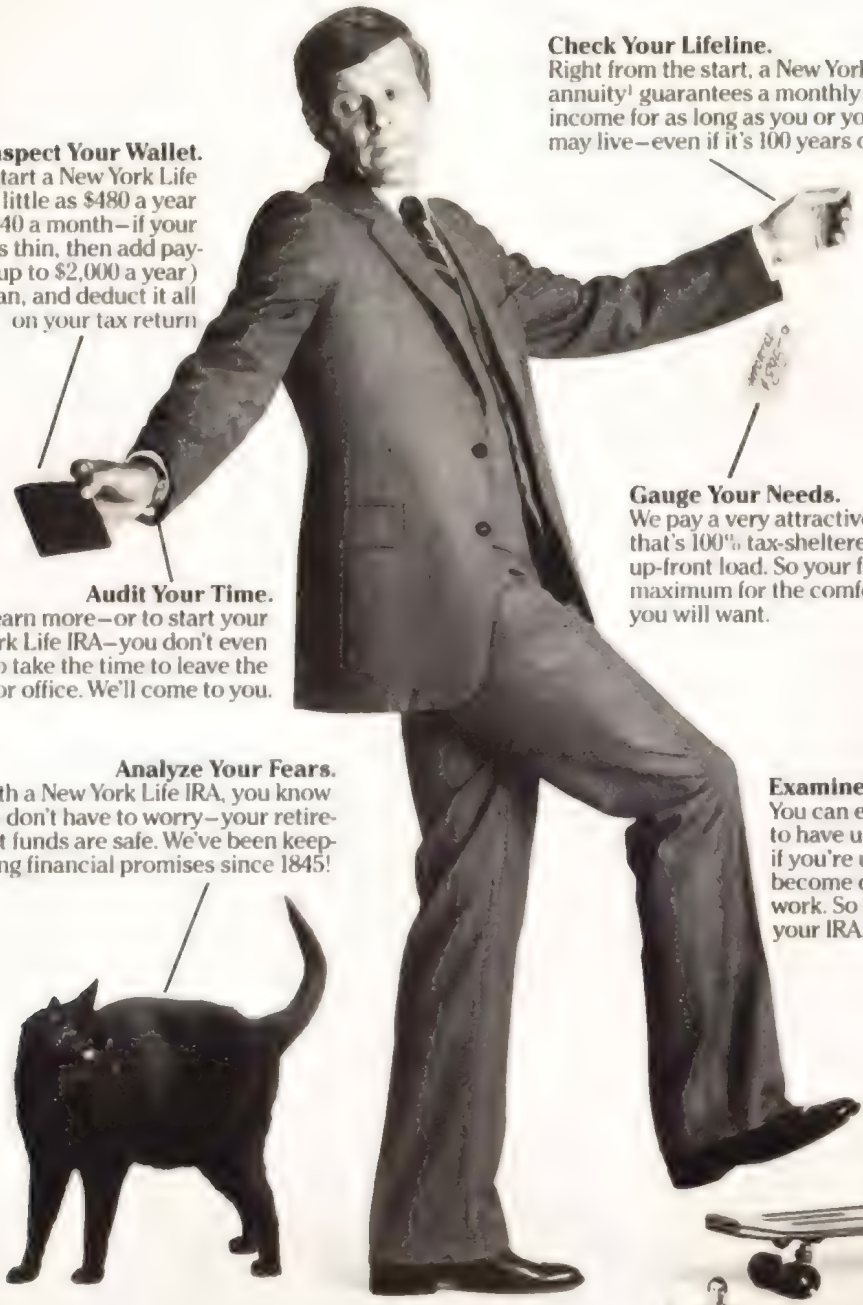

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Salem	15		1.0	
Kool Milds	11		0.8	
Newport	16		1.1	

...100's	TAR Mg	TAR Cig	NICOTINE Mg	NICOTINE Cig
Kent 100's	14		1.1	
Winston Lights 100's	12		0.8	
Benson & Hedges 100's	16		1.1	
Parliament Lights 100's	12		0.9	
Salem 100's	15		1.1	
Marlboro 100's	17		1.1	

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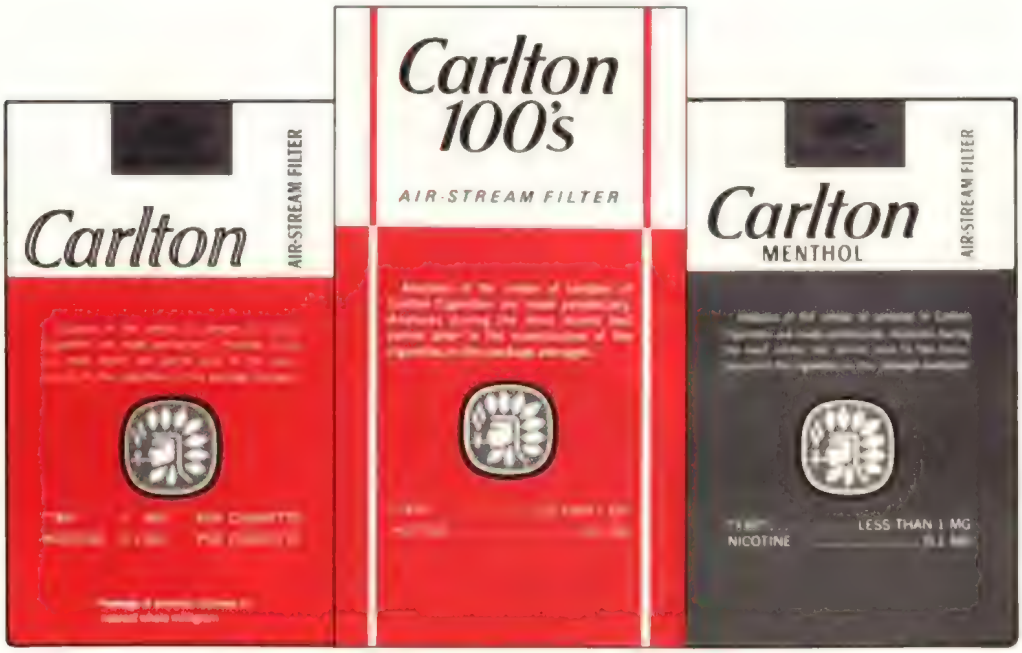

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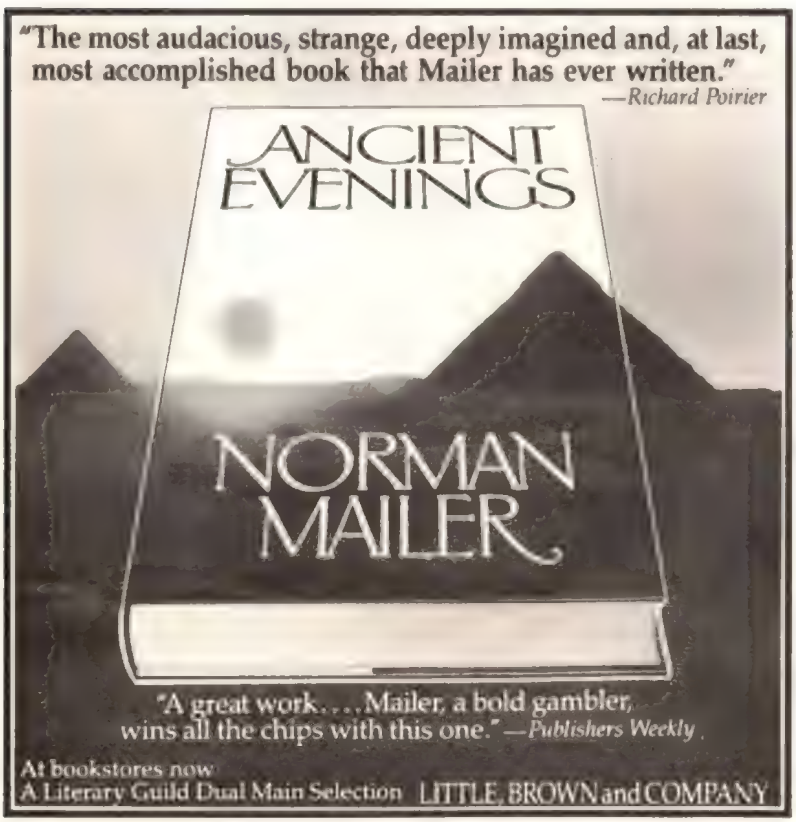

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Letters

Watt's tongue should be tarred and feathered.

Marion Coulston
Jackson, Mich.

Higher Sales

Your article on computer firms that are in trouble [Sept. 5] reported that "around California's Silicon Valley, the talk is that North Star and Cromemco, both suppliers of office systems, are hurting." Cromemco, a leading manufacturer of high-performance microcomputer systems, recently ended its first fiscal half-year with a 42% revenue increase over the same period last year.

Harry Garland, President
Cromemco Inc.
Mountain View, Calif.

Miss America

Jesse Jackson's claim that Vanessa Williams did for the Miss America Pageant what Jackie Robinson did for the Brooklyn Dodgers is absurd [Oct. 3]. Williams lives in a society that has legally abolished racial segregation. That was not the case when Robinson broke baseball's "color barrier" in 1947. Also, Williams did not endure the racial insults or physical intimidation that Robinson did. The two achievements are not comparable.

Thomas N. Longstreth
Brooklandville, Md.

Vanessa Williams' light skin, auburn hair and green eyes are beautiful but disturbing. Are the most beautiful black women really those who most closely resemble white women?

Alexander F. Obbard
Philadelphia

Bad Times in Morenci

Your article "Pitting Brother Against Brother," about the strike at the Phelps Dodge copper mine in Morenci, Ariz. [Oct. 3], makes me sad. It is pathetic to think that someone earning $26,000 a year would go on strike against a company that has been generous but is now in financial difficulties.

(The Rev.) Jeff Horton
Pensacola, Fla.

When President Reagan fired the air-traffic controllers for striking, he broke the controllers' union. Corporations are now following the President's example of union busting. The citizens of Morenci can blame the President for their troubles.

Rosemary L. Chang
Baltimore

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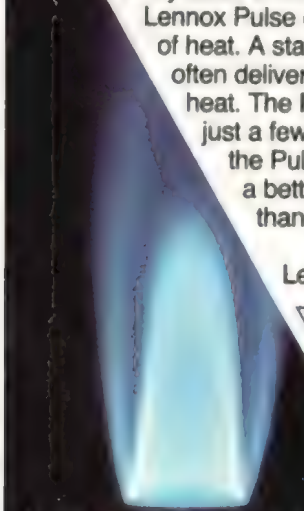

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COVER STORIES

Reagan Makes His Moves

It's Clark for Watt, and probably McFarlane for Clark

The decision was so startling that aides warned it could not be kept secret for even a few more hours. If Ronald Reagan did not want the capital to be awash in puzzling leaks and wild rumors, he would have to break the news openly at his very next public appearance. That happened to be a totally incongruous event, a welcoming address to 200 women leaders of Christian evangelical groups visiting Washington. After the usual innocuous pleasantries, the President told the churchwomen that he had reviewed the qualifications of "more than two dozen fine potential nominees" to succeed James G. Watt as Secretary of the Interior and settled on a man whose name was not on that list: National Security Adviser William Clark.

It was such an unusual switch, from a primary role in foreign affairs to a secondary one in domestic policy, that Washington buzzed for days with speculation about Reagan's and Clark's motives, slighting the more consequential question: Who would replace Clark as the chief White House adviser on foreign and military policy? From the beginning, the obvious candidate was Clark's top deputy, Robert McFarlane, a seasoned and pragmatic professional in national security affairs. But as always when a powerful post is up for grabs, there were other contenders. Officials who feared that "Bud" McFarlane would not be a forceful advocate for hard-line views vigorously promoted Jeane Kirkpatrick, Reagan's intellectual, ideological and sometimes abrasive Ambassador to the United Nations.

Pondering the matter over the weekend at Camp David, Reagan reached his decision. He told aides that he planned to appoint McFarlane. But he intended to delay the formal announcement until early this week, giving him time to confer with Kirkpatrick, who is known to be weary with her U.N. job. The President was set to offer her a post in Washington, possibly a newly created one, in which she would have ready access to the Oval Office and the opportunity to advise on a wide range of foreign policy questions.

Such an arrangement would be novel, but nowhere near as intriguing as the

National Security Adviser Clark on the phone after Reagan went public: the Judge was physically and emotionally burned out, and wanted another job

CYNTHIA JOHNSON

transfer of Clark that prompted it. In the first few hours after that move, even the most savvy officials could not believe their ears. A senior White House staff member who informed colleagues about the change just before Reagan publicly announced it encountered such incredulity that he had to insist, "I'm not joking, it's the truth." Legislative Aide Kenneth Duberstein, phoning Senate Majority Leader Howard Baker with the news, argued for three minutes before he could convince Baker that it was not an elaborate put-on.

The reason for the shock: the National Security Adviser's job is potentially one of the most powerful in the nation and indeed the world. The Interior Secretary's task of managing the Federal Government's vast landholdings, for all the explosive controversy that Watt brought to it, has considerably less than globe-girdling impact; it is of interest primarily to the Western states.

Ordinarily, no Government official moves down to a lesser-ranking post voluntarily. Yet Reagan had given no hint of displeasure with Clark's performance. In fact, Judge Clark had seemed to have pervasive influence over foreign policy. And who other than the President could possibly have enough muscle to push Clark out of a position in which he had been installed precisely because he was a longtime, trusted intimate of Reagan's from the days when he served as chief of staff to the then Governor of California?

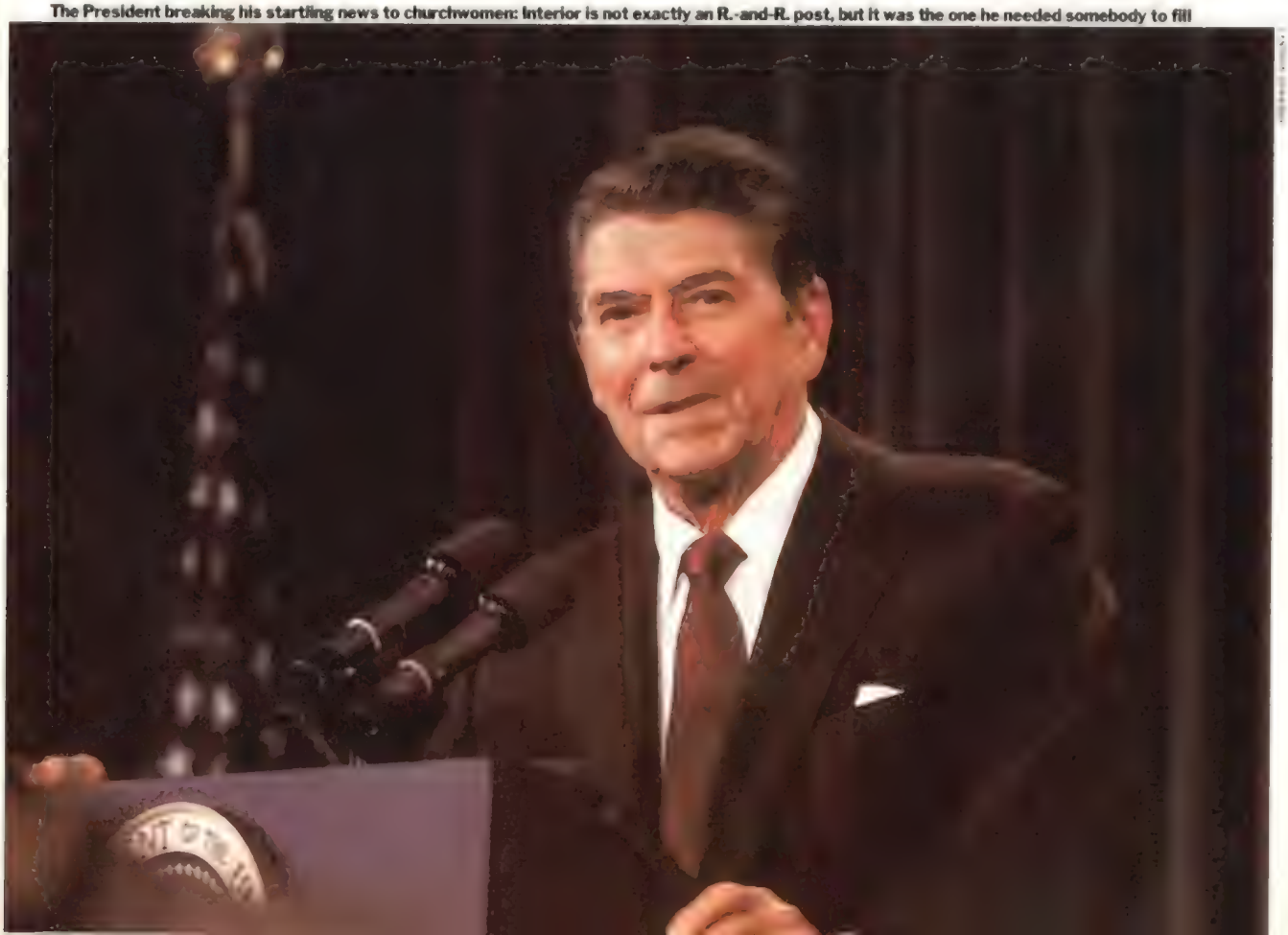
As it turned out, nobody. Nor did Reagan appear to make the switch with an eye to campaign strategy, even though it did serve the purpose of realigning his Administration in the same week that he gave a go-ahead for the formation of a re-election committee, which is tantamount to a declaration of candidacy. For all its potential impact on issues ranging from expansion of national parks to control of nuclear weapons, Clark's transfer was apparently dictated by considerations not of policy or even politics but of personal preference. Clark had been worn down by the strain of his national security position and wanted out, to the point of twice talking about going home to California or at least leaving the White House basement. Reagan wished to accommodate his prized troubleshooter, yet keep him in Government. Interior was the only high-level vacancy.

There is some dispute about just how the idea came up, and the only people who really know are Reagan and Clark. But on one point all accounts agree: Clark was just plain tired. A California rancher, lawyer and judge, Clark came to Washington originally as No. 2 man at the State Department, with no knowledge of foreign policy. To keep abreast of fast-moving foreign affairs, he had to enter his offices at State and later in the White House before 7 a.m. and plow through papers until late in the evening, six or even seven days a week.

More important, Clark suffered from emotional burnout. He has a considerable talent for bureaucratic infighting; he helped to engineer the resignations of his predecessor as National Security Adviser, Richard Allen, and later of his old boss, Secretary of State Alexander Haig. He sidetracked Haig's unassertive successor, George Shultz, on some issues. Deputy White House Chief of Staff Michael Deaver, another intimate of the President's who had been close to Clark since they were Reagan aides in California, was so put off by Clark's habit of short-circuiting the White House staff system that he and Clark have gone through several periods over the past year when they were barely on speaking terms.

On issues, Clark succeeded in imposing Reagan's visceral hard-line stamp on some policies, notably stern opposition to leftist revolution in Central America. Maladroit in dealing with Congress, Clark led Reagan to a stinging defeat last spring when he counseled the President to

The President breaking his startling news to churchwomen: Interior is not exactly an R.-and-R. post, but it was the one he needed somebody to fill



insist on a bigger increase in military spending than even the Republican-controlled Senate would accept. But Clark succeeded in bringing some order to what had been a disorganized National Security Council staff and involving Reagan in foreign policy decisions that the President had tended to slight while concentrating on domestic affairs. That accomplished, Clark considered his work done.

Meanwhile, Watt's offhand verbal zingers had offended so many domestic constituencies that a fortnight ago it became obvious that he could not stay on in the Cabinet. In a telephone conversation on Saturday, Oct. 8, the day before Watt's resignation, Reagan and Clark lightheartedly discussed the advantages Watt's replacement at Interior would enjoy: the opportunity to do a great deal of horseback riding in fresh air, for example.

switch would serve Reagan's political interests, but even more, says one adviser, that "the President believes he is doing Clark a favor." In either case, the consequences for Administration policy—and re-election politics—will be the same. They are likely to be far more evident in foreign than in domestic affairs.

Interior is scarcely a rest-and-recreation post, as Watt's tenure abundantly proved. But at least the policies that Clark will carry out are fairly well set; their common theme is a tilt away from what conservatives felt had become an exaggerated concern for protection of the environment and toward accelerated commercial development of Government land. Reagan had been looking for a Secretary whose appointment would assure Western right-wingers, an important part of the President's political power base,

diplomats and Congressmen. He came back to the NSC from State early in 1982 to serve as Clark's chief deputy.

Technically he still holds that post, but for the past three months he has been working primarily as U.S. special envoy to the Middle East, trying to patch together some kind of settlement of the chaotic civil war in Lebanon. By coincidence, McFarlane arrived back in Washington last week and lunched with Clark and Shultz as Reagan was about to announce Clark's transfer. McFarlane had been summoned home for a review of Middle East policy, which took on added importance last week with disclosure of an Administration plan to equip two Jordanian brigades as a pro-Western strike force ready to act in emergencies in the Persian Gulf region.

Kirkpatrick's candidacy was pushed

On the day Clark decided to move, Reagan meets with McFarlane, Vice President Bush, Secretary Shultz and the new man for Interior

Apparently, both thought they were jesting. The leading candidate to succeed Watt was former Republican Senator Clifford Hansen of Wyoming.

By last Wednesday, however, Hansen had turned down the job for health reasons, and Clark decided that he actually wanted Watt's post. He approached Presidential Counsellor Edwin Meese, another ally from Reagan's California staff. Meese advised Clark to speak directly to Reagan. Clark met with the President Thursday morning, in such secrecy that Shultz later lunched with him and returned to the State Department unaware that any change was in the works. At 3 p.m., right after the lunch, Reagan telephoned Clark to say the job was his if he really wanted it. Clark accepted. Reagan's announcement to the churchwomen followed within three hours.

In sum, Clark decided to try for a job that Reagan, on the advice of several aides and probably also Nancy, was simultaneously attempting to nudge him into. The reason was partly that the

that those policies would continue without being enmeshed in the controversies set off by Watt's loose-lipped remarks. There is a political liability too: environmentalists angrily attacked Clark's appointment, correctly reading it as a sign that nothing much would change.

In overseas affairs, however, Clark's transfer is anything but a guarantee of continuity in policy. That has never been the Administration's strong point anyway; the Reagan years have been marked by frequent switches of both policy and personnel. Allies and adversaries who already have had to deal with two Secretaries of State will now have to accustom themselves to Reagan's third National Security Adviser.

McFarlane is a former Marine lieutenant colonel who has served in various posts at the State Department and on the National Security Council staff for the past ten years, under both Republican and Democratic Administrations, and has a talent for getting along with both

primarily by Secretary of Defense Caspar Weinberger and CIA Director William Casey, two notable Administration hawks who had found Clark to be a reliable ally. Kirkpatrick's confrontational style at the U.N. and her insistence on U.S. support of "authoritarian" but anti-Communist governments, especially in Central America, have made her a far more vivid and controversial figure than McFarlane.

Reagan values her advice, wanted to advance her and McFarlane while accommodating Clark, and came up with a try-to-please-everybody solution typical of him. How McFarlane and Kirkpatrick will mesh if they do in fact both wind up in more important jobs is an open question. Indeed, the problem of who should be National Security Adviser, in theory at least, was still open enough at week's end to enable some dark horses to be exercised in the fashion Washington touts so enjoy. Three names brought out for that were Brent Scowcroft, who was National Security Adviser to President Ford, Frank Carlucci, a former Deputy Secre-

tary of Defense, and former New York Senator James Buckley, like Kirkpatrick a staunch conservative.

Clark's pending departure from the NSC altered some important equations in the White House. Right-wingers instantly deduced that Clark's transfer will cost them more influence over foreign policy than they will preserve in domestic policy at Interior. Richard Viguerie, a veteran fund raiser for hawkish causes, grumbled that the move "gets a strong conservative anti-Communist out of the foreign policy making process and allows the moderates and liberals in the White House and State Department to assume total control." His view is both biased and wildly overstated, but contains a measure of truth.

None of the people on the short list of candidates for National Security Adviser enjoys Clark's easy intimacy with Reagan. Hardly anyone else in the Administration does. In the long run, only the extremely assertive Kirkpatrick could conceivably have become a strong rival to Shultz for the President's ear. The choice of McFarlane is likely to strengthen Shultz's moderate, pragmatic influence; no matter his considerable merit, he is not the President's confidant.

Shultz has already been making a comeback from midsummer, when he seemed to be in eclipse. For example, he took a front-and-center role in organizing and expressing U.S. and world outrage at the Soviets' shooting down of the Korean jetliner. His renewed prominence has been quietly encouraged by some White House aides—including, oddly enough, Clark—who know that the Administration cannot afford to lose another Secretary of State before the 1984 election.

The impact of Clark's shift may be most noticeable in arms-control policy. Clark generally sided with those officials who place more emphasis on building up U.S. nuclear might than on reaching agreement with the Soviets. His absence will probably strengthen the clout of the so-called arms controllers at State, who favor stronger efforts to limit or reduce nuclear weapons on both sides.

The arms controllers will be especially cheered by the appointment of McFarlane, who is an expert in the field. He is neither a dove nor a mushy compromiser. He is, however, a realist who would join Shultz in seeking to explore any opportunity for an acceptable compromise that might come up in two sets of negotiations with the Soviets in Geneva, one dealing with theater-range nuclear weapons in Europe, the other with intercontinental missiles and warheads. That is, of course, if the Soviets show any real flexibility—a gigantic if, given the chill in U.S.-U.S.S.R. relations.

McFarlane probably would also be more effective in winning support for Administration foreign and military policy in Congress, a job that the Judge bungled badly. For example, Clark angered even Administration supporters on Capitol Hill by not consulting them in advance about the extensive naval and military maneuvers the U.S. is now conducting around Marxist Nicaragua (he did not inform Shultz about the timing either, to the Secretary of State's consternation).

McFarlane is so highly regarded in Congress that some influential legislators were paradoxically unhappy about his appointment as Middle East envoy. Though they had no qualms about his negotiating ability, the congressional powers thought McFarlane was more valuable helping Clark to run the NSC. They presumably will be equally happy to have him back in the top slot at the NSC.

PETER JORDAN

DIANA WALKER

Two on the move: McFarlane in Beirut; U.N. Ambassador Kirkpatrick at home in Virginia

The appointment of a new National Security Adviser is likely to strengthen U.S. relations with West European allies. The improvement could not have come at a more opportune time: the European governments are about to accept the deployment of NATO missiles on their soil over a storm of angry protest from the international peace movement. The Europeans distrusted Clark from the beginning because of his role in easing out Haig, who was a devoted believer in the "Atlanticist" school of diplomacy, which holds U.S. solidarity with Western Europe to be vitally important. The allies' skepticism deepened as they perceived Clark to be encouraging Reagan in adopting a reflexively anti-Soviet hard line, and the President's announcement of Clark's leave taking was greeted with private relief along Washington's Embassy Row. "It was a nice surprise," said one European diplomat.

The Europeans view McFarlane, in the words of one Ambassador, as "a professional who knows the issues and is receptive to realistic solutions." They would have been less pleased by the appointment of Kirkpatrick. Her credentials as an Atlanticist were made suspect by her unsuccessful advocacy of U.S. neutrality in the war between Britain and Argentina over the Falkland Islands.

All these potential gains from the transfer of Clark out of a job in which he had become exhausted, however, must be weighed against another consideration: the Administration has never managed to put together a smoothly working apparatus for making foreign policy decisions, and so far the multiple changes of personnel have not produced one that can run for more than a few months without a glitch. It remains to be seen whether the installation of McFarlane at the NSC and a new job for Kirkpatrick, if that should indeed be what Reagan decides, can achieve the desired combination of consistency and flexibility.

There is a chance, though, and it comes at a critical moment. U.S. foreign policy in many respects is in trouble. Relations with Moscow are in a deep and angry frost; the situation in Central America remains precarious; the Middle East as always teeters on the brink of explosion, and for all McFarlane's efforts, U.S. negotiating options seem even slimmer than usual. Yet there are signs of Administration movement toward a more centrist and adaptive approach to foreign policy. In recent weeks the White House compromised with Congress to win bipartisan support for the continued presence of U.S. Marines in Lebanon and revised its bargaining position on strategic nuclear weapons in order to preserve funding for the MX missile. Reagan also agreed to exchange visits with Premier Zhao Ziyang of Communist China.

A fresh eye at the NSC could speed some further changes, for which the pressure in any case is strong. Like any other President preparing for a re-election campaign, Reagan is eager to dangle some kind of foreign policy success before the voters. The impact of a presidential campaign on foreign policy traditionally is baneful: it often causes every decision to be viewed not on its merits but on how it will affect blocs of voters. But if the campaign prods Reagan and his advisers into a more balanced position, the result just might be a more successful foreign policy. —*By George J. Church. Reported by Laurence I. Barrett and Douglas Brew/Washington*

Backing into The Race

Putting it on paper

"The time has come," said Senator Paul Laxalt. His close friend the President was just about to make his surprise announcement of a new Interior Secretary, but Laxalt had other important political business to discuss in the Oval Office last Thursday afternoon. "I'd like authorization in writing to go ahead and form the committee for your re-election," said the Nevada Republican. The senior presidential aides in the room—James Baker, Michael Deaver, Edward Rollins—waited for the answer. They all knew that although the President seemed ready to run for another term, he did not want to make it formal at this time. Reluctantly, Reagan agreed with Laxalt's recommendation and gave him the go-ahead.

Thus as of this week, Ronald Reagan is scheduled officially and legally to become a candidate for re-election. Not that he has dropped his veil of coyness completely. Reagan has still not told aides explicitly that he plans to run again. Moreover, his statement of candidacy sent to the Federal Election Commission (FEC) includes a disclaimer of sorts. Reagan intends to note that he reserves the right to make a formal announcement later.

That formal announcement may not come until early December, or possibly even January. Reagan, always interested in show as well as substance, wants to keep the matter technically open until he feels the moment is right to go on prime-time television with a speech kicking off his campaign. With his flair for the dramatic, Reagan would like to keep some element of suspense until then. "It is perfectly appropriate that he have a little wiggle room," says Laxalt. But Laxalt, who will be the campaign chairman, is not expecting a change of heart. "In football terms," he says, "this candidacy is on the six-inch line." Says a senior aide: "The announcement will be just a media event."

The reason Reagan agreed to become a formal candidate now was so that his committee could begin to raise money for the campaign. Without an official blessing from Reagan, banks were reluctant to put up the nearly $1 million in loans the committee needs as seed money. In addition, the money collected by Jan. 1 will be immediately eligible for up to $10.5 million in matching funds from the federal Treasury. His advisers think they can raise as much as $16 million using a mailing list of 2 million loyal donors. They want this task to be completed by January, when the party's House and Senate candidates begin their own drives for contributions, so that they do not compete for money at the same time.

Rollins preparing to take on his new campaign

The FEC requires that a potential candidate either authorize or disavow a campaign committee within 15 days. That period can be extended to as long as 30 days if the candidate delays responding. Reagan at first wanted to take advantage of this time and allow Laxalt's committee to begin work without official sanction. "I wasn't comfortable with that," said Laxalt. "I felt if we were going to move ahead, let's do it in a straightforward fashion and not be cute about it." He told the President on Thursday he wanted explicit authorization to get under way.

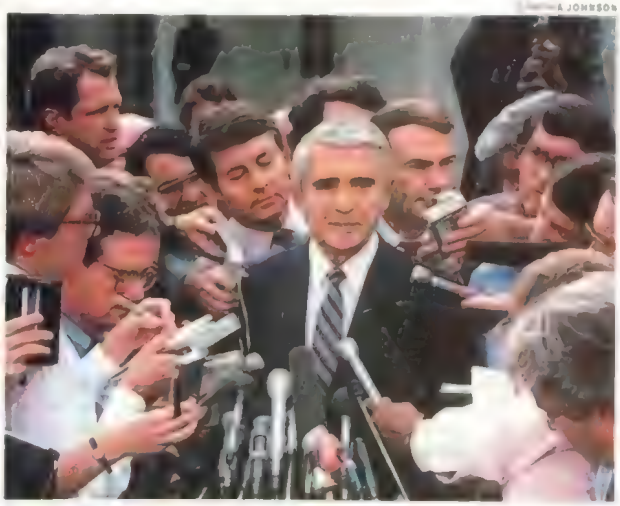
Laxalt and Rollins, who is leaving his job as the President's chief political aide this week to take over the day-to-day duties of campaign director, were also against the idea of including a disclaimer in the FEC statement. Reagan wanted to state clearly that he had not made a final decision on whether to run. Baker and Deaver supported him. After some discussion, Reagan agreed simply to include a sentence saying that a formal announcement would come later.

Besides being a back-door affirmation that he is, at least for the moment, running for re-election, the formation of Reagan's official campaign committee quiets speculation on another subject. The name of the new group, chosen with the President's approval, is Reagan-Bush '84, indicating that Vice President George Bush will be his running mate. Had Reagan delayed declaring that Bush would be on the ticket, it would have provided an opening for some activists on the right to pressure for a more conservative candidate.

In fact, the composition of the new committee moving into the Reagan-Bush '84 offices on the edge of Capitol Hill this week indicates that the more moderate of the President's advisers will be in the driver's seat. Laxalt's conservative principles and his longstanding loyalty to his friend Reagan are beyond question, but when it comes to political strategy he is more pragmatic than ideological. Lyn Nofziger, Reagan's deeply conservative former top political aide, made a bid to have greater control of the re-election effort, but instead he will return only as an outside consultant. Although he is a Nofziger protégé, Rollins is less likely than his mentor to look upon his role as that of an ideological conscience to the campaign. Drew Lewis, the former Transportation Secretary who supported Gerald Ford over Reagan in the 1976 primaries, will come aboard by May 1 as campaign manager. Richard Wirthlin, the White House pollster, will be director of research and planning.

Handling press and media relations for the upcoming campaign will be James Lake, who along with John Sears was one of the pragmatic political professionals who ran Reagan's early primary campaign in 1980 and was ousted after a clash with old-line Reagan loyalists. Charles Black, a close colleague of Lake's, will be among the outside consultants, along with veteran Republican Strategist Stuart Spencer and Pollster Robert Teeter.

Clearly playing a central role in putting together this group has been White House Chief of Staff Baker, who has been meeting with Laxalt and Deaver each week for the past five months to discuss strategy. Baker's top aide, Margaret Tutwiler, will coordinate the activities of the campaign committee with the White House, the Republican National Committee and other Republican groups.



Laxalt talks to reporters after meeting with the President last week

"Let's do it in a straightforward fashion and not be cute about it."

For all his public reticence about running, Reagan has been deeply involved in establishing his campaign apparatus and choosing the people to run it. He talks and acts like a man already stumping to keep his job.

Reagan's advisers have been working on expanding his political base by having him publicly court women and Hispanic groups over the past few months. "He has to move to the center and beyond the Republican conservative core," says an aide. This may cause further erosion of enthusiasm among the true-believing right, but his staff feels conservatives will return to the fold when faced with a choice between the President and a Democrat. Reagan's men hope that he can increase the Hispanic vote from the 30% he got in 1980 to 35% next year. That would help him hold key states like Texas. They also hope he can retain the 40% or so of the blue-collar vote he received in 1980. He will be making a direct appeal to such voters despite former Vice President Walter Mondale's tight grip on organized labor's leadership.

The campaign has pretty much written off getting a significant black vote. Any gestures Reagan makes, like a public signing of the pending bill to make the birthday of Martin Luther King Jr. a federal holiday, will be mainly designed to reassure moderate white voters. Strategists say that he will have to increase his white vote in the South from 59% in 1980 to at least 63% in 1984 in order to offset the heavy increases in black voter registration there. That will probably make a solid South for Reagan impossible. Instead, early planning for the South, and indeed for the rest of the nation, is based on a checkerboard approach of identifying key target states rather than hoping to sweep entire regions.

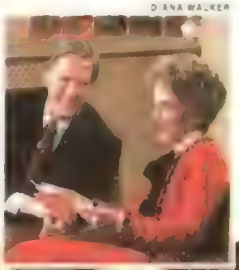
By early spring, Reagan's committee hopes to have strong organizations in at least 40 states, complete with voter identification and registration projects, to lay the groundwork for November. Even though he will probably have no serious primary opposition, Reagan will spend up to $21 million on the campaign prior to the party's convention in Dallas in July. This will help establish his message before the start of the general election campaign, in which each candidate is limited to about $30 million of federally financed expenditures.

Reagan's official entry into the race, of course, is no surprise. Despite the fact that at 72 he is the nation's oldest President, and even though his first three years have been marked by tough challenges and controversy, his health is good and his spirits high. He believes in what he is doing, aides say, and wants more time to get it done. "It's been apparent to him that this job he's assumed cannot be effectively done in four years," says Laxalt. Baker has an even simpler explanation of why Reagan is seeking a second term: "He likes the job." —*By Walter Isaacson. Reported by Douglas Brew/Washington*

The First Lady Hits the Road

Dismissing rumors of illness, she says she is up for '84

It is just moments to air time on the set of ABC's *Good Morning America* and David Hartman, the program's king-size star, lays a reassuring caress on the clenched hands of his diminutive companion. "We're going on," he murmurs. The woman in red whispers back in the stage argot of her generation: "Break a leg, David." Alexis Caydom, a TV makeup specialist retained for the occasion, makes one more pass at his client's high cheekbones, then retreats. All is ready for Nancy Reagan to record a minor "first" in the history of First Lady crusades.



She is to serve as "co-host" of a two-hour morning program. Still on the rolls of the American Federation of Television and Radio Artists, the former actress will collect minimum scale for her appearance, $701. The money will go to charity. Nancy Reagan's real reward is the opportunity to promote her favorite cause—the fight against drug and alcohol abuse among the young. The timing of the broadcast, which had been planned for months, turns out to be advantageous. Washington has been buzzing about Nancy Reagan's health, tying rumors of illness and low morale to her husband's re-election plans. There is no better antidote for the speculation than 26 hours in the New York media glare.

Good Morning America's special co-host has her makeup fixed, and consults with David Hartman

She swooped in on Tuesday to attend a promotion session for a new public service ad campaign against drugs. Later she participated in a detailed planning session with Hartman and the *G.M.A.* staff. The questions Nancy would ask were neatly typed in capital letters on index cards, a prompting technique the President often uses. Meanwhile, the visit allowed Nancy's press secretary, Sheila Tate, to remind reporters that the First Lady would soon tape a promotional piece for the Public Broadcasting Service's upcoming program *The Chemical People*, which also deals with the drug problem and for which Nancy had already provided the narration.

Taping a program under controlled conditions is one thing. Going live before breakfast with set changes and a revolving cast of guests is something else. At 5:35 Wednesday morning, wearing large sunglasses in the dark, Nancy left her hotel in a heavy rain. Now, on the set, she acknowledges being tense. ("I've never done this before," she says.)

The guests are a mix of experts, worried parents and addicts who have gone straight. Though Nancy has been pursuing this cause for two years, she does not pretend to scientific expertise. Her role is to draw attention to the dangers, to persuade parents and teen-agers to get professional help quickly. Her questions this morning are simple. "When was it," she asks a former N.F.L. player who finally conquered the habit, "that you realized that you had to do something?" Over and over again she gets youngsters to acknowledge that peer pressure started them on the road to addiction.

Between segments, Nancy methodically tears up the index card just used and studies the next one. Caydom darts out to subdue a rebellious curl or apply powder to a shiny spot on the forehead. "Oh," Nancy complains as the clock

runs down, "I wish we had more time."

Afterward she is satisfied with the morning's work. She breezes through an interview with two local reporters, enjoys a private lunch with personal friends and seems elated on the plane going home. Bad weather makes the flight bumpy, but Nancy stands most of the way, kidding with her assistants.

The mood is still cheerful the next morning, when she sits down for an interview in the family quarters of the White House. The ten pounds she lost between the spring of 1981, when Reagan was shot, and the summer of 1982, when her father's lengthy illness ended in his death, are still missing. Now a size four at 105 lbs., she appears more fragile than ever. But these sessions no longer make her tense. Now the laugh is genuine rather than defensive, and she spars with ease. When the subject turns to her husband's re-election plans, she says sweetly, "Would you like some jellybeans?"

All along she has talked an ambivalent line about 1984, advertising her "mixed emotions" about public life's invasion of privacy. But today the emphasis is different. Her large hazel eyes grow even wider when she talks about how much "Ronnie" likes his work: "Oh yes, oh yes, oh yes—absolutely, he is enjoying himself!" Her own satisfaction in the White House was slower in coming. "It took me a while to get into it. And, oh, everything was delayed—insofar as getting into it—because of the shooting. So maybe I was a late bloomer."

She turns more serious when talking of her personal grief. "I was in a sort of period of shock for longer than I realized" after the assassination attempt, she says in a matter-of-fact tone. When that was wearing off, her father, Dr. Loyal Davis, to whom she was always close, became ill. She hugs herself with thin arms at the recollection: "I'd never had anyone close to me die. I'd never been with anybody when they died, certainly not anyone close. Then, I had to go tell my mother, which was probably the hardest thing I'd ever had to do in my whole life. And now she's sick."

When asked if the pain has slowed her down, she is emphatic. "No, no. These are things that happen to everybody." Well, not quite. Not everyone has had a tiny malignancy removed from her lip, as Nancy did last December. But there has been no recurrence, she points out, "and you can hardly see it."

She surrenders to some badgering and admits that she and Reagan have been discussing 1984, though she refuses to characterize their conversations on that subject in any way. Trying to close out this phase of the talk, she says, "That's usually been what our marriage has been about. I will support anything that Ronnie wants." Enthusiastically? "Of course, enthusiastically. Yes. If he's up for it, I'm up for it." —*By Laurence I. Barrett*

From White House to Wilderness

Clark tries to find a home on the range

In the American West, most any plot of land big enough to graze a goat or nurture an apple tree is called a ranch. But by any standards, William Clark's 880-acre spread in California's San Luis Obispo County qualifies. His rolling land has few trees and is more of a barley than a cattle operation. It is surrounded by much larger ranches, which protect the judge's property from encroachment by commercial developers. His air and water are relatively clean.

Anyone looking for clues to Clark's personal inclinations on land use and environmental issues last week was forced to examine such inconclusive evidence. Those who applauded his nomination as Secretary of the Interior stressed that Clark grew up on his parents' ranch in Ventura County and helped run cattle there. For Idaho Republican Senator James McClure, chairman of the Energy and Natural Resources Committee, which will hold confirmation hearings next month on Clark's appointment, it was enough to know that "Bill Clark has a natural affinity for the job, coming from the West and having worked on a ranch."

Clark on radiotelephone in New Jersey

A man who has the President's ear.

That was insufficient, however, to calm worried environmentalists, who fear that Clark may share James Watt's essential view that there should be more commercial use of public lands. By their reckoning, Clark could prove an even more formidable adversary than Watt because of his low-key, nonbelligerent style and close personal ties with President Reagan. Many environmentalists were quick to point out that Clark has no real expertise in the intricacies of land-management policy and the myriad regulations that the Interior Department must observe or enforce. Complained William Turnage, executive director of the Wilderness Society: "This is the third time that President Reagan has appointed William Clark to a job for which he has no apparent qualifications."

The most tangible evidence of Clark's thinking on environmental issues is his record as a supreme court justice in California. A U.C.L.A. *Law Review* article in 1980 examined the court's decisions in this field during the years when Clark was on the bench (1973-80) and rated him lowest of the seven justices in protecting land against development and environmental hazards. It described Clark as "development oriented."

In 1973, for example, Clark wrote the California Supreme Court majority opinion supporting the contention of developers that a voter-approved initiative banning certain coastal projects did not apply to construction started before the vote was taken. Through later decisions the court in effect nullified this ruling. That same year, Clark was in the minority in contending that Occidental Oil Co. did not have to file an environmental-impact report before drilling test holes off the Los Angeles coastline. He wrote, a bit woodenly: "Sound practical considerations militate against the implication of formalistic requirements in the legislative process." Clark also dissented in two court decisions that upheld the right of communities to limit residential projects in which the developer did not also help pay for additional school facilities.

The one pro-environmental decision that Clark's defenders could cite was ambiguous. In 1978 he first wrote the opinion rejecting efforts by environmentalists to relocate a water-diversion project on California's American River, arguing that since the facility was federally funded, the state court lacked jurisdiction. When the U.S. Supreme Court rejected this argument and directed the California court to

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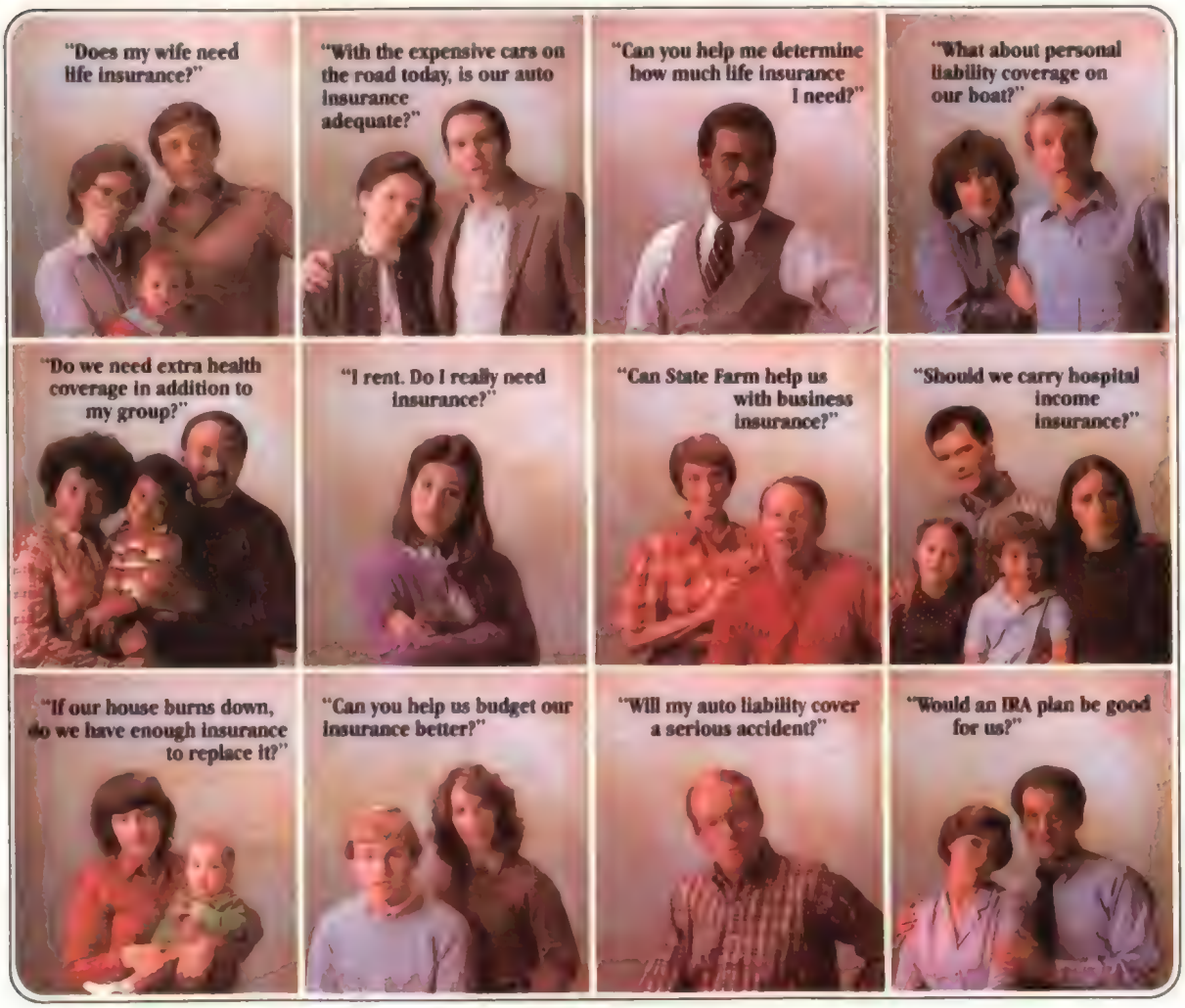

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reconsider. Clark concurred in a unanimous decision accepting the environmentalists' argument that the design would produce an "unreasonable diversion of water" from the river.

Environmentalists are expected to criticize Clark's judicial record at the confirmation hearings as well as his apparent lack of expertise. Such liberal Senators on the committee as Ohio's Howard Metzenbaum and Massachusetts' Paul Tsongas may lead the attack. Metzenbaum has already assailed Clark as "eminently unqualified." Still, Western conservatives strongly influence the committee, and confirmation by the full Senate is expected, perhaps before the Thanksgiving recess.

Even some of Clark's supporters are wondering how well he will do in the uncustomary role of public salesman for the policies of his department rather than backstage adviser to higher officials. He has never been the top boss in a government job and a public advocate as well. His public speaking style is about as stiff and uninspiring as his court prose.

Nonetheless, career veterans at the Interior Department, as well as many Watt-appointed loyalists, look forward to having a boss who has the President's ear. In any bureaucratic battles, notably those with Budget Director David Stockman, the Interior officials expect Clark to emerge on top. "We feel good and secure that he's so close to Reagan," says one Interior aide.

Interior bureaucrats also expect the glare of public attention on the department to soften under Clark. Watt's public remarks got in the way of gaining broad support for his policies. As one department official puts it: "He's a great fella, but why did he have to shoot his mouth off like that?" Though Clark may be far less vocal, Interior aides expect him to be an aggressive boss, despite his inexperience with environmental issues. On the other hand, no radical shifts in policy are expected. Says one department veteran: "Reagan and Watt didn't have any great philosophical differences, and Clark and Reagan are nearly identical."

Some of Reagan's critics see the Reagan-Clark intimacy as oddly advantageous to environmentalists. "Reagan has lost his lightning rod," contends Polly Freeman, spokeswoman for the Sierra Club. With Watt going and Clark arriving, the President, she believes, will have to take more heat on environmental issues. About the best that environmentalists could say about Clark last week was that his lack of knowledge on land issues could work in their favor. Says Janet Brown, executive director of the Environmental Defense Fund: "Maybe it's better he start with no opinion than the opinions James Watt started with." One thing seems certain: Clark may have been fatigued at NSC, but he will not be able to rest, free of controversy, at Interior. *—By Ed Magnuson. Reported by Jay Branegan/Washington and Dick Thompson/San Francisco*

The Legacy of James Watt

His legions of eager critics will not have James Watt to kick around any more. Indeed, Watt will probably be most remembered for the kind of righteous, goading declarations that finally forced his resignation: long before his crack about "a black, a woman, two Jews and a cripple," Watt had said that the electorate is composed of "liberals and Americans" and that Beach Boys fans are riff-raff. But Watt did more than just make inflammatory pronouncements. He pushed through radical changes in Interior policy, most of which are likely to endure at least as long as Ronald Reagan is President. And some elements of the Watt legacy are irrevocable.

Watt's policies broke dramatically with those Interior had pursued under both Democratic and Republican Administrations. He veered hard to the right, away from unalloyed concern for environmental preservation, and toward commercial use of the Government's vast land holdings. Remarkably, he wrought deep changes mainly without changing laws; his tools were budgetary finesse, regulatory manipulation and personnel shifts. "He was a consummate bureaucrat," says National Wildlife Federation Executive Lynn Greenwalt, an erstwhile Watt colleague at Interior. "He knew how to make a big, sprawling agency do what he wanted." Watt's trouble was that he tended to go too far, gratuitously provoking environmentalists and a wary public. Among his controversial actions:

Strip Mining. Despite an internal mutiny, Watt closed down offices of the regulatory Office of Surface Mining, and had 93% of the OSM rules rewritten to make them looser. Critics say the effect is to permit environmental damage.

Wilderness. While spending more for the upkeep of national parks and adding facilities for the handicapped, Watt put a virtual moratorium on the acquisition of new land and even resisted accepting acreage that private owners offered to donate. Furthermore, Watt proposed that at the turn of the century all 80 million acres of virginal U.S. wilderness could become available for drilling and mining.

Land Leasing. The leasing of coal lands during a market glut (at a loss of $100 million, according to the General Accounting Office) prompted the creation of a coal-leasing review panel, and Watt's insensitive description of the panel's "balance" precipitated his exit. Overall, the federal land leased to coal-mining companies more than quintupled under Watt. Conservationists fear that many leases were granted hastily, without proper environmental impact studies.

Offshore Oil Leasing. Watt offered practically the entire outer continental shelf to oil-company bidders. Instead of explaining that only a fraction of the area offered would be drilled, he bragged about leasing "a billion acres" of U.S. coastal waters. Even the industry beneficiaries found the Secretary dangerously gung-ho. Said Standard Oil Co. of California Chairman George Keller: "Jim Watt has done more to harm our industry than any other Government official in recent history. You couldn't carry on a conversation with him without getting aggravated."

Watt would not even carry on a conversation with some environmental groups, whom he dismissed as "left-wingers." Thus, while several of his policy changes were sensible—he reformed the chaotic oil-lease payment system, and faced up to the fact that the park system cannot simply expand forever—Watt's crusading pugnaciousness often obscured the merits and demerits of the issues.

Leaning Toward a Team Player

McFarlane is a pro, but will he have Reagan's ear?

The President's National Security Adviser has an odd job: because there is no statutory description of the position, the duties are fluid and ambiguous, and appointments to the post are not subject to senatorial confirmation. As a result, the job can change drastically with each successive occupant. So although at week's end a successor to William Clark had not been officially named, the leading contender, Robert ("Bud") McFarlane, and the also-rans prompted distinct lines of speculation about the style and substance he—or she—would bring to a White House office that has become a hotspot.

The position was created in 1953 by President Eisenhower, six years after the National Security Council was formed. The President, Vice President, Secretaries of State and Defense, director of the CIA and Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff make up the NSC. In effect, the National Security Adviser serves as the NSC's executive director, overseeing its dozens of staff analysts and managing the disparate flow of diplomatic and military data coming into the White House from various Government agencies. As an assistant to the President, the National Security Adviser has to produce coherent syntheses of this flood of information and opinion, and sometimes arbitrate interagency disputes, so that the Chief Executive can make informed, independent policy decisions. And of course the adviser must simply advise, telling the President what he thinks ought to be done.

How powerful is the National Security Adviser? It all depends on the officeholder and his President. Under President Nixon, Henry Kissinger built a powerful policymaking apparatus that eclipsed the State Department. When Kissinger became Secretary of State in 1973, he took power with him to Foggy Bottom: his hand-picked successor as National Security Adviser, retired Air Force Lieut. General Brent Scowcroft, was strictly a scrupulous administrator. During the Carter Administration, Zbigniew Brzezinski in his turn built a Kissinger-style policy machine that competed for influence with State.

Last weekend the President contemplated what sort of adviser each candidate would make, and he was inclined to pick a cool-headed team player over a potential power grabber. Reagan's apparent favorite for the post, McFarlane, 46, was adept and unflamboyant as Clark's deputy. "When you finish adding up the objective qualities," a senior White House official says, "Bud McFarlane comes up with the most points." A graduate of the Naval Academy, he came to the White House to be an assistant first to President Nixon, then to Kissinger and later Scowcroft at the NSC. He has experience on Capitol Hill as a staff member of the Senate Armed Services Committee, and in the Reagan Administration worked as a counselor to Secretary of State Alexander Haig before becoming Clark's deputy.

McFarlane, a conservative but no ideologue, is diligent and has a great facility for detail, particularly in the arcane realm of nuclear arms control. Earlier this year he helped persuade Reagan to temper his arms-control stance to win congressional support for the MX missile. For the past twelve weeks he has performed ably as a special envoy to the Middle East, opening channels to Syria in the Lebanese negotiations. McFarlane is no theoretician in the Kissinger-Brzezinski mold, but he is intimate with the substance of national security. As a no-nonsense National Security Adviser, McFarlane would have a vastly better technical grounding than Clark and, perhaps as a result, devote less attention to White House infighting.

U.N. Ambassador Jeane Kirkpatrick, 56, was the only serious alternative candidate. A former political science professor at Georgetown University, she was a longtime Democratic activist. Like her fellow neoconservatives, however, she was repelled by the dovish drift of the Democratic Party, which occurred as she was turning more resolutely anti-Communist. As a Reagan pet, she has had an unsual degree of influence in shaping policy. But as a prospective National Security Adviser, she had obvious drawbacks. In dealings with colleagues as well as adversaries, Kirkpatrick tends to be everything McFarlane is not: high-strung, argumentative, ideological, organizationally disheveled, and candid to a fault. At White House meetings, says one Reagan aide, "she doesn't give an inch. When she really gets going, she throws down her glasses on the table." Reagan's advisers surely knew that if she were picked, Kirkpatrick could be expected to exacerbate rather than mediate Administration turf and ideological disputes. Her hard-line views, held with sometimes evangelical fervor, can be bracing when aired in the U.N. hall, but might be too rigid in the pivotal White House foreign policy slot.

NEIL LEIFER

A rare Oval Office view of Reagan and the National Security Council in closed session

The nature and power of the post all depend on the occupant and his President.

The principal longshot candidate resembled the favorite: Scowcroft, 58, is a sort of McFarlane with a Ph.D. He is a West Pointer who came to the Nixon White House a year after McFarlane; both worked from 1973 to 1975 for Kissinger, and Scowcroft retained McFarlane as his deputy when he succeeded Kissinger as Ford's National Security Adviser. More recently Scowcroft has been chairman of Reagan's blue-ribbon MX-missile commission, an important role that the White House might be reluctant to muddle by asking him to serve once more as in-house adviser. Scowcroft's honest brokering between the Administration and Capitol Hill helped produce a more realistic U.S. position at the START negotiations. This, however, has not won him any friends on the right.

The right wing was reassured with Clark as National Security Adviser, believing he was a check on White House "pragmatists." The new appointee, hardliner or not, will not have the longstanding personal friendship and easy way with Reagan that Clark did, and thus is unlikely to have Clark's degree of influence. *—By Kurt Andersen. Reported by Laurence I. Barrett and Douglas Brew/Washington*

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Battling for the Party's Soul

Glenn and Mondale exchange opening blows

The first dustup occurred in Iowa, where the Democratic presidential candidates were appearing at a Jefferson-Jackson dinner for party activists. John Glenn set the tone by suggesting that Walter Mondale had been slavishly catering to a wide array of special-interest groups in his quest for the party's presidential nomination. "Will we offer a party that can't say no to anyone with a letterhead and a mailing list?" the Ohio Senator asked. When Mondale's turn came, he pushed aside his prepared text and zeroed in on his opponent's vote in favor of President Reagan's 1981 tax cut. "Of all the measures in modern political history in which the forces of special interests clashed with the profound public interest of the nation, I cannot recall a single instance when the issues were as clear. That would have been a good time for a Democrat to stand up against the special interests and vote no."

Glenn left Iowa simmering. By the time he reached Florida last Monday, at an appearance 20 miles from the Cape Canaveral pad where he was first launched to prominence 21 years ago, he had a retort to Mondale written out: "For him to criticize me is a little like the first mate on the *Titanic* criticizing someone for going for a lifeboat." He tagged Mondale as part of the Carter Administration that had given the country 21% interest rates and 17% inflation, leaving behind a deep economic mess. Glenn conceded that he had voted for some of Reagan's proposals in the Senate, but only after trying unsuccessfully to modify them. Said he: "What it came down to was, were we going to make some changes from those disastrous, failed policies of the past, or were we going to have no change?"

The clashes between Mondale and Glenn laid bare four months before the primary season the deep-seated ideological differences between the two Democratic front runners. In large part, the showdown resulted because Glenn has been striving to sharpen his ill-defined image in the minds of Democratic voters. He is known mostly as an astronaut, an image that will be burnished this month with the release of the movie *The Right Stuff*, based on Tom Wolfe's bestselling book about the space program. To capitalize on the film's heroic depiction of Glenn as a young man, his aides are trying to give him a heroic political cast, portraying him as a natural leader, a committed Democrat and a candidate with vision. In the process, the Glenn camp has drawn sharp contrasts with what it views as Mondale's beholden and outdated liberalism. Says Glenn pointedly: "To govern is to choose, and to choose is to occasionally say no." Mondale's counteroffensive has been to portray himself as "the real Democrat," contrasting his own mainline party positions with Glenn's more conservative voting record and political innocence.

New York Governor Mario Cuomo, with impeccable liberal credentials but a blossoming reputation as an undogmatic new voice in the party, helped fan the smoldering debate by asking the candidates to say how they differed on the issues. Glenn demurred when he went to New York last month for the Governor's public inspection, and Cuomo let his disappointment be known by saying that there should be no "celluloid" candidates.

By the time Mondale visited Rochester, he and his advisers were ready with an answer. Mondale blasted Glenn for voting for Reagan's tax cut, opposing the SALT II treaty, and supporting funding for an improved type of nerve gas for the Army. Cuomo rewarded Mondale's feistiness last week. Along with New York Senator Daniel Patrick Moynihan, he endorsed Mondale for President, saying he repre-

Running in Place

The crowds still yell "Run, Jesse, run!" and he still acts as if that is precisely what he has in mind. But Jesse Jackson, who had planned to announce his candidacy for the Democratic nomination last month, is finding that a run at the presidency cannot be fueled by ego and limelight alone. Clergymen this summer optimistically promised that $10 million could be raised for Jackson from the nation's network of black churches. But that plan was opposed by the Rev. T.J. Jemison, leader of the powerful National Baptist Convention, U.S.A., Inc., who opposes mixing politics and religion. So Jackson's fledgling advisory committee has been reduced to sending out 2,000 solicitation letters, using a slapdash mailing list of friends and black businessmen, to raise seed money. Consequently, prominent politicians like Philadelphia Congressman William Gray are urging him to scale back his quest and run a limited campaign in a few Southern states with a large proportion of black voters.

Jackson, 42, is characteristically unfazed. "We're operating under our own rhythm, and it's a good rhythm for us," he says. "We're not going to let anybody push us until we're ready to jump." His new campaign treasurer says pledges are coming in. In the meantime, many of Jackson's potential supporters are beginning to murmur, "When, Jesse, when?"

sented "the soul of the Democratic Party."

Indeed, at least among mainline Democrats likely to participate in the primaries, Mondale seemed to come out ahead in the exchange of charges. He publicly gloated about Glenn's "decision to base his campaign on his support of Reaganomics." At the same time, however, Mondale painted himself more tightly into a traditional liberal corner, which may not serve his long-term interests. He could suffer if voters end up thinking that he is sentimentally attached to New Deal traditions and Glenn is more attuned to the hard realities of the present political situation. Whatever the outcome of the primaries, the battle to determine the true soul of the party could end up being bloody, and it will certainly provide Reagan with ample ammunition to use in the general election campaign.

Glenn, whose counterpunches at Mondale's old-style liberalism were harder than he intended, has apparently decided to back off a bit. "He went too far," said a Glenn adviser, "but it was in the right direction." Vigorous attempts by Glenn to explain his vote in favor of Reagan's tax cuts made it more difficult for him to define himself in a way that would appeal to Democratic activists. As if trying to establish his liberal credentials, he came out last week in favor of delaying the scheduled December deployment of American cruise missiles in Western Europe in hopes that an arms-control agreement could yet be reached with the Soviets. Glenn has long opposed the low-flying cruise missiles because they are very difficult for each side to verify, but critics rightly pointed out that raising objections to the highly controversial NATO deployment plan just as it is scheduled to begin is hardly productive.

For the moment, the exchange of charges is having an energizing effect on both front runners. It is also reinforcing the impression that the Democratic race is a two-man contest. Gary Hart of Colorado and Ernest Hollings of South Carolina, who had been among the ten Democrats in the Senate to vote against Reagan's tax cut, and Alan Cranston of California, who had voted in favor of it, struggled along with former Senator George McGovern and former Florida Governor Reubin Askew to get a word in edgewise. Hollings succeeded, to his chagrin, by loosely using the word wetbacks, often an epithet for illegal Mexican aliens, in referring to some of Cranston's supporters from California who had gone to participate in a straw poll in Iowa. Hart raised a slightly more edifying point in commenting on the Glenn-Mondale exchange. Said he: "This is what a presidential race ought to be about: Whither the Democratic Party?" Indeed, unlike most political spats, this one may have actually left the voters the winners by highlighting substantive disagreements on important issues. ***—By Walter Isaacson.***

Reported by Robert Ajemian/Washington and Christopher Ogden/Des Moines

The Presidency/Hugh Sidey

Learning to Judge Candidates

How do shooting down fighter planes in Korea and riding a fragile capsule into space help prepare a man to be President of the U.S.? This question of heroics was raised for Senator John Glenn the other night in New York City when all the candidates were strutting their stuff at a Democratic forum. Glenn got sore, correctly reading in the question the faint taunt that military men may not be quite deep enough for the Oval Office. The Senator won the night by reminding his audience that he had been "representing the future of this country" in those years. He also took a swipe at New York's Governor Mario Cuomo, who had introduced the issue from another angle by saying that the candidates must demonstrate more than "celluloid images," a reference to the release of the movie *The Right Stuff* featuring Glenn's space triumph. "As far as the celluloid charge," Glenn said, "I wasn't doing *Hellcats of the Navy* [which starred Ronald Reagan] on a movie lot when I went through 149 missions."

There lives among many professional pols the not-too-secret conviction that they are just about the brightest and cleverest people on earth. Anyone who intrudes on their closed little world—actors, athletes, pilots and business people—are thought to be lacking in gray matter. The hordes of political consultants who spend their days in scholarly pursuit of snappy campaign slogans and better polling data encourage the notion, many of them believing that a President should be like them.

INTERNATIONAL NEWS PHOTOS

Elitists snickered when Ike went fishing

There are basic ingredients for any adequate President—decency, honesty, courage, intelligence. But it is almost impossible to devise a formula for great Presidents. Brainpower as measured by academe is only one part. Cunning as coveted by the pols is but another. He who makes hasty judgments had best beware.

Echoing hollowly down through the years from 1921 is the assessment by Mark Sullivan of the New York *Herald Tribune:* "No one doubts that the present Administration will make a record never equaled before." That was Warren Harding's he was talking about.

Historian Arthur Schlesinger Jr., who dismissed Calvin Coolidge as a Vermont hayseed—a view based in part on the writing of William Allen White, the Emporia (Kansas, that is) sage—is now being challenged by Thomas B. Silver of the Claremont Institute for the Study of Statesmanship and Political Philosophy. Coolidge, claims Silver, may have understood his times well, and, besides, his famous line, "The business of America is business," happens to be true.

Elitist snickering rose to poisonous levels in Washington when Dwight Eisenhower painted by the numbers, read westerns, ate on a TV tray and fished for trout in a stocked stream. What could you expect from a soldier who ranked 61st in a West Point class of 164? How we miss him. He did not panic every time the Soviets threatened. He foresaw the hideous nuclear dilemma we face today. He brought people together.

Many of Washington's ranking Democrats came away from the White House in the early months of Jimmy Carter's presidency proclaiming that he had the best mind of any recent Chief Executive. He understood the history of the Middle East back to the Old Testament. He knew the figures in the missile race. As it turned out, Carter had trouble deciding and acting, even though he read one book a week and listened to opera.

Not even Clark Clifford, a leading mover and shaker in Washington, would claim that Ronald Reagan is perceived as the "amiable dunce" that Clifford said he might become by relying on his unusual economic theories. So far, Reagan has staved off disaster by substituting bits of intuition, daring, stagecraft and decency for the intimate knowledge he does not have and the intense involvement he does not like. What history may suggest is that a President who knows his own strengths and weaknesses, and how to apply them in his time, may be best suited to govern.

Boston Wins by a Landslide

A black takes the mayoral primary in a racially scarred city

Each of the two candidates lives with his large family in the rough Boston neighborhood where he was born and raised. Both started their political careers at the grass roots, and spent most of the past decade serving in the Massachusetts state legislature. And in this year's keenly contested election for mayor, the two men were politically the most leftward in the race, both running on a promise to shift money and urban-planning energies away from glamorous downtown and harbor-front development toward rebuilding Boston's neglected working-class neighborhoods. Their populist appeals proved so evenly matched, in fact, that when voters in last week's nonpartisan primary picked them as the two mayoral finalists out of an eight-candidate field, Melvin King got just 98 more votes (out of a record 165,688 cast) than City Councilman Raymond Flynn. So will the general election, four weeks from now, be a blah choice between Tweedledum and Tweedledee? Only if one overlooks the fact that Ray Flynn is white and Mel King is black.

It seemed a difference that was, for an encouraging number of voters, secondary, if not quite overlooked. Nearly a third of King voters were white. Flynn was endorsed by the minister of one of the city's largest black congregations, and the only charge of racism that figured in the exceptionally polite primary campaign was made by one white candidate against another. In all, a decade of ugly racial confrontation over court-ordered busing was symbolically fading. "We are making history!" shouted King at his victory party at the downtown Parker House. "History! History! History!" Flynn was saying almost the same thing at his rally: "Tonight marks a fundamental change in Boston politics."

Indeed, King, 54, is the first black ever to make it so far in Boston politics. Practically everyone seemed pleased and proud. Mayor Kevin White, whose withdrawal from contention after 16 years in office made the race wide open, exulted in the apparent racial reconciliation. "If I had to leave being mayor," White said of King's showing, "man, am I glad to see that, along with the tall skyscrapers."

Both King and Flynn, 44, were underdogs when the campaign got under way last March. The early front runner, former Radio Personality David Finnegan, as handsome and glib as he was generously financed and politically well connected, looked unbeatable once White was out of the way. Yet Finnegan, 42, who spent more than twice as much on the campaign as King and Flynn combined, acquired a reputation for arrogance and for being the too smooth "downtown candidate" run by the Boston Establishment. He finished third, with 25% of the vote, 4 percentage points behind the leaders.

At the start of the campaign, King's candidacy seemed hopeless. He had been fond of wearing dashikis and jumpsuits to sessions of the state legislature, and was considered a shoot-from-the-hip radical. Four years ago, he finished third in a six-way mayoral primary. Even in Boston's relatively small (22% of the population) black community, feelings about King were mixed.

Although he tempered his nonconformist style considerably when he entered this year's race, always appearing publicly in suit and bow tie, King did not exactly turn conservative. On a radio talk show he said that he admired Cuba's Fidel Castro more than he did Ronald Reagan. But in general, King conveyed a sense of thoughtfulness. He talked relentlessly about the multiracial "rainbow coalition" that supported his candidacy. Says John Marttila, a Boston political analyst: "The most important element was the tone of Mel's campaign. It is a far more unifying tone than when he ran in 1979." In the end, King won the votes of 95% of blacks and 15% of whites, and carried half of the city's wards, including mostly white Allston and upscale Back Bay and Beacon Hill.

King's chances of becoming mayor, however, are not good, even though he is a far more articulate, rousing speaker than Flynn. To win he would need to sweep the black vote again and pick up at least 30% of the city's white vote, which is 12% more than Harold Washington took when he won the mayoral race in Chicago. Flynn, meanwhile, is expected to attract the bulk of Finnegan's votes as well as maintain his overwhelming support among fellow working-class Irish Americans in neighborhoods like his South Boston home district.

At his victory rally, King and family celebrate

"We are making history! History! History!"

Flynn: the new favorite

A few years ago, no one called Flynn a progressive. The overriding local issue during the mid-1970s was court-ordered school busing, and the poor white residents of Flynn's "Southie" were often viciously opposed. Flynn shares their basic opposition, but he was never allied with the most demagogic and plainly racist of the antibusing politicians, most of whom have been voted out of office. In 1980, Flynn was the only white politician at the funeral of a black teen-ager shot by Boston police.

Like King, Flynn has moved toward the center, reversing both his onetime opposition to the Equal Rights Amendment and his support for the death penalty. Also, like his opponent, he is an unbudging advocate of rent control. Flynn, a former probation officer, who was a star basketball player at Providence College, says that in Boston the gravest inequality is economic, not racial. Accordingly, he tries not to pander to conventional white prejudices. His mother and tubercular father were on the dole for several years, he says, and so loose talk about " 'welfare chiselers' and 'welfare cheats' makes my stomach turn."

Boston has chronic illnesses that a brief burst of high spirits will not cure. Of the 30 largest U.S. cities, according to the Census Bureau, Boston is among the poorest, ranking 26th in median household income. The housing stock has deteriorated badly, and rent control, whatever its virtues, does not encourage renovation. Next year's municipal budget deficit is estimated at $40 million. Yet there are King and Flynn: with both men and their constituencies earnestly committed to solving those problems, happier days may be here again. —***By Kurt Andersen. Reported by Joelle Attinger/Boston***

Shaking the Mob's Grip

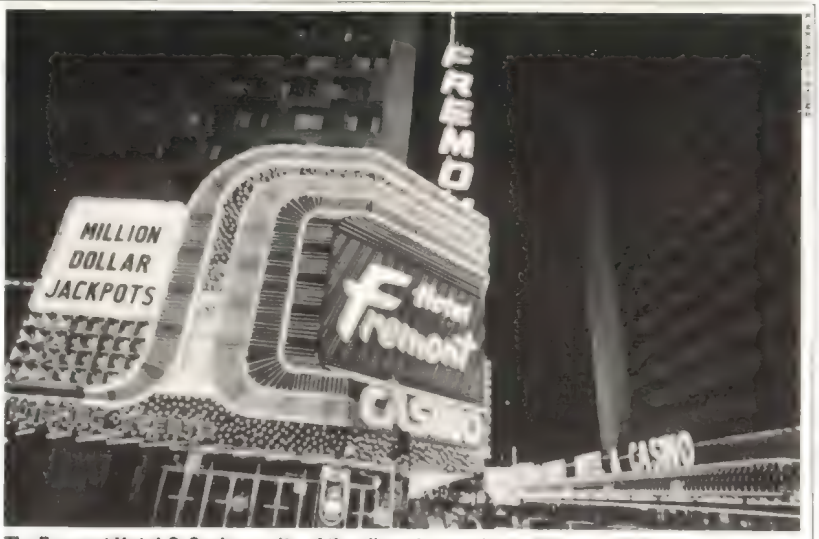
Indictments tell of FBI bugs, loans and skimmed profits

So the Mob controls several Las Vegas casinos. So the gangsters bought the gambling palaces with huge loans from Teamster pension funds, using front men to disguise the Mafia connection. So the crooks reaped vast untaxed profits by skimming millions in cash off the top of the gambling take. So? Hasn't all that been widely known for at least 20 years? It has. But proving it is something else. After years of only sporadic success, the FBI and the Justice Department finally may be shaking the Mob's grip on Las Vegas.

That, at least, is the intended impact of indictments produced by a federal grand jury in Kansas City, Mo., against 15 alleged participants in a casino skimming conspiracy involving millions. The defendants include Mafia chiefs in Chicago, Kansas City and Milwaukee and the Chicago Mob's reputed enforcer of its operations in Las Vegas. The charges, stemming from a five-year FBI investigation, challenge the repeated claims by Nevada casino regulators that skimming and the heavy hand of organized crime had been largely eliminated from the gambling capital. The indictment contends that the conspiracy was still operating as recently as Sept. 30, when the sealed papers were filed.

The Government's case, moreover, includes an allegation that an unnamed trustee of the Teamsters' Central States Pension fund helped a Mafia front man, Allen Glick, then only 32, get $62.75 million in loans from the fund in 1974. The trustee advised Glick to see Frank Balistrieri, the Mafia's top man in Milwaukee. The indictment claims that Balistrieri and Joe Aiuppa, the Chicago boss, wielded their influence with other unnamed directors of the Teamsters fund to get the money. Glick used the loans to buy four casinos, including the Stardust and the Fremont.

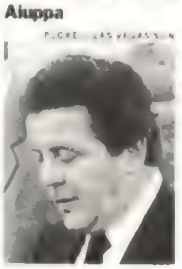
The federal investigators claim to have been aware of skimming operations since the early 1960s. The process is simple: a culprit pockets some of the gambling proceeds and reports the income to be less than it actually was. The result is to bilk federal and state tax collectors of millions. FBI bugs, planted without court approval in executive offices at the casinos, turned up evidence of both the skimming and the Mob's not-so-secret control. But this evidence could not be used in court.



The Fremont Hotel & Casino, a site of the alleged operation to lift cash off the top of the take

Balistrieri

Aiuppa


Spilotro

Starting in 1974 with court-sanctioned bugs and wiretaps under new federal laws, the FBI began building cases that could stand up. Last July, the legal snooping, aided greatly by the testimony of Joseph Agosto, who turned Government informer and described his supervision of the skimming, produced federal convictions of five mobsters for siphoning off proceeds of Las Vegas' Tropicana casino. "You gotta be a thief to steal your own goddam money," Agosto had complained in one taped conversation. He died of a heart attack shortly after the Tropicana trial.

The new indictments reach higher and more broadly into the Mafia hierarchy in the Midwest. The accused include the Milwaukee chief Balistrieri, 64, and his two sons, Joseph, 43, and John, 34. The defendants in Chicago, who supervise their Milwaukee subordinates, include Aiuppa, 75, and Jackie Cerone, 69, the underboss. The main Kansas City defendants are Carl DeLuna, 56, the underboss there, and Carl Civella, 73, whose late brother Nick had headed the city's Mafia operations. In Las Vegas, Defendant Tony Spilotro, 45, is described by investigators as a hitman and watchdog for the Chicago crime group.

The indictment traces the flow of illegal cash from the Stardust counting and cashier's cages through a number of bagmen for delivery to Mob leaders in the three Midwest cities. FBI agents, for example, claim to have followed Joseph Talerico, a Teamster business agent from Chicago, on monthly trips between Las Vegas and Chicago that sometimes took more than a week as he tried to throw off any trackers. The agents have sworn they watched Talerico pick up packages from a Stardust executive and then meet Aiuppa in Chicago.

One FBI bug in a Kansas City restaurant recorded DeLuna bragging that he had ordered Glick to sell his interest in the Stardust and Fremont in April 1978. Glick did so. A new corporation took control in 1979, headed by Allan Sachs and Herbert Tobman, who were cleared of Mob connections by the Nevada gaming commission. But FBI affidavits claim that the skimming has continued and charge that Tobman and Sachs are "figureheads" for the Chicago Mob.

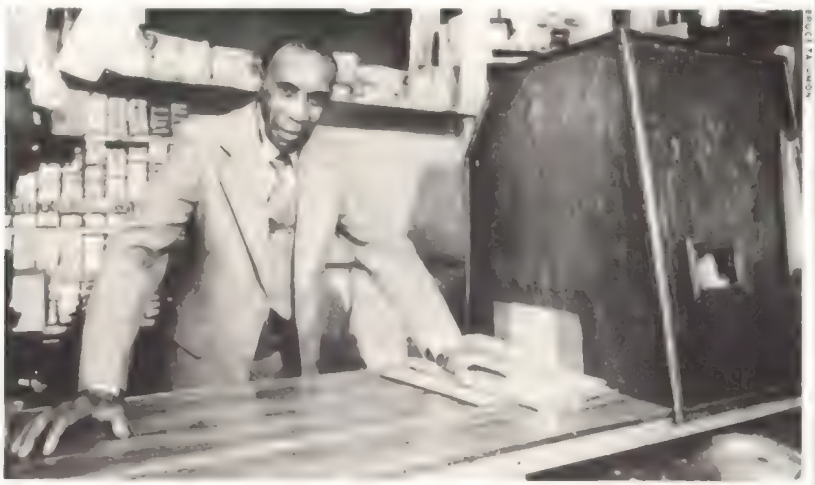
With Informer Agosto dead, speculation on who will testify for the Government in the new case centers on two men not indicted. They are Glick, who lives as a retired multimillionaire on his huge and heavily guarded estate near La Jolla, Calif., and Frank ("Lefty") Rosenthal, who had been paid $250,000 annually by Glick to oversee his casinos, even though Rosenthal's only known previous legitimate business experience was running a Chicago hot-dog stand. A map of Glick's estate had been sought by Triggerman DeLuna, according to testimony in the Tropicana case. A bomb exploded under Rosenthal's Cadillac last year. He escaped with slight injuries and moved to California.

Last week the FBI was hyping the latest indictments. "The impact is going to be tremendous," said an agency spokesman about the Midwest Mob. "It's a devastating blow." Patrick Healy, executive director of the Chicago crime commission, agreed. "The indictment pretty well knocks out the decision makers from Chicago, Milwaukee and Kansas City," he said. Perhaps. But first the defendants must be convicted in court. Meanwhile, there is no evidence that the casino games themselves are crooked, except for an occasional phony jackpot as a skimming tactic, and there is unlikely to be any shortage of gamblers in Las Vegas. ■

"You Can Only Take So Much"

At 72, James Hawkins fights back against street toughs

He is only 5 ft. 4 in. and 140 lbs., a 72-year-old man looking like a victim waiting to be taken. Instead James Hawkins is becoming the hero of Watts, Los Angeles, a crusader in a war with street toughs who have vowed to run him out of the neighborhood where he has lived and worked for 42 years and raised 14 children. In the past six weeks, he has been shot at and his home has been riddled by bullets and scarred by bombs. Hawkins' response: "The only way they are going to get me to leave is in a pine box." Last week police officials and local politicians took note of the battle and descended on the Hawkins home to pledge their support. Declared Los Angeles Mayor Tom Bradley: "We don't intend to turn one inch of this city over to hoodlums. You are not alone. We are with you."



The crusader tends the counter in his tiny grocery store in a crime-ridden part of Watts

"The only way they are going to get me to leave," he vows defiantly, "is in a pine box."

Hawkins' ordeal began last January when a man and woman entered his tiny grocery store in the crime-ridden heart of Watts. The two pulled out guns, took $140 in cash and $50 in food stamps, and fled. Hawkins, who had been robbed half a dozen times in the past, followed them outside and, in an exchange of gunfire, dropped the woman with a bullet in the head. She survived and, with her companion, went to jail.

Soon after, Hawkins and his family found their cars were being vandalized. The family began keeping watch for hooligans outside the store. Last Sept. 11, Hawkins ran off eight youths who were trying to steal a radio and bicycles from a woman and three children. Minutes later, one of the youths, Anttwon Thomas, reputedly a member of a local street gang called the Bounty Hunters, entered Hawkins' store and was ordered to leave by Hawkins' son James Jr. During the ensuing fight, a sawed-off shotgun went off, shattering Thomas' chest. Mortally wounded, the youth fled, but reportedly told his girlfriend: "James Hawkins shot me for no reason. If I die, tell the brothers to take the Hawkins out."

The next night, more than a dozen youths carrying Molotov cocktails appeared outside the Hawkins home but were dispersed by warning shots fired by family members. Twice more that night the youths returned, firing barrages at the house and once even pinning down police called by the family. Says Hawkins' son Elton: "It was like a war zone." His family and at times the police have urged Hawkins to move out. But he is adamant, and his family understands. Says Felecia McGlover, one of 72 grandchildren: "The thing about my grandfather is that he has a very strong will. You don't see that type of courage these days."

Hawkins has been displaying true grit all his life. He arrived in Los Angeles in 1939 with a seventh-grade education and $14 in his pocket and soon had a job as a guard at an Alcoa Aluminum plant. Saving carefully, he managed to amass $400 to purchase a small plot of land in south-central Los Angeles, then a poor but peaceful community. With his own hands, he built a three-room wooden shack and soon sent home to Gould, Ark., for wife Elsie, four daughters and his father, a minister in the Holiness Church.

Hawkins began his own businesses, among them a motorcycle escort service for weddings and funerals, and several mortuaries. Today the Hawkins family runs a loose conglomeration of 18 firms that includes nursing homes and construction companies and a 35-acre farm. Family members drive a BMW, Lincoln Continental, Mercedes and Rolls-Royce, and live in such affluent suburbs as Sherman Oaks, Altadena and Palos Verdes Estates. But Hawkins continues to inhabit the tidy three-bedroom home, American flag fluttering over the garage, that long ago replaced the wooden shack. Dressed in shirt and tie and black cowboy boots, he works daily at the grocery store. He gives birthday parties for neighborhood children and often pays for their shoes and haircuts. He has set up a nonprofit foundation to send Watts-area children on field trips and away to camp. Says Hawkins: "You can only take so much before you have to try and do something. I want people to be able to live in peace here like they used to."

Police patrols have increased in Hawkins' neighborhood, and there is a 24-hour watch on his property. But even if the police go, Hawkins intends to stay. "I'm not leaving," he insists. "I'm relying on my God and my guns." ■

Banned Buses

Beverly Hills is out

Just as Gray Line Tours Driver Richard Pierson called his passengers' attention to the Beverly Hills Hotel during a tour of the fabled neighborhood of the stars, a policeman stopped him for invading the exclusive area. That incident in July and others like it sent three tour companies to court in protest. Last week Los Angeles Superior Court Judge Leon Savitch allowed Beverly Hills to continue barring buses carrying tourists eager to glimpse the likes of Cary Grant or Lucille Ball, or at least to see where they lived.

The dispute between Beverly Hills and the tour companies involves a 1922 city ordinance outlawing heavy buses from prowling streets designed for lightweight traffic. The bus companies had been operating under an exemption from that ordinance, but that was canceled in December 1982 when the state deregulated the tour industry. On Aug. 29, Judge Savitch restrained the city from issuing any more tickets until his hearing last week that reaffirmed the ban on buses.

Loads of tourists invade the privacy of residents, damage streets, create noxious fumes and endanger children, says Kenneth Williams, the attorney for Beverly Hills. "If people want to see something, they'll see it anyway," retorts Vahit Sapir, president of Starline Sightseeing Tours. "If they don't go by bus, they'll go by car, get out and walk, knock on doors. It'll be worse." While continuing their lawsuit, the companies have rerouted their buses to nearby Bel Air to allow the star-struck to look for such celebrities as Burt Reynolds, Barbra Streisand or Gregory Peck. ■

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An Iraqi soldier stands guard in the rugged northeast, scene of recent fighting; on the southern front his comrades fire rounds at the enemy

PERSIAN GULF

Battling for the Advantage

France sends fighter-bombers to Iraq, adding a new dimension to a risky war

For Iraqi citizens accustomed to official admonitions about how the three-year battle with their hated neighbor Iran is likely to grind on indefinitely, the pronouncement must have been startling. Meeting with visitors at his palace in Baghdad last week, Iraqi President Saddam Hussein bravely ventured a prediction. "Victory is at hand and not far away," he told his guests. "With God's help, the final defeat of the enemy is in sight and within our reach. He is like a slaughtered bull in his death throes."

God's help aside, Saddam had at least some reason for his confidence. The French government was sending its long-anticipated shipment of five Super Etendard* fighter-bombers to Iraq. Though some confusion remained about whether the jets had actually arrived in Iraq (Baghdad said no, and Paris would not comment), there was little debate about the stakes involved. The influx of new weaponry threatened to escalate the Iran-Iraq war, which in turn could disrupt the supply line of oil from the Persian Gulf.

As if to signal its concern, the Reagan Administration announced that three ships, with 2,000 Marines aboard, were on their way to the Indian Ocean through the Suez Canal. Administration officials contended that the convoy, which had beefed up the naval contingent off the coast of Lebanon, was no longer needed there. Although Washington described the maneuver as routine, its timing seemed to belie the official explanation. It was also revealed last week that the White House wanted to revive a plan, first floated by Henry Kissinger in 1975, to train and equip up to two Jordanian army divisions to serve as a special strike force in the gulf region. Under the proposal, the divisions would receive C-130 transport planes, armored personnel carriers and river-crossing equipment. The project, vigorously opposed by Jerusalem, was still being discussed with Congress when Israelis leaked word of it in hopes of killing the plan.

Concerns about the delivery of the jets stem from an all-too-plausible scenario. Iraq already possesses up to 40 French Exocet air-to-surface missiles, the weapon that won headlines last year when Argentina used it successfully to sink two British ships in the Falklands war. Once the Super Etendards, which can fly up to 733 m.p.h. at low altitudes and have a radius of 530 miles without refueling, are armed with the Exocets, the Iraqis will be better able to threaten Iran's oil exports. Though the missiles cannot knock out the

Baghdad: life goes on, but construction proceeds at half-pace

*The French word *étendard* means battle flag or standard. The word super was added to distinguish the plane from an older, less sophisticated model.

installations at Kharg island, which are well defended and have already withstood Iraqi bombing, the Exocets could be used to discourage vulnerable tankers from calling at the Iranian port. Without ever firing a shot, Iraq could diminish Tehran's main flow of income, thus crippling Iran's ability to wage a war of attrition against the economically strapped Iraqis.

When the jet deal was first mentioned last February, the Iranian government immediately warned that if the planes were delivered and its oil installations were seriously damaged, Iran would prevent any ships from entering or leaving the gulf *(see map)*. Such a maneuver would have far-reaching consequences. Twenty percent of the non-Communist world's oil supplies pass through the 40-to-60-mile-wide Strait of Hormuz. More than 40% of Western Europe's oil imports and 13% of U.S. oil comes from the gulf, while Japan depends on the region for over 60% of its supply.

The government of Ayatullah Ruhollah Khomeini left no doubt of how it views the new development. "The Persian Gulf's jugular vein is in our hands," declared Iranian state radio. "Should an attempt be made to use the planes to damage Iran's vital resources, Iran would turn the Strait of Hormuz into a quagmire for the West's imperial objectives." Ali Akbar Hashemi Rafsanjani, Speaker of the Iranian parliament, put it more chillingly. If Tehran bottles up the gulf, he warned, "the West will have a very cold winter."

Throughout the summer, several of France's allies, including the U.S., West Germany, Britain and Japan, have tried to dissuade the government of President François Mitterrand from delivering the planes, but the nations succeeded only in postponing the shipment for several weeks. The French, who still refuse to confirm or deny that the planes were sent, made no apologies. Foreign Minister Claude Cheysson down-played the effect of any such shipment. "Five planes, more or less. What does that change?" he asked rhetorically. Other officials noted that the shipment was consistent with France's policy of quite openly favoring Iraq over Iran. The French also claimed that once Iran realizes that Iraq will always be well equipped, it will abandon its hope of wearing the Iraqis down and accept Saddam Hussein's offer to seek a negotiated settlement. One additional reason, rarely mentioned but nonetheless important: if Iraq is defeated, Baghdad will be unable to repay an estimated $5 billion to $7 billion it owes Paris.

Iraqi officials insist that their goal is not to halt Iranian exports but only to be allowed to increase their own. Besides blocking Iraqi ships from using the gulf, Iran destroyed Iraq's main oil facilities at Fao in 1980. In 1982 Syria turned off the valve on Iraq's pipeline to the Mediterranean. Since then, Iraq has been exporting only about 650,000 bbl. per day via pipeline through Turkey, compared with a daily total of more than 3 million bbl. before the war. Iran, on the other hand, is still able to ship about 1.7 million bbl. per day.

Iraqi President Saddam Hussein fielding questions about the French jets

SYGMA—S. SALGADO

Iraq has searched for peaceful ways to increase its oil exports. Saudi Arabia tried to persuade Syrian President Hafez Assad to reopen the pipeline to the Mediterranean, but to no avail. Baghdad struck an agreement in principle with the Saudis to move oil across the kingdom to the Red Sea port of Yanbu. A completely new pipeline, however, would take at least four years to build. Meanwhile, the Iraqis are trying to rebuild their facilities at Fao.

Though the war has badly bruised the economies of both countries, Iraq has suffered more. Squeezed by the Iranian blockade and the fall in world oil prices, Baghdad saw its oil revenues slide from $26 billion in 1980 to an estimated $7.5 billion this year, hardly enough to cover its war costs. Earlier this year, when its foreign reserves had dwindled to some $2 billion (from more than $30 billion in 1980), Iraq stopped writing checks to its creditors. For countries like Japan, which had one-sixth of all its foreign construction projects in Iraq, and France, which expected $1.8 billion in payments this year, the decision came as a rude shock. Deferred-payment plans eventually were negotiated, but Iraq still faces a budget deficit this year. The government is so hard up that it conducts a form of national telethon soliciting money and gold for the war effort. Every night on TV, a newscaster reads off the names of the latest contributors, while some of the donors are shown gazing at their donations.

After rescheduling its debts earlier this year, Iraq slammed the door on al-

most all foreign imports with the exception of weapons and food. The essentials are still available, but Iraqis must sometimes stand in line to buy their chicken and milk. Due to import restrictions, it is hard to find new televisions, radios, auto spare parts and household equipment. Throughout Baghdad, construction proceeds at half-pace, and no new projects are being contracted.

The war has bogged down into border skirmishes between troops holed up in World War I–style trenches. Iran has abandoned its tactic of sending waves of untrained young soldiers in suicide attacks across enemy lines. The Iranian assaults now are sharper and better directed, but the results are the same: the soldiers succeed in punching a hole through Iraqi lines, but Baghdad rushes in reinforcements and pushes the Iranians back. Though estimates vary, at least 125,000 soldiers from both sides have been killed and tens of thousands wounded. According to U.S. intelligence sources, Iran has taken about 50,000 Iraqi prisoners, while Iraq holds some 7,000 Iranians.

As the war stretches on, the U.S. and the Soviet Union find themselves in strikingly similar positions: both have strategic interests at stake in the battle, but neither superpower has much leverage over either antagonist. Moscow continues to supply Saddam with new planes and ammunition, but it also gave Syria the go-ahead to ship Soviet-supplied arms, including antitank rocket launchers, to Iran. The result: neither side trusts the Kremlin. The U.S., which does not have an embassy in either country and has virtually no hope of repairing ties with Iran while Khomeini is alive, has remained studiously neutral. Over the past two years, however, relations with Iraq have warmed slightly. William Eagleton, who heads the U.S. Interest Section in Baghdad, is treated as an ambassador in all but name. The State Department has removed Iraq from its list of countries that support terrorism, making it possible for Iraq to receive export credits. Iraq has practically promised to renew formal ties once the war is over. The U.S., however, has refused to sell Iraq any weapons, including the antitank missiles that are at the top of Saddam's shopping list.

France's delivery of the Super Etendards makes the prospect of peace more distant. Perhaps the wisest words on the Iran-Iraq conflict came last week from Abolhassan Banisadr, who served as President of Iran in the early days of the Khomeini regime. "For us," he said from his heavily guarded compound outside Paris, "the war will only end with a general embargo on arms deliveries to both belligerents." France did not heed those words, and there is little chance that other arms merchants will. —*By James Kelly. Reported by Barry Hillenbrand/Baghdad and Thomas A. Sancton/Paris*

ISRAEL

Unhatched Egg

Shamir gets off to a shaky start

It was not an auspicious beginning. No sooner had Yitzhak Shamir been sworn in as Israel's seventh Prime Minister than his new government was engulfed in an economic crisis. Four days later, Finance Minister Yoram Aridor, a holdover from outgoing Prime Minister Menachem Begin's Cabinet, became the government's first casualty. With the opposition Labor Party calling for a vote of no confidence, there were serious doubts as to how long Shamir's fragile majority would hold together.

The coalition had not been easy to forge. Although the Herut Party had nominated Shamir to succeed Begin as its leader on Sept. 2, it took Shamir nearly three weeks of wrangling to win the support of the small parties whose backing had been essential to Begin. As the haggling went on, the economic crisis deepened. The Bank of Israel announced that the country's foreign debt had increased by $550 million, to $21.5 billion, in the first six months of 1983 and that foreign currency reserves had dropped for the third straight month to a mere $230 million. The bad news prompted panic selling of shekels and buying of foreign currencies, especially dollars. Early last week the government was forced to close the Tel Aviv stock exchange to stem the heavy sales of shekels.

As he presented his Cabinet to the Knesset, Shamir pledged to continue his predecessor's policies. Labor Party Leader Shimon Peres immediately went on the offensive. What would continue, he said, would be the "twofold tragedy" of the Begin government: economic disaster and the war in Lebanon.

On the first evening after his swearing-in, Shamir summoned his Cabinet for an emergency session on the economy. The meeting did not break up until 6:30 the following morning. The result: a 23% devaluation of the shekel and a sharp cut in food subsidies, meaning an average price increase of 50% on basic items like bread, milk and meat. Israelis rushed to stores and supermarkets to stock up before the prices took effect, and long lines formed at service stations in anticipation of a 23% hike in gasoline prices.

Two days later the Tel Aviv daily *Yediot Aharonot* broke the news of an even more drastic change. Finance Minister Aridor, the paper said, was preparing a plan under which the Israeli economy would be linked to the U.S. dollar. Everything, including wages, prices, pensions and interest, would be expressed in dollars, thereby eliminating the indexing that has fueled Israel's triple-digit inflation rate.

The disclosure caused a storm of protest. Geula Cohen of the Tehiya Party, a coalition member, said the next logical step was to put Abraham Lincoln's picture on the shekel. Other members described the "dollarization" plan as a blow to Israel's sovereignty that would make the country in effect the U.S.'s 51st state. Within hours, Aridor offered his resignation.

Saying he would ask for a no-confidence motion this week, Labor Leader Peres charged: "The country has never been in the hands of such an incompetent group with such dangerous ideas." Shamir sought to distance himself from the discredited dollarization scheme, calling it an "unhatched egg." His government's survival may now depend on whether he can persuade someone of stature to take on the thankless task of assuming responsibility for unpopular economic measures. Said a Likud Party member: "What we need is a knight in shining armor, and we do not have one who is suicidal." ■

U.S. Marines with the Multi-National Force

In the Crossfire

It was a rare sign of hope for the fratricidal quagmire that is Lebanon. Representatives of the country's political and religious factions are scheduled to gather this week for the first meeting of the conference on national reconciliation that was called for in the Sept. 26 cease-fire agreement. Even so, there were indications that Lebanon's guns would not be silent for long. The squabbling groups apparently had not yet agreed on where to hold the meeting. More ominous, cease-fire No. 179 was being violated with more and more impunity.

The deterioration caused concern not only among the Lebanese. On several occasions last week the U.S. Marine compound at Beirut International Airport came under rocket and small-arms fire. Sergeant Allen Soifert, 25, a member of the 1,200-strong U.S. contingent in the four-nation Multi-National Force, was patrolling the camp's perimeter in a Jeep when a sniper's bullet hit him in the chest. Soifert died of his wounds shortly thereafter. Half an hour earlier, another Marine had been injured by sniper fire as he drove through the same area. The new casualties brought the U.S. toll in Lebanon in the past two months to five dead, some 43 wounded.

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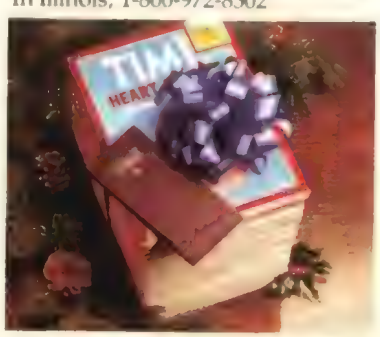

EAST-WEST

Cold Winds and Heated Words

Antinuke protests begin, and the propaganda war intensifies

The first major confrontation promised to be unpleasant. White-helmeted riot police in armored cars faced more than 2,500 antimissile demonstrators outside a U.S. Army barracks near the North Sea port of Bremerhaven, West Germany. As the protesters attempted to blockade the American installation, police laid down oversize coils of barbed wire and erected barricades on access roads, sealing off a perimeter a mile from the base. At one point, a military vehicle was accosted by demonstrators who scrawled PIGS and NO WAR on its side. Some 250 activists were dragged away, and water cannons were turned on hundreds more. There were few injuries, however, and the formal beginning of Western Europe's "hot autumn" of antimissile protests was relatively peaceful. Not many Europeans were convinced that the antimissile campaign would stay that way.

Indeed, mounting anxieties over NATO's plans to deploy Pershing II and cruise missiles in Western Europe beginning in December took on a heightened urgency last week, especially in the nation scheduled to receive the bulk of the new firepower, West Germany. While organizers were putting the final touches on plans for coordinated demonstrations across Western Europe this week, Moscow was doing its best to turn up the diplomatic pressure on the government of Chancellor Helmut Kohl. Soviet spokesmen forcefully renewed threats to pull out of the Geneva arms talks and to begin an aggressive new round in the nuclear arms race if the NATO missiles are installed.

Last weekend Soviet Foreign Minister Andrei Gromyko flew to Vienna to meet with his West German counterpart, Hans-Dietrich Genscher. There were reports that Gromyko asked Genscher to help arrange a summit between the superpowers to help avert a crisis over the missile deployment. The latest Soviet moves appeared to signal an increased willingness in Moscow to push its war of nerves with Washington over the missiles to the crisis point. Said a West European diplomat: "The Soviets are trying to scare the hell out of everyone."

The week's first saber rattle came in Hamburg, where Kremlin Spokesman Leonid Zamyatin issued the strongest warning yet that Moscow was prepared to pull out of both the Intermediate-range Nuclear Forces (INF) negotiations and Strategic Arms Reduction Talks (START) in Geneva if the missiles are deployed. "We do not want to take part in negotiations leading to a situation in which powerful new missiles and warheads will be stationed in Europe," declared Zamyatin, a close adviser to Soviet President Yuri Andropov and a member of the policy-setting Central Committee. Zamyatin was asked if he meant that deployment would end the Geneva negotiations. He replied, "You have understood me correctly."

Moscow appeared intent on conveying its warning to West Germans through the left wing of the opposition Social Democratic Party and through East German Leader Erich Honecker. After two days of meetings with officials in Moscow, Egon Bahr, a West German defense expert and prominent Social Democrat, declared that "negotiations in Geneva will lose their meaning the minute the first new missiles are deployed." Honecker, meanwhile, sent a letter to Chancellor Kohl warning him of a "new ice age" in relations between the two Germanys unless the Bonn government strives "to put a stop to the arms escalation."

Almost simultaneously, Warsaw Pact Commander Marshal Viktor Kulikov, speaking on the eve of a Soviet bloc foreign ministers' meeting in Sofia, Bulgaria, outlined the retaliatory measures Moscow is prepared to take in the event of deployment. Kulikov vowed that the Soviets would "deploy additional nuclear weapons to offset NATO's growing nuclear might in Europe and we shall take corresponding countermeasures with regard to U.S. territory." It was another explicit warning that Moscow is prepared to introduce new missiles into Eastern Europe and mount new cruise-type missiles on refurbished submarines that could patrol U.S. coastal waters. Though Kulikov did not say so explicitly, Western analysts believe that the land-based missiles would probably be located in East Germany and Czechoslovakia.

None of the Soviet threats are entirely new, but rarely have they been so blunt. Soviet diplomats in both Western Europe and the U.S. have warned for more than a year that Moscow was prepared to pull out of both sets of Geneva arms negotiations, perhaps permanently, if NATO went ahead with deployment. The reason: the Kremlin has taken the position that any new Western missiles would disrupt the nuclear balance that it insists already exists in Europe. A top Soviet official told TIME last spring that he expected suspension of the arms talks if there was no progress in Geneva, but refused to say how long such a walkout might last. Similarly, Western defense experts believe that the Soviets are developing a sea-launched cruise missile and are planning to replace older missiles in Eastern Europe with newer, short-range SS-21s, SS-22s and SS-23s.

The timing of the new barrage of threats was clearly calculated to heighten anxiety among West Germans just as the antimissile demonstrations heat up. In addition, Moscow was trying to place the blame for the stalled Geneva talks on the U.S. Says a Western diplomat: "They do not want to appear to bless any U.S. deployment before it takes place." Anticipating the Soviet tactic last week even before Zamyatin's remarks, U.S. officials publicly said that a Soviet walkout at Geneva might be imminent. The warning was an attempt to put the burden of responsibility for a breakdown in the talks squarely on the Kremlin.

In an apparent attempt to shift the blame for any failure in Geneva back to the U.S., the Warsaw Pact foreign ministers in Sofia issued a communiqué declaring that "if agreement is not reached by year's end, it is essential that the talks be continued." Despite the public posturing on both sides, U.S. and Soviet negotiating teams were scheduled to reconvene this week in Geneva. —***By Russ Hoyle. Reported by Gary Lee/Bonn, with other bureaus***

West German police carry off antimissile protester outside U.S. barracks near Bremerhaven

The first confrontations were relatively peaceful, but few expected them to stay that way.

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CENTRAL AMERICA

Searching for a Consensus

Kissinger's commission whisks through six nations in six days

"We are dedicated to the resistance of Marxist-Leninist totalitarianism. We are also dedicated to human rights and democracy. It is in pursuit of both of these objectives that we have come to look at the situation." So declared former Secretary of State Henry Kissinger as he arrived at San Salvador's Ilopango airport last week accompanied by the eleven other members of the National Bipartisan Commission on Central America. Kissinger had posed the essential dilemma for U.S. policy in the region: how to halt Marxist subversion while securing democratic rule for nations plagued with dictatorships of both the left and the right.

Kissinger with Magaña: after a stern warning, friendly smiles

On their six-day, six-nation tour of the isthmus, that was just the question the twelve commission members were pondering. Appointed by President Reagan in July, the group was charged with arriving at a long-term policy capable of winning broad domestic support. The trip, Kissinger explained before his departure from Washington, would give the commission a basis for its recommendations. "What you get out of it is the flavor of a country," he said, "a judgment of the personalities, an opportunity to ask questions that have been bothering us."

The tour began in two outposts of political stability: Panama and Costa Rica. After giving a sympathetic but noncommittal hearing to Panamanian pleas for economic aid, the commission flew west to Costa Rica's capital, San José. Costa Rican officials expressed their concern that their country, the only successful long-lasting democracy in the region, faced a serious threat of subversion from Nicaragua's Sandinista government. Said President Luis Alberto Monge: "Never have our people been more afraid."

Arguing that their best defense was a strong economy, Costa Ricans lobbied for a $3 billion, ten-year U.S. aid program for their country. The most controversial encounter of the day, however, was unscheduled. After announcing that he would not meet with "people engaged in guerrilla warfare," Kissinger and two other commission members held a talk with Alfonso Robelo, a leader of the U.S.-supported rebels battling to overthrow Nicaragua's Sandinista regime. Kissinger later said that his meeting with Robelo would be the tour's last with rebels of any stripe.

No one expected the next stop to be congenial, and it was not. From the moment Kissinger raised the subject on his arrival in El Salvador, the panel hammered away at one issue: human rights. The commission met with Interim President Alvaro Magaña. Kissinger stated that the U.S. depended on El Salvador as a front line against Cuban- and Nicaraguan-inspired subversion in the region. But the commission members flatly condemned the country's abysmal human rights record *(see box)*. In a tense confrontation with right-wing Constituent Assembly President Roberto d'Aubuisson,

Dealing in Death

It was enough to shock even Salvadorans, who are inured to almost daily reports of disappearances and murder. During the midday television news, a home videotape flickered across the screen. Seated in front of a purple-and-white Salvadoran flag, three men nervously confessed to past membership in the Salvadoran Communist Party. That very morning, said the news announcer, the right-wing group that sent the tape had condemned the three men to death on a charge of "high treason." The terrorists then strangled the men and a female doctor, and afterward dumped the bodies in a San Salvador parking lot.

The killings, and the brazen release of the videotape, were the most dramatic evidence yet of a grisly new public relations campaign being staged by El Salvador's infamous "death squads." The right-wing terrorist groups have plagued the country since the beginning of El Salvador's guerrilla war in 1979. The recent attacks, however, have been aimed at influential targets, such as student leaders, professors and labor officials who are considered sympathetic to the left.

BOB NICKELSBERG

Bodies of two of the men strangled by a right-wing death squad

Human rights activists and Western diplomats believe that many of the death squads are led by officers in the Salvadoran army and security forces. The recent upsurge in their activity appears to reflect the mounting frustrations of the ultra-right, which has seen its power gradually erode over the past year. The right failed to gain control of key ministries after the March 1982 elections, and it has also been unable to derail the government's programs to redistribute land more equitably. Making matters worse, in the right's view, the Salvadoran Peace Commission, sponsored by the interim administration of President Alvaro Magaña, has begun a "dialogue" with representatives of leftist guerrillas.

The right has also had trouble getting organized for next spring's presidential elections. Says former President José Napoleón Duarte, a Christian Democrat who is now the front-running contender: "[The death squads] want to stop the reforms. They want to stop the democratic process. And they want to stop the Christian Democrats from coming to power."

AFL-CIO President Lane Kirkland angrily questioned D'Aubuisson's charges that Samuel Maldonado, leader of the 100,000-strong Salvadoran Communal Union, a peasant organization that has close ties to U.S. labor groups, had collaborated with leftist guerrillas.

Human rights was also an issue in Guatemala, where a succession of often harsh military regimes has been waging war against leftist guerrillas. Nevertheless, following meetings with officials in the government of Chief of State Brigadier General Oscar Mejía Víctores, Kissinger announced that, although the Guatemalans had made no direct request for military aid, "one couldn't help but be impressed by their need."

The need for U.S. help was even more pressing in Honduras, Central America's poorest nation and the U.S.'s key military staging area in the region at present. In Tegucigalpa, ailing Roberto Suazo Córdova, Honduras' first elected President after ten years of military rule, made an eloquent appeal for U.S. aid to a nation that "with much sacrifice has constructed a democratic government in exceptionally difficult circumstances."

On the eve of the commission's visit to Nicaragua, Junta Coordinator Daniel Ortega Saavedra charged that an attack by U.S. or Honduran troops was "imminent." Earlier in the week, U.S.-backed *contras* opposed to the Sandinista regime had ignited eight oil storage tanks at the port of Corinto, 80 miles northwest of Managua, causing huge fires that raged out of control for nearly three days and forced some 25,000 people to evacuate the town. On Friday, an oil pipeline at another major port, Puerto Sandino, was damaged by *contra* fire.

The commission's visit followed that of Assistant Secretary of State Langhorne A. Motley, the highest-ranking U.S. official to travel to the country in almost two years. He had arrived to reopen high-level communications between the Reagan Administration and the Sandinistas and to discuss, in Motley's words, "the whole waterfront" of regional problems. There was no evidence that either visit had helped ease tensions between the two countries.

After six days of fact finding, the commission seemed to have reached agreement on what some of the facts mean. Said an aide: "The testimony on the military threat has been so impressive that there is now something of a consensus that the U.S. has to take steps against the Sandinistas." Maybe so. But two commission members, former Democratic National Committee Chairman Robert Strauss and San Antonio Democratic Mayor Henry Cisneros, have said they should not be counted on just to rubber stamp the policy of a Republican Administration. For its part, the Administration has never said it will take the commission's advice. Facts in hand, even Kissinger may still find it hard to influence U.S. policy. —*By Kenneth W. Banta. Reported by Marsh Clark/Tegucigalpa and Timothy Loughran/San Salvador*

Parkinson: rapid fall from hero to has-been

BRITAIN

Blackpool Blues

Maggie loses a minister

"Rejoice, again I say, rejoice!" The old hymn thundered from 3,000 throats in the seaside town of Blackpool last week as Britain's Conservative Party opened its annual conference. And why not rejoice? It was the first gathering of the Tory clans since their historic election victory last June. There was even a dollop of frosting on the political cake in the form of two important Tory birthdays: the party's 100th and Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher's 58th. It was, then, an occasion for especially lusty renditions of *God Save the Queen* and *Land of Hope and Glory*. Above all, it was a moment of sweet triumph for Thatcher.

As it turned out, it was also a time of deep embarrassment. Hours before her keynote speech on Friday, Thatcher accepted "with regret" the eye-catching resignation of Trade and Industry Secretary Cecil Parkinson, architect of the election landslide and one of her closest political advisers. Parkinson, 52, fell from grace two weeks ago when he announced that Sara Keays, his private secretary and longtime lover, would soon bear his child. He added that he would not divorce his wife of 26 years to marry Keays, although he admitted that he had promised to do so. The disclosure prompted a number of Tories to call for Parkinson's head, but Thatcher characteristically decided to see the crisis through. She even asked conference organizers to arrange a warm welcome for him at Blackpool.

Keays: a damning version

That, apparently, was too much for hitherto silent Keays. In a surprise statement in Friday's London *Times*, she gave her side of the story and abruptly demolished what remained of Parkinson's political career. "My baby was conceived in a longstanding, loving relationship which I had allowed to continue because I believed in our eventual marriage," Keays declared. "It has been suggested that Mr. Parkinson only asked me to marry him after I became pregnant, when in fact he first did so in 1979. In May, when I knew of my pregnancy, Mr. Parkinson decided he no longer wished to marry me."

Parkinson and Thatcher learned of the interview in the predawn hours Friday. The resignation was announced at 9:45 a.m. Said a senior Tory minister: "At some point, someone in this affair lied." In the messiest possible way, Thatcher had lost a close personal protégé and left herself open to questions about her judgment of people and events.

The Parkinson affair was merely the most visible of Thatcher's concerns last week. Indeed, even before Blackpool, she was on the defensive against, of all things, accusations of aimless drift and indecision. The most serious charge: that she has failed to turn the policies of her first term into a clear blueprint for her second. Increasingly, the criticism has come from her own party. The most serious challenge was on the economic front. Last June, Thatcher campaigned on a hastily drafted manifesto calling for, among other things, reductions in taxes and government spending. Last week John Biffen, a leader in the House of Commons, publicly criticized the policy. In a television interview, he cast doubt on the government's ability to cut taxes, and made it clear that he was utterly opposed to doing so at the expense of social welfare programs.

All of those problems hung over the Prime Minister as she mounted the podium last Friday. Regal in a midnight-blue dress, she rose to the challenge. Her government, she declared, had "set a true course which is right for Britain. We shall hold fast and see it through to success." She excoriated the new Labor Party leaders, Neil Kinnock and Roy Hattersley, for their "pretensions" of moderation, and in evoking the election, she even managed a deft tribute to the fallen Parkinson. ("We do not forget today the man who so brilliantly organized our campaign.") Her speech contained a ringing endorsement of NATO and an offer of "dialogue" with the Soviet Union. It was, by any measure, a tour de force. Eyes glistening, Thatcher acknowledged wave after wave of cheers. The Tory faithful clearly loved it. ■

SOUTH KOREA

No Words for the Bitterness

A nation in mourning points a finger at its northern neighbor

Barely a month after the Soviet downing of Korean Air Lines Flight 007, flags were again at half-staff throughout South Korea. Nightclubs, bars and movie theaters were shut down for three days; store clerks, officeworkers and government officials wore black ties or black ribbons of mourning. As the flag-draped coffins were brought home, the anguished wails of newly widowed women and bereft families once again echoed through the corridors of Seoul's Kimpo Airport.

Memorial service in Seoul, above, followed by military procession to the cemetery

Years of experience and leadership that cannot be easily replaced.

On Thursday, more than a million South Koreans gathered in a chill rain for an emotional memorial service in Seoul's huge Sixteenth of May Plaza. On a long altar surrounded by thousands of white and yellow chrysanthemums, 17 incense urns were placed in front of photographs of the deceased. Later, military pallbearers wearing white masks, a traditional mark of respect for the dead, led the procession to the cemetery. Representatives from 47 countries were present, including a seven-member U.S. delegation headed by Secretary of Defense Caspar Weinberger. In a trembling voice, South Korean Prime Minister Kim Sang Hyup asked: "Can words properly describe our bitterness? Can any words help control our wrath?"

This time the mourning was for 17 South Koreans, including four Cabinet ministers and ten key government officials, who had been killed when a bomb ripped through the Martyr's Mausoleum in the Burmese capital, Rangoon. The South Korean delegation had gathered at the site for a wreath-laying ceremony at the beginning of what was to have been an 18-day tour of South Asian and Pacific countries. South Korean President Chun Doo Hwan, 52, the apparent target of the attack, had not yet arrived at the ceremony and escaped unharmed.

The attack ended a diplomatic initiative that had begun with high expectations and that was to have broadened South Korea's ties to other nations in the region. Burma's President U San Yu condemned the bombing as a "premeditated and dastardly act" by terrorists who he said were seeking to disrupt relations between his government and South Korea. India's Prime Minister Indira Gandhi called the slayings "a great calamity, which deserves to be condemned." Said Australia's Prime Minister Bob Hawke: "No one can gain or draw satisfaction from this wanton act of terrorism." Both India and Australia were to have been hosts to the Koreans later on the tour. In Los Angeles, 600 Koreans attended a memorial service at the Wilshire United Methodist Church. Said Korean Consul Moon Ik Chang: "We are very shattered."

Upon his return to Seoul, President Chun described the bombing as a "tenacious provocation by the band of Communists in North Korea." A possible motive: North Korean frustration over South Korea's increasingly active diplomacy toward nations that, like Burma, maintain ties with North Korea. The government of North Korea called the accusation "preposterous and ridiculous." Police in Rangoon arrested two Koreans last week, though there was no confirmation that they were from the North. The Burmese reported that another Korean was killed when he tried to escape arrest.

According to diplomats in neighboring Thailand, the Burmese now think the bomb attack was the work of five North Korean assassins. The charge was plausible. In 1968, a North Korean hit team tried but failed to get into the presidential palace in Seoul. Canadian police arrested several North Koreans believed to have been plotting to assassinate Chun during a visit to Canada last year.

Still, given the secrecy that shrouds life in Burma, one of the world's least accessible countries, it was difficult to know what to believe. Western diplomats in Rangoon pointed out that at least three dissident groups in the country have the means and the motive to launch such an attack in order to embarrass U Ne Win, the powerful chairman of Burma's ruling party. In a wide-ranging purge only a few months ago, Ne Win sacked his intelligence chief for corruption. Some South Koreans believe Chun could also have been the target of dissidents from his own country.

The loss of the Cabinet ministers and other high-level officials was a major setback for Chun's government. They were among the best and the brightest in a regime that has shown considerable skill in its handling of foreign and economic affairs. Foreign Minister Lee Bum Suk, 58, had formulated Seoul's new policy to improve relations with developing countries. Deputy Prime Minister Suh Suk Joon, 45, was his country's chief economic planner and a trade specialist. Presidential Adviser Kim Jae Ik, 44, was considered, along with Joon, to be an architect of South Korea's move toward more liberal economic policies. Hahm Pyong Choon, 51, the President's Chief of Staff, had served ably as Ambassador to the U.S. from 1973 to 1977 and traveled widely as presidential envoy. Said a South Korean official: "The men we lost had years of experience and leadership qualities that cannot be easily replaced." On Friday, the remaining 18 members of the Cabinet resigned, enabling President Chun to form a new 22-member Cabinet.

To reassure South Korea, the U.S. ordered the aircraft carrier *Carl Vinson*, which was due to sail home last week, to remain near the South Korean coast. Although Chun was expected to come under pressure from hard-liners in his government, U.S. officials hoped he would avoid any moves that could mar President Reagan's visit to South Korea next month. Weinberger particularly urged Chun to avoid retaliatory moves that could only aggravate tensions along the border with North Korea. —*By Marguerite Johnson. Reported by Edwin M. Reingold/Seoul*

JAPAN

Dark Day for the Shadow Shogun

"Guilty," say the judges, but Tanaka refuses to step down

The trial had plodded on for so long that when the verdict finally arrived last week, the Japanese paid almost as much attention to it as they would have to the real Judgment Day. But then, the seven-year court battle did star Kakuei Tanaka, the former Prime Minister who still reigns as the country's shrewdest power-broker. As the dark blue Chrysler sedan wheeled Tanaka from his palatine compound on the fringes of Tokyo to the courthouse downtown, a swarm of 17 helicopters loaded with TV cameras and newsmen followed along overhead. Arriving at the Tokyo District Court, Tanaka faced a jostling battalion of some 1,500 reporters, photographers and television crews. He was caught in a sudden shower of camera flashes and responded by giving his customary wave, bringing his right hand smartly up to his forehead, and marching inside. The streets of Tokyo and other major cities emptied as people hurried to their homes and offices to hear the decision on radio and TV.

During the two hours that presiding Judge Mitsunori Okada took to explain the ruling, a fidgety Tanaka gazed up at the ceiling, squinted down at his watch, folded and unfolded his ubiquitous paper fan. When Okada finally issued the verdict, Tanaka listened with his eyes closed. The three-judge panel found Tanaka guilty of having accepted $2 million in bribes from the Lockheed Corp. during the early 1970s in return for persuading Japan's largest domestic airline, All Nippon Airways, to buy the company's TriStar jets. He was sentenced to four years in prison and fined $2 million, the amount of the bribe.* At one particularly somber moment, Judge Okada looked directly at the former Prime Minister and sadly noted that his actions had brought "irreparable damage to the public trust in politics."

Tanaka's lawyers posted bail of $1.2 million and then, after nearly five hours before the judge, their illustrious client returned home. But Tanaka's day in court was not over. His lawyers immediately filed an appeal to the Tokyo High Court; if he is found guilty there, Tanaka can still bring his case to the country's Supreme Court. The entire appeals process could take ten years; meanwhile, Tanaka, 65, will remain free on bail.

Whether Tanaka will be forced to loosen his political hold on the country is another matter. Elected Prime Minister in 1972, he resigned two years later when a Japanese magazine reported that he had set up a web of fake firms to hide shady financial dealings. Two years later, an official probe led to the Lockheed bribery charges and Tanaka's subsequent arrest. Throughout his travails, however, Tanaka always retained his seat in the Diet, which he first won in 1947. More important, he still controls the largest faction within Japan's ruling Liberal Democratic Party; of the 422 L.D.P. members in the 763-seat Diet, 119 consider Tanaka their leader. He has played a pivotal role in choosing his three successors, including the current Prime Minister, Yasuhiro Nakasone. Tanaka's influence remains so pervasive that his countrymen have dubbed him the Shadow Shogun.

The freshly convicted leader leaving the courthouse

"I will carry out my duties as a member of parliament."

The verdict pushed Tanaka out of the shadows and into the harsh limelight. Opposition leaders ranging from the moderate Komeito (Clean Government Party) to the Communists demanded that he resign his Diet seat. Masashi Ishibashi, the newly elected chairman of the Socialists, the largest opposition party, declared that if the former Prime Minister did not relinquish his seat, the opposition would jointly introduce a resolution calling for his ouster. Said Junya Yano, secretary-general of Komeito, with a good deal of hyperbole: "Never before has the life of democracy in Japan seemed so endangered."

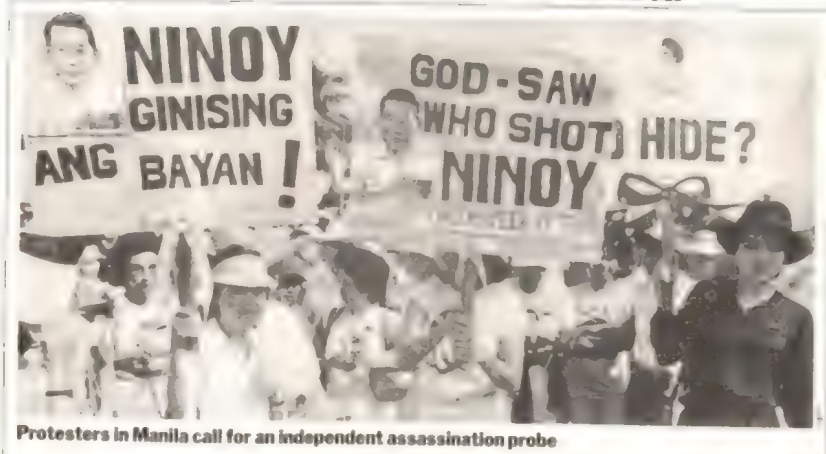
That partisan sentiment seems to reflect the public mood. In a poll conducted earlier this month by *Yomiuri*, Japan's largest daily newspaper, 73% said that Tanaka should resign if found guilty. More serious for Tanaka, a majority of L.D.P. supporters (68%) gave the same answer. On the night of the verdict, some 170,000 demonstrators gathered at 300 rallies across the country to demand Tanaka's resignation. In a rare show of unanimity, the country's five biggest newspapers all published editorials calling on Tanaka to give up his seat.

Prime Minister Nakasone was understandably circumspect about the verdict. Since his faction is only the fourth largest in the L.D.P., Nakasone still depends on Tanaka's good will. Other L.D.P. chieftains, however, voiced concern, raising the possibility that the coalition might unravel over Tanaka's intractability. Observed former Prime Minister Takeo Fukuda, head of the L.D.P.'s third largest group: "The weight of the verdict meanings is heavy indeed." Translation: Tanaka should go.

When the L.D.P. refused to allow a resolution to be introduced calling for Tanaka's resignation, opposition members boycotted all Diet sessions. As a result, an administrative reform bill, which would slim down the bureaucracy and is the Diet's key piece of legislation during the current session, was not attended to. Unless the stalemate is broken, Nakasone will have no choice but to dissolve the lower house of the Diet, perhaps as early as November, and call for new elections. That might not be bad for the Prime Minister: since May, his popularity has climbed from 38% to 45%. Nevertheless, L.D.P. leaders fear that if Tanaka does not give up his seat, the ruling coalition could lose some 20 seats, which would reduce its majority to ten seats.

No matter how much the political tumult grows in the next few weeks, Tanaka is determined not to retreat. His supporters correctly point out that legally he has the right to keep his Diet seat until all appeals are exhausted. Vowed the former Prime Minister: "I will carry out my duties as a member of parliament." Tanaka's constituents, whom he has coddled for decades with favors and gifts, continue to swear their undying allegiance to him. If Tanaka decides to run in new elections, he is virtually certain to win his lower-house seat for the 15th consecutive time. No matter what happens, he will still wield considerable power within the L.D.P. The guilty verdict last week only highlighted that truth. When Tanaka arrived home after his long day in court, he received visitors: 80 members of his L.D.P. faction, cheering and applauding Tanaka-san. —***By James Kelly. Reported by S. Chang/Tokyo***

*Four co-defendants, including Tanaka's former secretary, were also found guilty and sentenced to prison terms ranging from one to 2½ years.



Protesters in Manila call for an independent assassination probe

THE PHILIPPINES

Test of Wills

Marcos makes a concession

There was not an empty seat in the room as the five-member commission assigned to investigate the assassination of Opposition Leader Benigno Aquino opened its first meeting in 24 days. The audience was particularly interested because General Prospero Olivas, Commander of the National Police for Metropolitan Manila, would present the military's official version of the events that led to Aquino's murder seconds after he stepped off a plane at Manila International Airport on Aug. 21. Instead, there was yet another surprise in the brief but checkered history of a commission whose credibility has been assailed from the day it was created by President Ferdinand Marcos.

Commission Member Felix Antonio announced that Arturo Tolentino, a respected politician who had turned down Marcos' offer to be chairman of the panel, had persuaded the President to accept several new conditions. In order to give Tolentino "a free hand," Antonio said, the entire commission would resign. Four days later, Marcos announced that a totally new, and presumably more independent, panel would be named. Two of its members will be appointed by the Marcos-dominated parliament, but three to five others will be chosen on the basis of recommendations from "various sectors of society." Said Commission Member Filemon Fernandez: "The eyes of the world are watching to see if the Philippine people are capable of self-criticism, to see whether they have the capability to assert the supremacy of law and bring those responsible to the bar of justice."

Although General Olivas' testimony was locked into a vault along with the commission's other documents, it was quickly leaked to the press. He reiterated the government's claim that Aquino had been killed by a Communist hitman who had somehow managed to penetrate the airport's tight security. But politicians and diplomats who analyzed the report found glaring contradictions between that claim and the photos and videotape footage of the seconds just before and after the shooting, which have been widely circulated in the Philippines.

According to Olivas, the five khaki-uniformed guards who met Aquino aboard China Airlines Flight 811 were unarmed. As Aquino stepped off the plane, escorted by the guards, a single fatal bullet entered the nape of his neck and passed in a downward path through his chin. Seconds later, soldiers gunned down Rolando Galman, who, Olivas contended, had "suddenly darted toward [Aquino] and shot him from behind."

Olivas' "report" did little to dispel doubts about the official government version. Amadeo Seno, the commission's deputy counsel, told newsmen last week that he had found a number of contradictions in Olivas' testimony. Four hours after Aquino was killed, Seno noted, Olivas had described the assassin as being 5 ft. 6 in. tall. But the physician who performed the autopsy later reported that Galman was 5 ft. 9 in., or ¼ in. taller than Aquino. Galman's height is a crucial clue in determining whether he was tall enough to walk behind Aquino, as the government claims, and fire into his head a bullet that would take a downward path.

Other sources close to the investigation noted that the .357 magnum pistol allegedly taken from Galman was handled by so many soldiers that no one will be able to determine if Galman's fingerprints are on the gun. Seno further disclosed that paraffin tests carried out on the five supposedly unarmed men who escorted Aquino off the plane indicated that two showed "positive" results for nitrates on their hands, a finding that suggested they could have handled a gun. Seno's comments appeared in Filipino newspapers after being reported by the Associated Press. On Friday, the presidential palace issued a statement saying that Seno was suing several foreign newspapers and the A.P. for libel. ■

GRENADA

Scoop

A coup! Wait, no!

Tuning in to Radio Free Grenada for an afternoon earful is usually about as much fun as listening to a hinge squeak. The broadcast, courtesy of the Marxist-led government of the minuscule Caribbean island (pop. 110,000), is chockablock with monologues about evil Yankee imperialists and the marvels of socialism. Not last week.

Shortly past noon on Friday, the station began amusing listeners across the Caribbean with hot flashes about coups and countercoups. First came word that Prime Minister Maurice Bishop's security chief was under arrest for alleging that two Cabinet ministers had tried to overthrow the government. But wait. Then the station announced that Bishop, 39, had been deposed by his Finance Minister, Bernard Coard, also 39. No, hold on. Now Coard was resigning so he could clear his name of the "vicious rumor" that he and his wife Phyllis had plotted to kill the Prime Minister.

Whatever was really going on in the seaside capital of St. George's remained a mystery, perhaps even to the participants. Callers to the Prime Minister's office were told that staff members were sorry, but everybody was too tied up in meetings to come to the telephone. In another bizarre twist, charter flights into Grenada were politely informed that sure, they could land, as long as they were not carrying any Grenadians as passengers. Most islanders were too muddled by the proceedings even to choose sides.

Bishop

The reports did confirm what citizens had been gossiping about for months: not only were the charismatic Bishop and the brilliant Coard intense rivals, their wives were barely on speaking terms. More serious matters also might have been at stake. Last month Bishop accepted a $14.1 million loan from the International Monetary Fund. Some factions may have suspected Bishop of agreeing to tone down his socialist rhetoric in exchange for the money, particularly after Bishop's closed-door meetings last spring at the U.S. State Department with a group that included National Security Adviser William Clark.

The squabble marked the first open split among Bishop's youthful band, who staged a real coup in 1979 with only 40 men and a handful of creaky weapons. At the end of last week came the humiliating news that the People's Revolutionary Army would step in to restore order. What happens now? Tune in next week, same station. ■

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MARK STORY

HOME: New York City.

AGE: 35

PROFESSION: Commercial film director, Pfeifer-Story Productions.

HOBBIES: Writing the ultimate self-help book for the non-gregarious, *How to Spend the Least Amount of Time with People You Don't Like.*

LAST BOOK READ: *Post Office*, Charles Bukowski.

LATEST ACCOMPLISHMENT: Directed *Fur*, a satirical short film, for *Saturday Night Live.*

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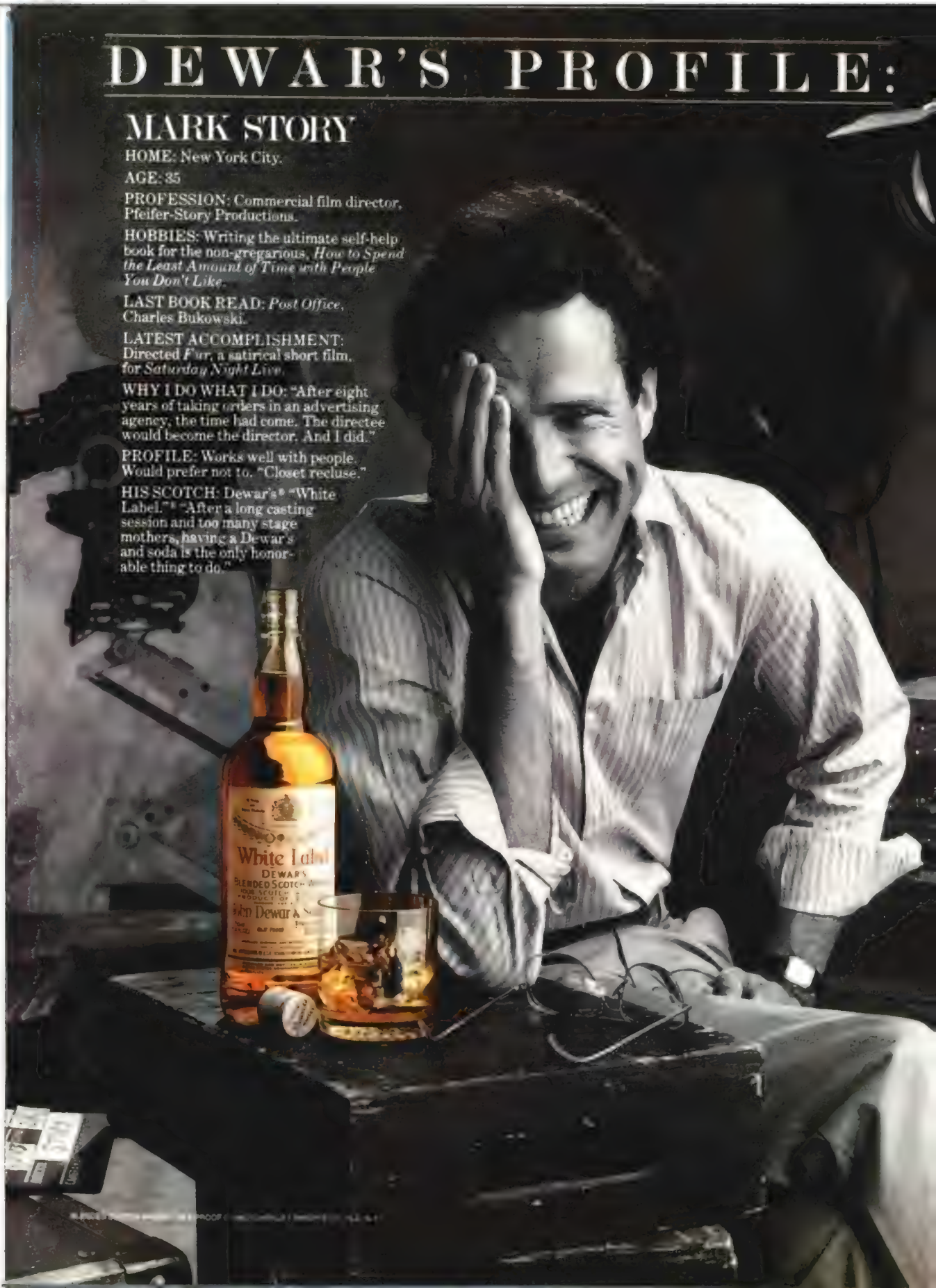
PROFILE: Works well with people. Would prefer not to. "Closet recluse."

HIS SCOTCH: Dewar's® "White Label."® "After a long casting session and too many stage mothers, having a Dewar's and soda is the only honorable thing to do."



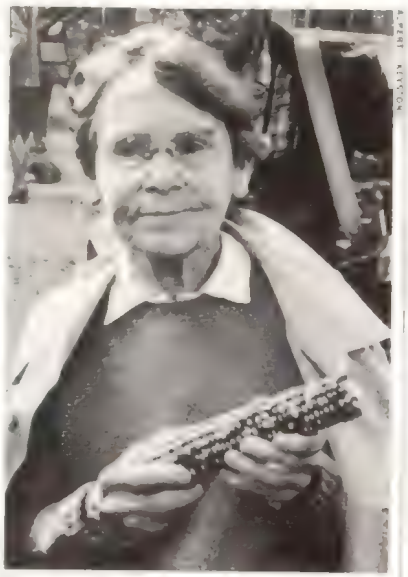
Honoring a Modern Mendel

Geneticist Barb McClintock, ignored for years, wins a Nobel

There was no morning call from Stockholm; Barbara McClintock does not have a phone. Instead, the 81-year-old geneticist learned the news by radio. "Oh, dear," she is said to have murmured. And having pronounced that judgment, the diminutive (5-ft., 100-lb.) scientist donned her usual attire—baggy dungarees, a mantailored shirt and sturdy oxfords—and stepped out for her usual morning walk through the woods near Cold Spring Harbor Laboratory on Long Island. As usual, she gathered walnuts along the way. Winning the Nobel Prize for Medicine seemed no reason to alter her schedule.

That understated response to the greatest honor in science was typical of the intensely private, no-nonsense researcher. Genetics is a science founded by a monk—19th century Augustinian Gregor Mendel—and McClintock is in every sense his disciple. For half a century she has labored in almost monastic solitude over her patch of Indian corn, or maize, much as Mendel did in his famous pea patch. In an era when most scientific work is done by large research teams, McClintock did not even have a laboratory assistant. ("Excuse me for being hoarse," she once told a scientist who stopped by her lab at 5 p.m., "but I have not yet used my vocal cords today.") Also, like Mendel, McClintock received little attention for her efforts throughout most of her career. Her principal discovery was both complex and heretical: genes, she claimed, are not fixed on the chromosome like so many pearls on a string; they can move around in an unpredictable fashion. The trouble was that she announced this back in 1951, and as one Nobel committee member noted last week, "only about five geneticists in the world could appreciate it."

The world has finally begun to catch up with "Barb" McClintock. The Nobel Prize Committee hailed her once obscure work as "one of the two great discoveries of our times in genetics," the other being the 1953 discovery, by James Watson and Francis Crick, of the double-helix structure of DNA. In 82 years of Nobel history, just six other women have won honors in scientific categories; and only two of these were named alone, without fellow honorees: France's Marie Curie in 1911, for discovering radium and polonium, and Britain's Dorothy Crowfoot Hodgkin in 1964, for deciphering the structure of penicillin and other compounds. McClintock is the first to win unshared honors in medicine and physiology. Said Watson, who has been director at Cold Spring Harbor and hence McClintock's boss for 15 years: "It is not a controversial award. No one thinks of genetics now without the implications of her work."



The prizewinner with her lifelong subject

"They thought I was crazy, absolutely mad."

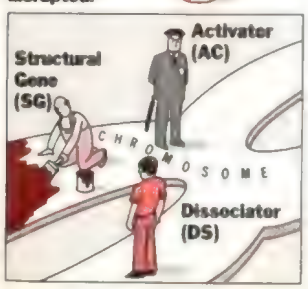
McClintock's life has been a study in single-mindedness. The third of four children born to a Hartford doctor and his wife, she enrolled at Cornell University at 17, despite her mother's conviction that college was no place for a woman. Her intended major, plant breeding, was considered unsuitable for ladies, so McClintock settled for botany. She earned a doctorate in plant genetics in 1927 and began a lifelong romance with maize. Since tenured faculty positions were not available to women in the 1930s, McClintock bounced from job to job. She was unemployed in 1942, when the Carnegie Institution of Washington, D.C., came to her rescue and offered her a spot at its genetics lab in Cold Spring Harbor. She has been there ever since, grateful for the forbearance. "If I had been at some other place, I'm sure that I would've been fired for what I was doing," she noted last week, "because nobody was accepting it."

Indeed, though McClintock was elected to the National Academy of Sciences in 1944, only the third woman to win that honor, she soon fell from the graces of her peers. Her notion that genes could "jump" around on a chromosome flew in the face of scientific dogma. "They thought I was crazy, absolutely mad," she recalls. But the evidence was as plain as the ears on McClintock's beloved cornstalks. Years of painstaking planting, pollination and observation had taught her that color changes in the successive generations of maize did not follow predictable hereditary patterns. Her research led her to conclude that genes that govern the color of a kernel and other such characteristics can be turned on or off by genetic elements that act as switches, and that these genetic switches can move from one part of a chromosome to another, as commanded by a third type of element known as an "activator" *(see diagram)*.

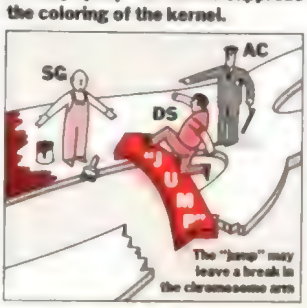
Since her ideas were met by general disbelief, McClintock virtually gave up publishing her results: "Nobody was reading me, so what was the use?" But in the 1960s, research conducted by high-tech molecular biologists began to confirm what

HOW CORN KERNELS CAN CHANGE COLOR

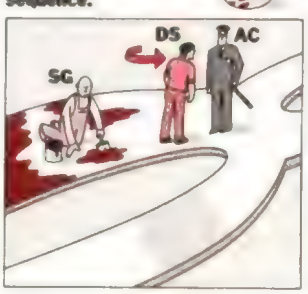
Genes control the colors of a kernel. The Structural Gene (SG) will make the kernel dark unless disrupted.



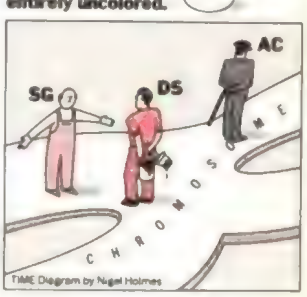
Disruption occurs if the Activator (AC) summons the Dissociator (DS) from another chromosome location. DS may "jump" to SG and suppress the coloring of the kernel.



If again summoned by AC, DS may move away from SG, who goes back to the coloring work. A speckled kernel results from this sequence.



But if DS maintains its influence on SG without interruption from AC, the kernel will be entirely uncolored.



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Medicine

McClintock had learned with old-fashioned Mendelian methods. The spunky geneticist was neither bitter nor surprised: "When you know you're right, you don't care what others think. You know sooner or later it will come out in the wash."

Today, McClintock's "jumping genes" have a secure place in biology. When bacteria develop resistance to an antibiotic, it is now known, they pass this characteristic on to neighboring bacteria via those "transposable elements," as McClintock has called them. They may also play a role in the transformation of normal cells into malignant ones, and in speeding up the process of evolution.

When recognition came to McClintock, it was an avalanche. In 1981 she won the prestigious $15,000 Albert Lasker Basic Medical Research Award as

McClintock in her Cold Spring lab (1947)

"I can't imagine having a better life."

well as a $50,000 prize from Israel's Wolf Foundation and was named a fellow by the MacArthur Foundation of Chicago—a tribute that provides her with a tax-free income of $60,000 a year for life. Her reaction at the time: "Rather upset. I'm not a person who likes to accumulate things." But she did treat herself to a new Honda Accord and moved out of her austere home of 20 years—two rooms over a garage—and into more spacious quarters.

In the sole press conference she granted last week, McClintock said she had made no plans for the use of her Nobel winnings: "I don't even know what the award brings in." (It is $190,000.) But the energetic octogenarian has never lacked for things to do. Working in her corn patch, she says, "has been such a deep pleasure that I never thought of stopping, and I just hated sleeping. I can't imagine having a better life." Reluctantly, McClintock will take time off from that pleasure to collect her prize in Stockholm, and perhaps (Oh, dear!) to buy a suitably fancy dress. —***By Claudia Wallis.***
Reported by Dorothy Ferenbaugh/New York and Mary Johnson/Stockholm

AIDS Dilemma

Need for long-term care

Like so many victims of Acquired Immune Deficiency Syndrome (AIDS), Morgan MacDonald, 27, has had his good periods and his bad as the disease runs its course. Last month officials at Shands Hospital in Gainesville, Fla., pronounced him "well enough to walk," and spent three weeks looking for an extended-care facility that could handle his needs. They could find none. Finally, Shands got in touch with the AIDS/KS Foundation, a private group in San Francisco that helps those with the affliction. On Oct. 4, Shands paid for flying MacDonald, accompanied by a doctor and two social workers, to San Francisco aboard a chartered air ambulance. But when he arrived, MacDonald was so weak that he had to be admitted to San Francisco General Hospital. Mayor Dianne Feinstein charged that the transfer was "outrageous and inhumane," and Mervyn Silverman, the city's public health director, declared that the episode was "a dump of the worst kind" and accused Florida of "abandoning" an AIDS patient.

Last week those claims were bitterly denounced by Shands officials, who convincingly argued that they had acted in good faith, but the MacDonald case focuses attention on a growing medical problem: how to handle AIDS patients who do not need hospital care. Most victims who are discharged from hospitals, which have neither the facilities nor the money to handle them indefinitely, are forced to fall back on family and friends, plus the support of homosexual organizations. (About 70% of AIDS patients are gay or bisexual.) In Florida's Dade County, which encompasses Miami, only one of the 37 state-licensed nursing homes has ever taken in AIDS victims. Miami's Jackson Memorial Hospital has had patients who could have been discharged if a place had been found for them; the hospital has not even been able to find a foster home for a patient who is nine months old.

San Francisco, which has 289 AIDS victims, a group surpassed only by New York City's 988, is trying to ease the dilemma by helping finance two home-care plans: a visiting-nurse program and Shanti ("inner peace" in Sanskrit), a volunteer organization that provides peer counseling for the terminally ill and their families and runs two residences for AIDS patients. San Francisco is also planning to open a special, long-term treatment center.

The problem of handling AIDS victims as outpatients seems sure to grow. As of Oct. 12, 2,467 cases had been reported to the Government's Centers for Disease Control in Atlanta, compared with 1,180 at the end of 1982. Moreover, the incidence is increasing. In July (the latest month so tabulated) there were 53 new cases a week. A year before, there were eleven. ■

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O God Our [Mother and] Father

New translations seek to rid the Bible of "male bias"

For millions of Americans, no publication is awaited more eagerly than a fresh translation of the biblical texts that are so important to their practice of religion. In the past, even relatively minor changes have caused an uproar, but they pale beside the revisions in a radical new version of scriptural readings that was released last week. The translations alter or eradicate beloved phrases that have stood for millenniums. God in heaven is no longer just the Father but the "Father [and Mother]" (or "[Mother and] Father"). The Deity is addressed as "Sovereign One," but never as the "Lord." Jesus Christ is no longer designated as either the Son of God or the Son of man.

These unconventional translations are not the product of some eccentric scholar or self-appointed caucus, but of the National Council of Churches, supported by 32 Protestant and Orthodox denominations with 40 million members. The N.C.C. sought to provide Bible readings for worship services that were free of the "male bias" in Scripture that militant feminists have been complaining about for nearly a decade. To proponents, the book is an advance toward equal treatment. To opponents, the translations are tasteless, if not heretical.

The N.C.C. book of readings, offered for "experimental and voluntary use in churches," remarkably affects the imagery and impact of many of the best-known Bible passages. Additions to the original text are set off in brackets. For instance, "All things have been delivered to me by my Father; and no one knows the Son except the Father, and no one knows the Father except the Son and any one to whom the Son chooses to reveal him," *(Matthew 11: 27)* becomes "All things have been delivered to me by [God] my Father [and Mother]; and no one knows the Child except God, and no one knows God except the Child and any one to whom the Child chooses to reveal God."

Drastic changes like these immediately started a strident debate. A Methodist agency dealing with the role of women in the church called on the 38,000 congregations and 9.5 million members of the denomination to employ the new translations. But the heads of two major N.C.C. churches disowned the book. Said Archbishop Iakovos of the Greek Orthodox Archdiocese (2 million members): "It does not reflect the traditions and reverence of the Holy Scriptures." Bishop James R. Crumley Jr. of the Lutheran Church in America (2.9 million members) advised congregations not to read the book during worship services.

The task of taking the male orientation out of the Scriptures began in the 1970s, when women's caucuses in several Protestant denominations persuaded the N.C.C. to establish a Task Force on Sexism in the Bible. In 1980, the N.C.C. decided to form an Inclusive Language Lectionary Committee to prepare new Bible translations for reading during worship. Even before work began, the idea provoked the fiercest reaction in N.C.C. annals; nearly 10,000 letters attacking the project flooded into the organization's New York City headquarters.

To do the rewriting, the N.C.C. named a committee, headed by the Rev. Victor Roland Gold of California's Pacific Lutheran Theological Seminary, a minister in the L.C.A., whose leaders were to reject the book. Gold's group includes four other male and six female scholars, one of them a Roman Catholic nun. All are sympathetic to the feminist cause. Another participant dropped out midway, in part because he felt that the project was going too far.

Then the LORD God said, "It is not good that the man should be alone; I will make him a helper fit for him." . . . and the rib which the LORD God had taken from the man he made into a woman and brought her to the man.

—Genesis 2:18,22 (Old)

Then God the SOVEREIGN ONE said, "It is not good that the human being should be alone; I will make a companion corresponding to the creature." . . . and God the SOVEREIGN ONE built the rib which God took from the human being into woman and brought her to the man.

—Genesis 2:18,22 (New)

For God so loved the world that he gave his only Son, that whoever believes in him should not perish but have eternal life. For God sent the Son into the world, not to condemn the world, but that the world might be saved through him.

—John 3:16,17 (Old)

For God so loved the world that God gave God's only Child, that whoever believes in that Child should not perish but have eternal life. For God sent that Child into the world, not to condemn the world, but that through that Child the world might be saved.

—John 3:16,17 (New)

The panel's new book, *An Inclusive Language Lectionary: Readings for Year A* ($7.95), rewrites 209 passages from the Revised Standard Version (RSV) of the Bible, which is also sponsored by the N.C.C. A lectionary is a list of Bible readings for services in congregations that follow liturgical worship. The N.C.C. book covers one year of readings often used by Protestant churches. Two other volumes are scheduled for 1984 and 1985.

The N.C.C. committee contends in its introduction that chauvinism characterizes not just English translations but the Old and New Testament manuscripts as written in Hebrew and Greek. The committee believes Scripture readings from standard Bibles "exclude half of those who hear" readings on Sunday—the women. The committee also complains that old Bible language about God the Father "has been used to support the excessive authority of earthly fathers."

It was the concept of God the Father that posed the toughest problem. The radical feminists' suggestion of "God/ess" was unthinkable, and "Parent" seemed too impersonal. The solution is "God our Father [and Mother]," alternated with "[Mother and] Father." Motherhood's rise is most striking in passages in which Jesus prays to "my [Mother and] Father." Other N.C.C. innovations:

Son of God—in place of this New Testament designation for Jesus Christ, the texts use a unisex "Child of God." To critics, this has connotations of immaturity.

Son of Man—instead of this phrase Jesus used to refer to himself, the N.C.C. panel employs "Human One."

Lord—this masculine term, repeatedly used for God and the most frequent biblical title for Jesus Christ, is replaced with "Sovereign" or "Sovereign One."

The N.C.C. translators made insertions to change the emphasis of some parts of the Bible. In verses that mention Abraham alone, for example, the committee brings in Sarah, his wife, and even his concubine, Hagar. This kind of alteration especially infuriates critics of the N.C.C. work. "They want to rewrite history, just like the Russians," remarks the Rev. Elizabeth Achtemeier of Union Theological Seminary in Virginia.

In its zeal to achieve sexual equality, the N.C.C. committee converted some of the most lyrical passages of the Bible into jolting newspeak. Pronouns turned out to be immovable obstacles. He, his and him are minimized in references to male hu-

man beings, including the earthly Jesus, and no male pronouns at all are used to refer to God or to Jesus Christ before he came to earth and after he had risen from the dead. A sample of the resulting disaster: "For God so loved the world that he gave his only Son" *(John 3: 16)* becomes "For God so loved the world that God gave God's only Child." Aversion to the pronoun himself is carried to a ludicrous extreme: "Christ humbled self."

Aesthetic problems aside, the N.C.C. is provoking fundamental theological disputes. The committee defends "Mother" as a metaphor for God that is just as acceptable as the traditional "Father." Indeed, it points out, the Bible contains numerous motherly metaphors to describe the Deity. If "Father" is taken to mean that God is literally male, the translators argue, the view is "idolatry."

But traditionalists like Vernard Eller of California's La Verne College believe God purposely revealed himself as masculine. "Whatever he may be in himself, *for us* he is Husband, Father and King." Achtemeier believes the N.C.C. version reflects the concepts of a pre-Christian, pre-Jewish paganism that worshiped goddesses. Theologian Donald Bloesch thinks the orthodox doctrine of the Trinity (Father, Son and Holy Spirit) is at stake, and that the Mother-Father God sounds like two deities in a "dyad."

Protestants who believe that God inspired the Bible word for word will, of course, be irate, as will moderates and liberals who think the Bible must be preserved as a historical text, however it might be interpreted today. Asks Lucetta Mowry, a New Testament scholar: "Is it the role of the translator to be a leader in social action? This seems to make the Bible into a manifesto for feminism."

The dispute even flares within the N.C.C. The council is now sponsoring a new edition of its bestselling Revised Standard Version of the Bible. The RSV translators plan to make modest use of inclusive language, such as "humanity" instead of "man." But they will have nothing to do with the approach of Gold's panel. Says the Rev. Bruce Metzger, a New Testament professor at Princeton Theological Seminary and the head of the RSV committee: "The changes introduced in language relating to the Deity are tantamount to rewriting the Bible. As a Christian, and as a scholar, I find this altogether unacceptable. It will divide the church, rather than work for ecumenical understanding."

The N.C.C. insists that it has no plans to publish a de-sexed version of the Bible. Still, by the time it completes its next two lectionaries, Gold's panel will have renovated about 95% of the New Testament and 60% of the Old. Gold believes that, inevitably, such translations are "a first step in a process" leading, perhaps in a generation, to a complete Bible free of what the committee considers to be male bias. That could produce a Bible that would be more ideologically pure than other versions, but less read. —*By Richard N. Ostling*

Computers

A How-to for Have-Nots

An old hand dispenses sturdy advice to keyboard novices

Personal-computer books, that enormous sub-industry spawned a few years ago, are becoming increasingly literate. No longer do they require a graduate course in electronics to be understood. Few, however, make a pretense of being much more than manuals. They are aimed mostly at guiding potential buyers through the aisles of computer stores or piloting novice users around the new keyboard.

Now comes a new book that promises to help owners integrate computers into their lives intellectually, emotionally and practically: *Electronic Life* (Knopf; 211 pages; $12.95). Author Michael Crichton

Crichton speaks of RAM, ROM and kilobyte

If only to get his friends off his back.

is no self-anointed microprocessor guru but the Harvard Medical School graduate turned bestselling author *(The Andromeda Strain)* and movie director *(Coma, The Great Train Robbery)*. It turns out that Crichton is also a computer expert of sorts. He wrote his senior thesis at Harvard in 1963 on a mainframe and has since created a computer adventure game and designed software programs for cost analysis and shooting-schedule planning in the movie business.

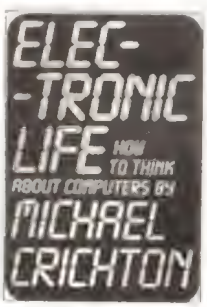
Because of his experience, Crichton found himself a growing source of advice and information for friends who wanted assistance with their new Apples and Commodores. He claims that he produced the book so that he would no longer feel like the "help" button on a computer keyboard.

But Crichton aims at far more than simple hand holding. It is his conviction that just as computers have changed his own work life, they will change the very existence of almost everyone else. He believes the eventual impact of the computer will surpass that of the telephone and the automobile. To the author, the important issue is: " 'Am I going to be able to get through the rest of my life without a practical ability to use computers?' The answer is almost certainly 'No.' My sense is that most people aren't going to have the choice of: 'Will I or won't I get involved with computers?' Even if it's just with an electronic teller at the bank, everybody is going to have some contact with computers and it's not going to be O.K. to be afraid."

That said, Crichton manages to create a believable human framework for micromachines. *Electronic Life* is a casual, alphabetized guidebook, with a brief initiation into high-tech jargon (RAM, ROM, kilobyte) and arcana (magnetic fields, artificial intelligence and dedicated machines). The process is reassuring for the technophobic. "Fear of computers is normal," writes Crichton. "A certain amount of kicking and screaming is useful."

The book's great virtue is common sense. It recommends that no computer should be bought on the promise of what will be available next week or next month, because such promises are seldom kept. A new machine or program should not be purchased until it has been thoroughly tested and the bugs removed. And the author gently reproves old computer hands irritated by the latest category of social bore, the newly minted fanatic. After all, today's veterans were once zealots.

Some of Crichton's suggestions are less practical. He advocates that users spend "a couple of hours" programming their machines as a way of developing their skills. Such a task is guaranteed to induce frustration for many without noticeably improving their computer dexterity. Parts of the book seem out of place in a guide for beginners, such as the two pages devoted to how to supervise programmers. And occasionally Crichton is off base with his advice. He recommends that users buy machines with an operating system that has been edged out by the IBM Personal Computer. Still, *Electronic Life* is a useful and soothing introduction to the world of computers. And it should spare Crichton some of those annoying phone calls from friends. ■



Jacket in computer type

Consumer Orientation
No. 24 in a series
Subject: Design objective: maximum performance, not maximum production.

24 Porsche 944

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Behind these impressive numbers is one of the largest, most powerful 4-cylinder engines in production: 2.5 liters, 143 hp.

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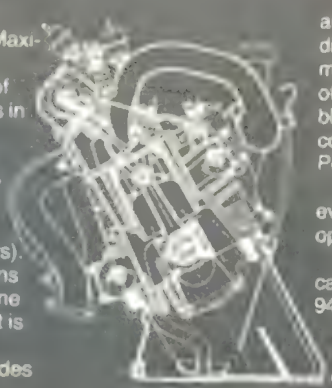
The result: a 4-cylinder power plant that runs with the smoothness of a 6. Building the engine is, by necessity, a slow process, but the result is a high performance automobile.

Porsche's exclusive transaxle design provides an almost perfectly balanced front/rear weight distribution. This design requires drive train elements to be constructed as a single unit, instead of as individual components. Difficult to assemble, it contributes to the exceptional handling, cornering and directional control unique to Porsche.



From its internal mechanics to its ergonomics, every aspect of the Porsche 944 is designed to optimize performance.

To insure high performace and quality, every car is inspected, every engine is tested, and every 944 is run on the open road prior to shipment.

The Porsche 944 is the antithesis of the mass produced automobile. But then, at Porsche, excellence is expected.

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NOTHING EVEN COMES CLOSE

Computers

Microkid Raids

The FBI cracks down

Armed with search warrants, the agents came early Wednesday morning to 15 middle-class homes throughout the U.S., peering under beds, pulling out drawers, seizing print-outs and floppy discs. In California, they simultaneously struck four homes within a 40-mile radius of Los Angeles. Wayne Correia, 17, of Irvine, Calif., looked up at 6:15 a.m. to find a man breaking in through his bedroom window. "FBI," the figure announced. "And that computer's mine."

The raids on the homes of young computer enthusiasts in 13 cities were part of a federal investigation into reports of widespread abuse of computer networks. For months authorities have been waging a quiet war of nerves with the thousands of teen-agers who use their home terminals and telephone hookups to dial into larger systems around the country. Most are careful to do no harm, but for those bent on doing damage, the opportunities are boundless. One 14-year-old brags that he penetrated a computer belonging to a brokerage firm and erased a group of commodity trading accounts. Particularly vulnerable are the 1,200 computer systems that can be reached through a single telephone call to GTE Telenet, a network based in Vienna, Va. Last summer the FBI singled out for investigation a gang of Milwaukee-area youths who had used Telenet to enter a number of different systems, including unclassified Defense Department computers and a machine monitoring the treatment of cancer patients in a New York City hospital.

Last week's crackdown was the most dramatic to date. Phone taps and electronic "sting" operations were used to trap the suspects. To prevent them from warning their friends, the raids were carefully coordinated. Indeed, news of the FBI strike was quickly flashed across the country through messages posted on computer bulletin boards, and some youngsters reportedly rushed to erase discs and burn files. Though no charges have been filed yet, the Government, by going after the microkids in a style more commonly used for archcriminals, risked turning the youngsters into instant heroes. Nevertheless, while such tamperings may be born of curiosity and high spirits, they have serious consequences and are increasingly dangerous. Four of the California youths who were raided held a press conference at their high school to explain how the passwords they used for unauthorized break-ins had been provided by an anonymous computer-network buddy. "I was kind of naive," said David Hill, 17, of Irvine. "I thought, oh boy, how neat." After the FBI action last week, no one smart enough to get into this sort of trouble should be able to claim such ingenuousness again. ■

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Merlin Olsen

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An Elite Spy
Rose Greenhow (shown with her daughter), a prominent Washington hostess, gathered intelligence for the South at high-level parties.

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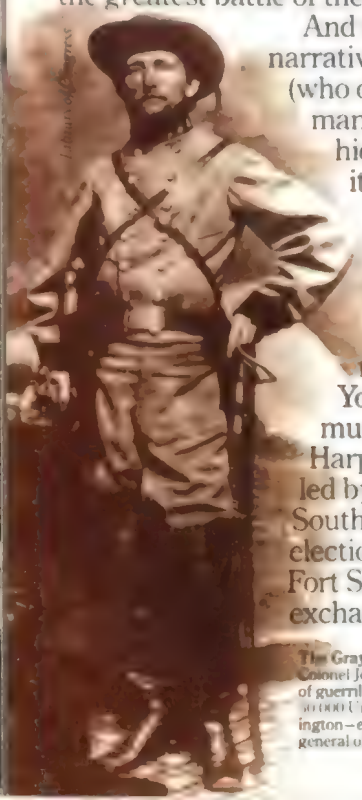
Families at the Front
A Union soldier on campaign poses with his family. You'll see many pictures that reveal in detail how the war was waged. *Photo: U.S. Army Mil. Hist. Inst.*

And with its unique text and picture format, THE CIVIL WAR will offer a complete narrative of the war years. You'll range behind the lines with dashing Jeb Stuart (who often sported a red rose on the lapel of his gray coat); with spies on both sides, many of whom, like Rose Greenhow, took advantage of pre-war friendships to hide their activities; with blockade runners and guerrilla fighters whose ingenuity led to some of the most exciting events of the war.



The Gray Ghost
Colonel John S. Mosby and his band of guerrillas rode rings around 30,000 Union troops defending Washington—even spirited a Northern general off in his union suit.

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Let us send you the volume *Brother Against Brother* for 10 days' reading—as our guest.

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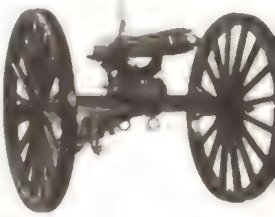
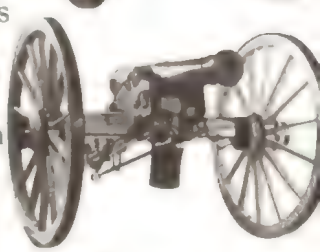
Ironies abound in this story of war between brothers. From Illinois, one brother wrote another in Virginia,





The Weapons
This traditional 12-pounder Napoleon cannon saw action along with such innovations as the Gatling gun, telegraphy, submarines and aerial surveillance balloons.

Pickett's Charge, Gettysburg
Pennsylvania Hist. & Museum Col.

"I would strike down my own brother if he dare to raise a hand to destroy the flag!" Hot-blooded Jeb Stuart resigned from the U.S. Army, vowing to make his father-in-law, a Union general, regret remaining loyal to the North. Many soldiers died within sight of their boyhood homes.

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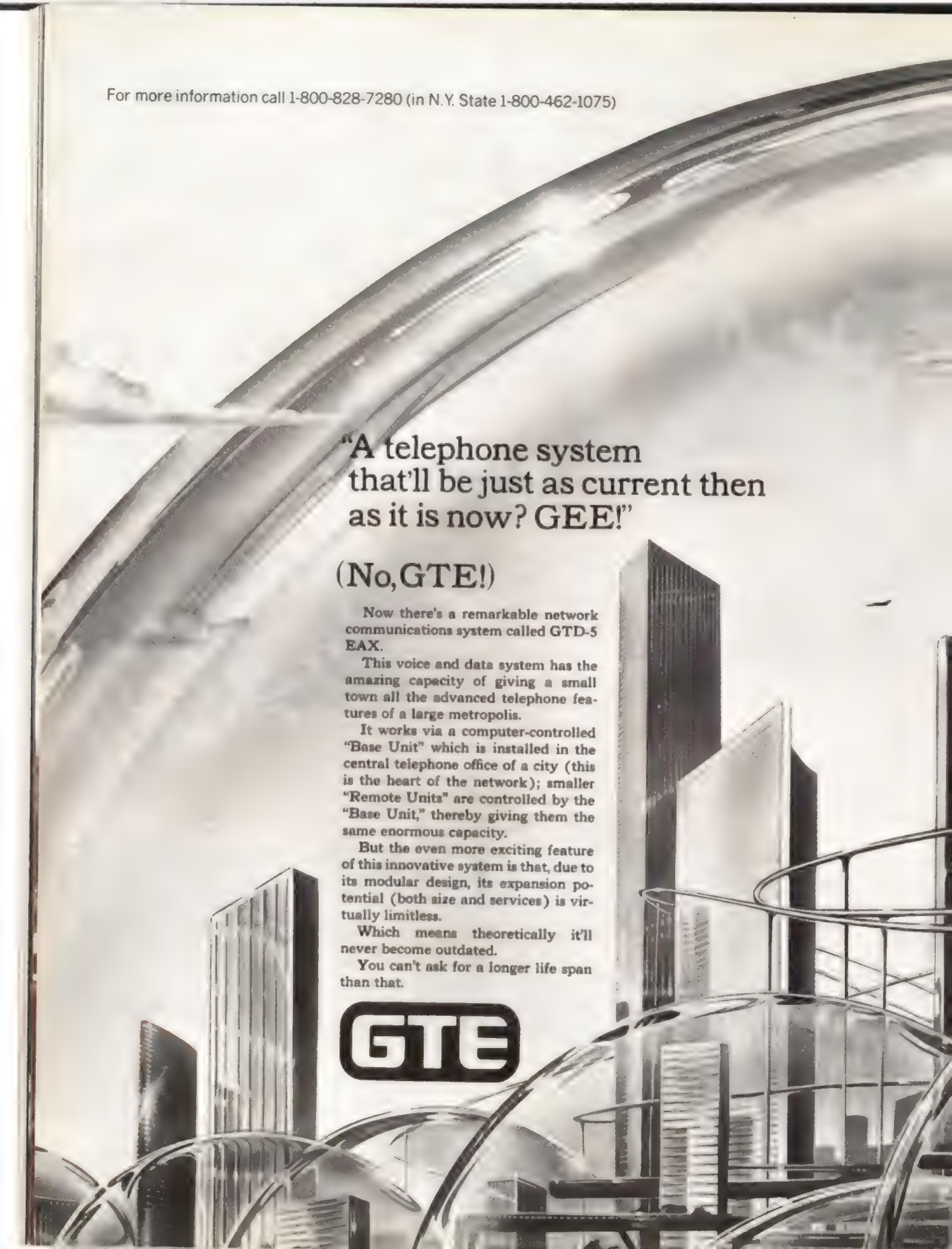

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Now there's a remarkable network communications system called GTD-5 EAX.

This voice and data system has the amazing capacity of giving a small town all the advanced telephone features of a large metropolis.

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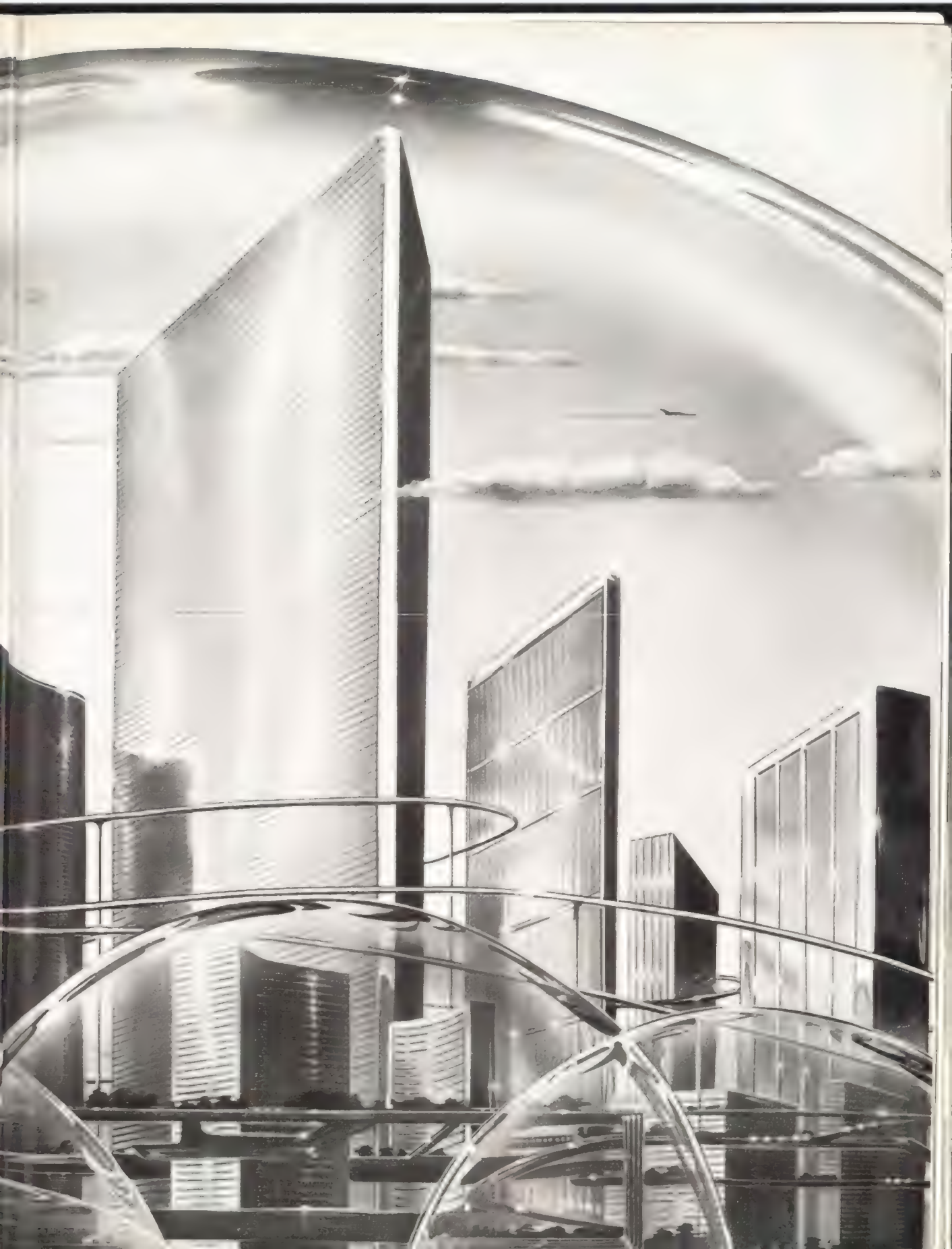
Which means theoretically it'll never become outdated.

You can't ask for a longer life span than that.

GTE



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Purpose: to combine high value, economy, and driving fun.

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If you're thinking Sentra, Civic, GLC or Tercel, now you just have to think Colt, too. At $4,995 base sticker price, Colt is not only among the very lowest-priced cars—dollar for dollar, Colt's one of the most phenomenal values among all those great Japanese-built imports.

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Dodge Plymouth

BUCKLE UP FOR SAFETY

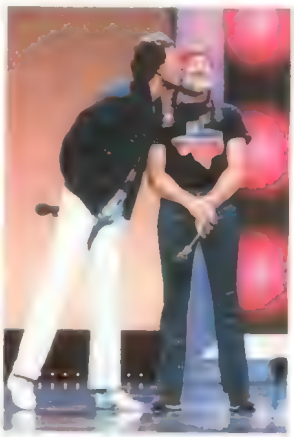
People

Quinn as the Broadway Zorba

He first appeared as the lusty Greek peasant in the 1964 film, which earned him an Oscar nomination for best actor. Now, 19 years later, **Anthony Quinn,** 68, is once again playing Zorba, this time in the flesh. Looking a little older and maybe even wiser, Quinn this week opens in a Broadway revival of a 1968 musical version, which originally starred **Herschel Bernardi**. The intervening years have hardly mellowed the Mexican-born Quinn's old-fashioned machismo. "Men don't know where they are with this women's liberation," he says. "I don't see many men today. I see a lot of guys running around television with small waists. But I don't see many men." Is Quinn still man enough to play the feisty Zorba? Boasts he: "Today I'm a better Zorba. Before, I had to paint my hair white. Now I'm just right."

■

It was not exactly your standard duet on last week's Country Music Awards show. There was **Willie Nelson,** the crusty country and western singer, sharing the stage—and microphone—with **Julio Iglesias,** the Latin crooner who does not serenade his multinational audiences in a good ole boy's drawl. The unusual pairing came about after Nelson heard about Iglesias during a visit to London. The two got together to record the oldie *As Time Goes By* for Nelson's next album, and for Iglesias' next LP they did *To All the Girls I've Loved Before*, which they sang together on the televised awards show. Who knows? They might even win one of the awards next time. Nelson did in fact win Vocal Duo of the Year last week. But paired with a more certified country boy, **Merle Haggard.**



Iglesias and Nelson: rehearsing

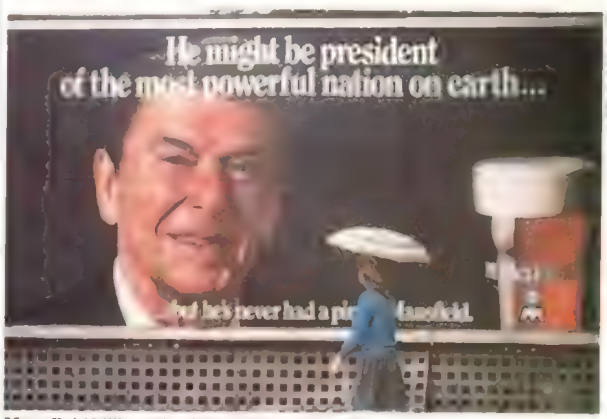
■

The 20 billboards around Nottinghamshire, England, were certainly attention grabbers. They asserted that **Ronald Reagan** has "never had a pint of Mansfield." That was true enough. The President had never even heard of the small, 150-year-old local brew. The ad, with its crafty nonendorsement endorsement, was designed to "provoke intrigue," explains Mansfield Marketing Director Richard Lewis. The brewery was careful, however, not to provoke the White House, which voiced no objections because the picture was in the public domain. But Lewis piously protests he would never take similar advantage of a British politician. The U.S Chief Executive was chosen, he says, because "we don't think a picture of President Reagan in Nottinghamshire is going to affect the outcome of the next presidential election." Hmm. Even now the wheels may be turning at some U.S. brewery. "She may have recaptured the Falklands, but she's never hoisted a "

■

The faces are of the famous—politicians, writers, composers, artists and movie stars But in the half-century that he spent capturing their images, **Yousuf Karsh,** 74, himself became celebrated as a master of the photographic portrait. A tribute to Karsh's artistry, some 80 prints, is currently on view at the International Center of Photography in Manhattan, which is displaying his work in conjunction with the publication of *Karsh: A Fifty-Year Retrospective*. The book ranges from his classic picture of Winston Churchill, which became a symbol of British resistance during World War II, to a recent photo of Italy's leading lady. "When an actress has the intelligence and professionalism as well as the beauty of **Sophia Loren,**" says Karsh, "photographing her becomes a highly enjoyable collaboration."

—By Guy D. Garcia



Mansfield billboard: mixing pints and politics

Loren by Karsh: portrait of a lady by the artist

On the Record

J. William Fulbright, 78, former U.S. Senator: "Every contest with the Russians we've got to win. There's no thought that you compromise. We have this football mentality. Win, win, win."

Marvin Mitchelson, 54, palimony lawyer, on prenuptial contracts: "In nine of ten agreements I've drawn up, the couples eventually got divorced. It might be a wise legal move, but it sure isn't romantic."

Detroit's Fragile Comeback

Automakers ring up near record profits, but imports still gnaw at them

One year ago, the U.S. automobile industry was like a car lurching on flat tires. Detroit was emerging from the third year of a depression that slashed auto sales to their lowest level in two decades and cost car manufacturers $5.5 billion in losses during 1980 and 1981. But the Big Three automakers have rebounded so strongly that they are now within reach of record profits. General Motors, Ford Motor and Chrysler together earned $2.9 billion in the first half of 1983, and analysts estimate that their combined income could reach $6.6 billion for the entire year. Says Louis Lataif, vice president and general manager of the Ford division of Ford Motors: "I have a feeling that the next year or two will be extraordinarily good years for the car business."

Nevertheless, as the early 1984 models continued to roll onto dealers' lots last week, Detroit was still not comfortably in high gear. One big reason: U.S. automakers have yet to show that they can compete effectively against attractively priced, high-quality imports. Japanese cars, in particular, cost on average about $2,000 less to build than American autos and now claim 21.5% of the U.S. market, against 6.6% in 1973. Only so-called voluntary restraints have kept leading Japanese firms like Nissan and Toyota from capturing a far larger share of the American business.

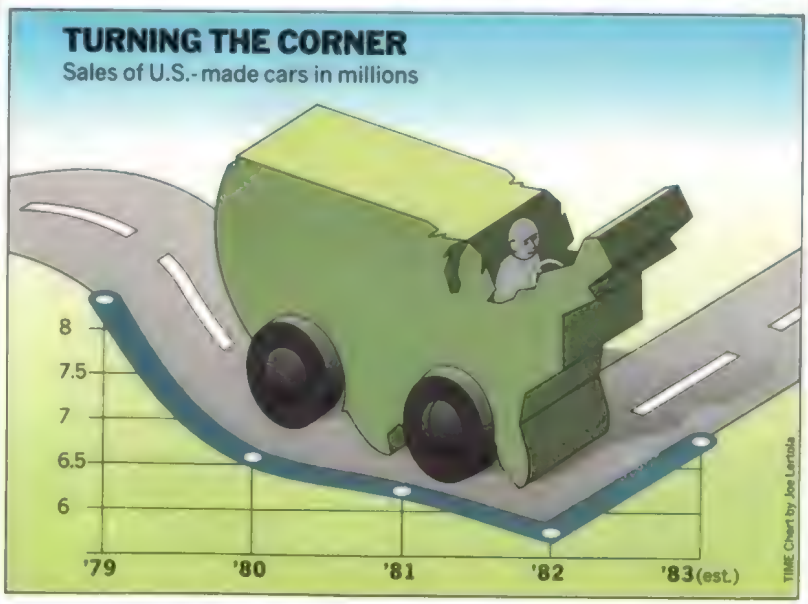
Last month the Japanese hinted that they may be willing to curb car exports to the U.S. for a fourth consecutive year. Tokyo, however, will probably seek to raise the ceiling to some 2 million cars, up from the current level of 1.76 million. The two countries are expected to reach agreement before President Reagan visits Tokyo in November.

U.S. automakers, meanwhile, remain financially weak despite their recent profit surge. The huge losses of recent years, plus heavy spending to bring out new products, have left the Big Three with total debts of $9.5 billion. That is nearly double the amount of the borrowing on their books in 1978. Says Michael Driggs, deputy assistant secretary for auto-industry affairs in the Department of Commerce: "One cannot get well overnight. The industry needs several years of high profits to restore its financial condition."

Detroit has climbed to lofty earnings largely by cutting its costs. U.S. auto-industry employment fell from 1.5 million workers in 1979 to 1.1 million at the end of last year. Fully half the positions lost during the prolonged slump may never be restored. To keep their jobs, the remaining workers gave up wage increases and made additional concessions that saved the Big Three an estimated $3 billion.

Even as Detroit was closing plants and laying off workers, it was investing heavily in new technology. Since 1980 the Big Three have spent $42.8 billion to retool assembly lines and boost productivity through improvements ranging from computerized design equipment to the installation of 3,175 robots. Such steps, combined with lower wage bills, have enabled the firms to increase quality while making money on less than spectacular sales. Detroit can now break even by selling some 8.2 million cars and trucks a year, for example, compared with more than 11 million three years ago.

The automakers' new efficiency is strikingly apparent. They have been piling up profits on sales that are currently running at an annual rate of only about 6.8 million cars and 2.6 million trucks. That volume would make 1983 the fourth most sluggish year for autos since 1961 (the slowest pace: 5.7 million cars in 1982). This year's results are likely to be only some 4.6% better than the depressed level of 1980, when Detroit sold 6.5 million cars and lost a total of $4.2 billion. Last week domestic manufacturers said they sold cars at an annual rate of 6.7 million units during the first ten days of October, up 45% from the feeble year-ago pace.



Reduced energy prices have also been a boon to U.S. automakers. Without continued pressure to hold down gasoline costs, Americans have been resuming their love affair with big cars. Sales of option-loaded large and luxury autos jumped 26%, to 1.79 million vehicles, in the 1983 model year that ended last month. Mid-size autos like the Chrysler Le Baron and Pontiac Phoenix were up 20%. Such results delight Detroit, because full- and mid-size cars are the most profitable. Meanwhile, sales of U.S.-made small cars totaled 3.23 million during the recent model year, up just 4%.

The demand for American automobiles has recently been outstripping the supply. "I just wish we had more cars right now," says Frank Galeana, owner of Van Dyke Dodge in Warren, Mich. "As soon as we get the product in we're able to sell it." Shortages began cropping up last summer after Detroit underestimated the number of cars that dealers would need during the production break between model-years. The industry plans to assemble 1.98 million cars from October through December, up nearly 40% from a year ago and the highest fourth-quarter total since 1978.

Detroit is responding to the challenge from abroad by turning out flashy sports cars, creating sleek designs and producing souped-up, high-performance

Comparison shopping: crowds inspecting the offerings of U.S. car companies at the Texas State Fair in Dallas

engines. Among the current offerings:

General Motors (1982 sales: $60 billion). The largest automaker currently has 43.7% of the U.S. market. GM brought out its completely redesigned Corvette (suggested retail price: $23,835). "It can compete with anything in the world," boasts Robert Lund, GM vice president for sales and marketing. This month the company introduced its two-seater, the mid-engine Pontiac Fiero ($8,000–$11,000). Transmission problems have delayed the arrival of GM's new full-size Cadillac de Ville and Buick Electra until early next year.

Ford (1982 sales: $37 billion). Detroit's No. 2 manufacturer hopes to claim an 18% market share in 1984, up from 16.8% in 1982. Ford, which held 22.8% of the domestic market as recently as 1978, unveiled a slimmed-down Continental Mark VII ($22,231) this month. The company has been betting heavily on its streamlined Ford Thunderbird ($13,093) sports coupe, introduced with its Mercury Cougar twin in February, and on the compact Ford Tempo ($7,557)–Mercury Topaz line that arrived last May. Ford said Thunderbird accounted for 2.6% of all U.S. auto sales in September. The Tempo-Topaz entry recorded an 88% sales gain in the third quarter, compared with the compact models Ford was selling a year ago.

Chrysler (1982 sales: $10 billion). The revived company has jumped from a 7.4% share of the market in 1979 to 10.4% at present. This month it brought out its Chrysler Laser XE ($10,960)–Dodge Daytona sports cars, developed at a cost of $270 million to compete with classy imports like the Toyota Supra and the Mazda RX-7. Early next year the company will begin full production of the first U.S.-made minivan. The front-wheel-drive vehicle, developed by Chrysler at a cost of $600 million, will sell for about $9,000, has room for seven passengers and fits into a standard garage.

American Motors (1982 sales: $2.9 billion). The Southfield, Mich.–based company, 46.4% owned by France's Renault, has rolled to a 2.5% market share on the strength of its Alliance subcompact. That showing puts AMC vehicles ahead of those produced in the U.S. by once fashionable Volkswagen, which now accounts for just 1.3% of domestic demand for American-made cars. AMC, counting on a resurgence of demand for four-wheel-drive vehicles, has invested $250 million in a new line of Jeeps that are smaller than previous models.

The Japanese, meanwhile, have virtually pushed low-priced European imports out of the U.S. market. Italy's Fiat stopped selling here earlier this year, and Renault will no longer offer its Le Car in America. Although Volkswagen still makes Rabbits at its plant in Westmoreland, Pa., it imports only pricier models like the Jetta, Sirocco and Quantum.

Inexpensive autos, in fact, could become an exclusive franchise of Japanese manufacturers. The average price of a U.S.-made car is expected to exceed $11,000 in the current model-year, an increase of 143% over the $4,523 cost in 1974. "You can see a lot of list prices starting at $7,500," says Ben Bidwell, executive vice president of Chrysler. "But by the time you build them the way the average person wants them—with AM/FM stereo, power steering, power brakes, automatic transmission and air conditioning—it's pretty hard to keep them below $10,000."

General Motors, for one, is now trying to join the Japanese. GM is awaiting a federal ruling, expected later this month, on whether it will be allowed to produce a new front-wheel-drive subcompact with Toyota in California. The controversial $300 million joint venture is strongly opposed by Ford and Chrysler. Under the proposed arrangement, the partners would build some 200,000 small cars a year. Such ventures point up the continued weakness of U.S. carmakers. Although Detroit has rebounded impressively, the industry's inability to compete in the small-car market without Japanese aid suggests that it is still not up to cruising speed. ***—By John Greenwald. Reported by Barbara B. Dolan and Paul A. Witteman/Detroit***

The look of the new: Pontiac's mid-engine Fiero

Ford's Thunderbird sports coupe

Chrysler's Laser XE sports car

AMC's Cherokee Chief Jeep

Burying Mother

Oil woes break a Texas bank

Its borrowers fondly regarded the 93-year-old institution as Mother Midland, in tribute to its practice of sometimes extending credit on faith alone. It was known for "handshake" loans on long-shot oil and gas ventures. Says Texas Governor Mark White: "Midland helped a lot of people to make a lot of money." So last week when the troubled First National Bank of Midland was about to collapse under the burden of energy loans gone sour, the community staged a pep rally to stem a run on its deposits. About a thousand citizens gathered in Midland's Civic Center, many of them wearing lapel stickers that proclaimed I'M CONFIDENT. Oilman John Redfern Jr. told the crowd, "I hope you'll rake around, find some dough and put it in the bank tomorrow."

PAUL CREE/THE ODESSA AMERICAN

"Mother Midland"; inset, President Wageman

An eleventh-hour pep rally was not enough.

But First National's condition was too dire to be helped by such local remedies, even in a city known for its large population of oil multimillionaires. The next day, the Federal Deposit Insurance Corp. announced that the institution would probably have to be written off as a failure and merged with a healthier bank to keep the FDIC's losses to a minimum. The agency loaned First National $100 million to keep it alive while merger bids were sought. It was one of the largest FDIC loans ever made to a distressed bank.

By week's end the Government announced that the high bidder was Dallas' Republic Bank (deposits: $11.9 billion). Republic assumed the bank's estimated 76,400 accounts and planned to reopen its doors this week; the FDIC will collect First National's bad loans. The passing of the institution into the hands of out-of-towners left some Midland residents gloomy. Said Mayor Thane Akins: "I feel like hanging a black wreath on my door." The merger was one of the largest commercial bank failures in U.S. history, based on the institution's deposits of $622 million. The biggest bank to go under was New York City's Franklin National, in 1974 (deposits: $1.4 billion).

First National, which sits in the heart of the West Texas oil patch, made a fateful decision in early 1980 to tap the energy boom for all it was worth. The bank's management solicited big deposits from Wall Street investors and concentrated its loans in drilling and exploration ventures. By the end of 1981, First National had doubled its assets. But complications began to develop early in 1982, when oil prices started falling and energy companies slowed down their loan payments.

In September 1982, rumors of First National's shakiness started a yearlong drain on the bank in which customers, including many with large accounts from out of state, withdrew more than half of the bank's $1.4 billion in deposits. First National responded by tightening its loan policy, selling its headquarters for $75 million, and in July hiring a new president, Thomas Wageman, formerly president of Chicago's LaSalle National Bank. Its directors, who include some of Texas' wealthiest oilmen, pledged to pump in some $40 million. But First National had drilled itself too deep a hole. Its percentage of nonpaying loans (about 25% of assets) is the highest of any large bank in the U.S. By the time the FDIC stepped in last week, the Federal Reserve had already extended $664 million in emergency loans.

The oil-rush hangover has become a painfully familiar syndrome among Texas institutions. Earlier this month Dallas' InterFirst, the biggest bank-holding company in the state, reported a third-quarter deficit of $194 million, the largest quarterly banking loss in U.S. history. The same week, Houston's First City Bancorp. said it expects a profit drop of about 85%, to $5 million. The worst energy bust so far was the July 1982 failure of Oklahoma City's Penn Square (deposits: $390 million).

The number of failed U.S. banks this year already matches last year's total of 42, which was the worst since 1940. Last week Comptroller of the Currency C.T. Conover predicted that the toll will go beyond 50 before the end of the year. At a press conference, Federal Reserve Chairman Paul Volcker blamed the "residue of credit problems" from the recession for the continuing failures. Indeed, the FDIC's list of troubled banks now totals 614, a 66% increase from the beginning of the year. ■

Sole Survivor

Turner wins a cable war

When Satellite NewsChannels went on the air in June 1982, officials of the cable-TV service predicted they would soon put Ted Turner's rival Cable News Network out of business. SNC's corporate parents, ABC and Westinghouse, boasted greater news-gathering assets than CNN and deeper pockets to offset losses. The stock market agreed: after SNC was announced, the over-the-counter price of a share of Turner Broadcasting System fell from $16 to $11.50 in two days. But last week David conquered Goliath with his checkbook. Turner bought out SNC for $25 million in order to shut it down on Oct. 27. Said his spokesman Arthur Sando: "The resources that were used to fight the competition can now strengthen CNN."

HELMS—DUOMO

The victor

Turner's company will acquire almost none of SNC's assets except the key one: 7.5 million subscriber households, most of which will be added to the 22.6 million that receive CNN or the 5.3 million that get a sister cable service, CNN *Headline News*. To some financial analysts, the price seemed steep. Many of SNC's households are already reached by one or both of Turner's services. Moreover, SNC had lost an estimated $60 million in 16 months, had failed to match CNN's depth and variety, and might have folded within a year or two.

But other analysts predicted that the two CNN services would soon attract more advertising and charge cable operators a larger fee per subscriber. Said Bonnie Cook of a Nashville securities firm, Bradford & Co.: "Now Turner is the only game in town." Cook predicts that Turner's news services could rebound from combined losses of $15 million this year to a 1984 profit of $2 million or more as a result of the SNC deal.

SNC is the third network-linked cable service to collapse in little more than a year. The Entertainment Channel, which was financed in part by NBC's parent corporation, RCA, failed to attract subscribers. CBS Cable, a cultural channel, reached 5 million households but, like SNC, did not attract enough advertisers. Chairman Daniel Ritchie of Westinghouse Broadcasting and Cable attributed SNC's woes to aggressive competition. Since SNC's debut, ABC, CBS and NBC have added a total of 33 hours a week of late-night and early-morning news shows. Thus, says Ritchie, "the availability of commercial time in broadcast news about doubled." His wry summation of SNC's costly fling: "Our contribution has been to increase network news coverage." ■

How to turn a simple party into a royal ball.

Auditing the Grand Acquisitor

A $914 million tax suit sheds new light on the Newhouse empire

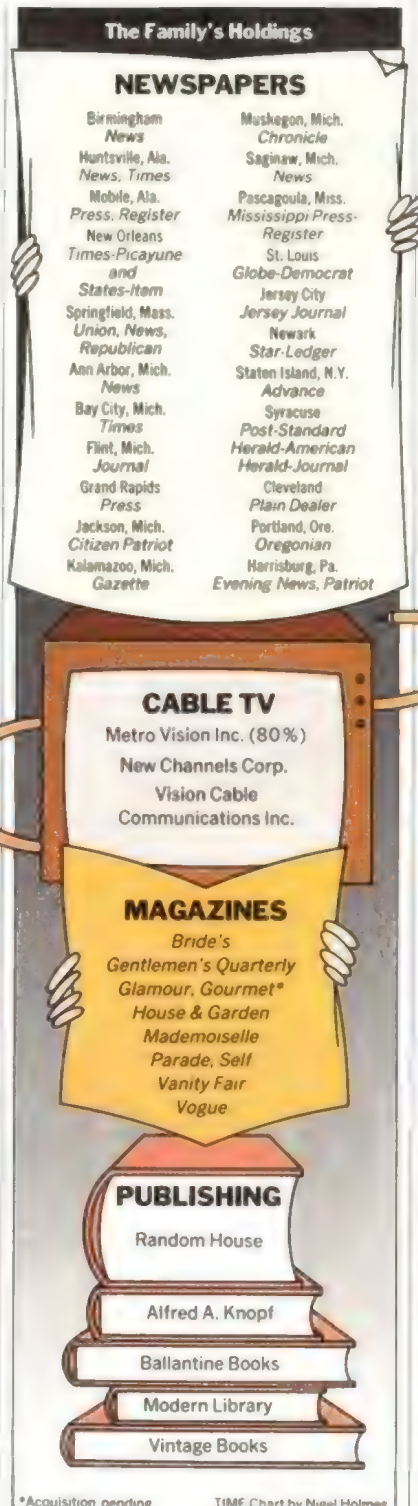
No American newspaper publisher was more acquisitive, or more secretive about his business affairs, than Samuel Irving Newhouse. By the time of his death in 1979, at the age of 84, Newhouse had amassed a nationwide communications empire that included not only newspapers but magazines, radio and television stations, printing companies and delivery services. His 31 daily newspapers had a total readership of more than 3 million, making them the third largest U.S. chain after Gannett and Knight-Ridder. But the value of those immense holdings remained a well-kept family secret that outsiders could only guess at.

Now, however, the Internal Revenue Service is shining a spotlight on the inner workings of the Newhouse empire. In what is by far the largest U.S. action of its kind, the IRS is charging that Newhouse's heirs and advisers grossly undervalued his estate at the time of his death. As a result, says the IRS, the Newhouse family owes the Government a staggering $914 million in taxes and penalties. That sum is more than 20% greater than the $750 million that the IRS collected from all estate tax cases in 1982.

To buttress its case, the agency has placed in evidence voluminous documents that spell out details of the family business never before made public. They indicate that the holdings acquired by Newhouse, the son of poor Jewish immigrants from Eastern Europe, have grown into America's biggest family-owned media conglomerate. After two years spent interviewing Newhouse executives and studying financial records, IRS Appraiser Joseph Baniewicz put a value of $1.23 billion on the estate at the time of the publisher's death. Sons Donald, 53, and Samuel I. Newhouse Jr., 55, who seem to have inherited their father's workaholic habits and zeal for expansion, have since added enterprises like Random House and a string of cable-television companies, while selling off radio and TV stations.

Such moves, together with the growing value of many Newhouse newspapers and magazines, have led some analysts to estimate that the family holdings may now be worth more than twice what they were in 1979, or some $3 billion. By comparison, Hearst Newspapers, the next largest family-held concern, has an estimated total value of some $1.3 billion.

The IRS evaluation of the Newhouse estate was wildly at odds with the family's appraisal. That assessment, made by Chemical Bank and the Wall Street firm Goldman, Sachs & Co., put the estate's taxable value at $90.9 million and calculated the taxes owed at $48.7 million. The IRS, on the other hand, said that according to its evaluation of the estate, the heirs owed taxes of $609 million. The Government added $305 million to that tab in the form of fraud penalties for willful undervaluation of Newhouse's holdings.



The gap between the IRS and the Newhouse appraisals stunned veteran estate planners. While assessments of properties left at death are frequently disputed, experts could not recall a chasm nearly as wide. "I have never seen such a large disparity," said one leading adviser. The unusual battle centers on the value of just ten shares of common stock that Newhouse owned. Although tiny in number, they were the only shares that carried the right to vote for directors of Advance Publications, the company that ran the newspapers and magazines. Ownership of the stock thus gave Newhouse total control of the publishing operations.

In view of that control, the IRS assigned each share a value of $42 million, for a total of $420 million. The Newhouse estate, however, declared that the shares were worth just $859,500 apiece, or $8.6 million. The agency also held that 990 shares of nonvoting common stock that Newhouse owned totaled $811.8 million in value. The 3,500 shares of preferred stock owned by other members of the Newhouse family, including his sons and his wife Mitzi, now 78, had little worth, according to the IRS. It contended that the $601 million value that the Newhouse appraisers assigned to the preferred stock amounted to an effort to avoid taxes.

The agency action, first brought last May, documented the highlights of Newhouse's rise. He began by purchasing the Staten Island *Advance* while still in his 20s, and then used the profits to acquire increasingly larger properties. Throughout his career, the IRS said, Newhouse shunned big dividends in order to pump corporate earnings into new acquisitions. His purchases of dailies like the New Orleans *Times-Picayune* and its sister, the *States-Item* (for $42 million in 1962), set records for the amount spent on newspapers. In 1976, Newhouse outbid Times Mirror for the Booth Newspapers of Michigan, whose holdings included the Sunday magazine supplement *Parade*. The purchase price of $304.5 million remains the highest ever paid in a U.S. newspaper transaction.

The IRS estate action arose largely because of the family-owned nature of the Newhouse enterprises. The value of the shares of such closely held companies is determined by appraisals rather than by public trading, and is therefore open to dispute. The price of stock that is bought and sold on exchanges, on the other hand, is established each day by the market. The shares of most major newspaper firms are now publicly traded.

Surprisingly, Newhouse hung on to his common shares. Owners of family-

Serious Fun.

The 1984 GTI $8,350

It's not a car. It's a Volkswagen.

Newhouse with Samuel and Donald (1976)

held businesses frequently transfer their common stock to heirs to minimize estate taxes. But Newhouse apparently preferred to keep the wealth the common stock represented, together with control of his operations, until the time of his death. Such desire for dominance was typical of the diminutive (5-ft. 3-in.) Newhouse, who ran his empire without a headquarters, as if it were a family store. He once told an interviewer that he had neither a desk nor files. And while Newhouse allowed his papers editorial freedom, he made virtually all key corporate decisions himself.

The IRS brought its suit shortly before the expiration of the three-year period in which the agency can challenge an estate filing. Charles Sabin, a Newhouse attorney who had been negotiating with the agency, termed the fraud charge "shocking and uncalled for" and "an obvious, crude tactic to force a settlement, on patently unfair terms, by intimidation."

The estate tried unsuccessfully to keep records of the case from public view. Lawyers argued in court documents that Newhouse's companies were often able to outbid rivals for newspapers because competitors did not know how much the Newhouse firms could spend. "Obviously, the edge that they have over their competitors in the acquisition of additional companies would be lost if their financial information were made public," insisted the attorneys.

Sources familiar with estate taxes say the Newhouse case is likely to drag on for years. Some past large actions have been settled when an estate agreed to pay half of the taxes demanded. That would still be a vast sum in the Newhouse case, but one that the family may be able to afford without selling any properties. The value of the Newhouse holdings is so large, experts say, that the heirs might be able to meet the taxman's demands out of their corporate earnings. —*By John Greenwald. Reported by David Beckwith/Washington and Frederick Ungeheuer/New York*

Lite Bite

A new chain counts calories

Every day some 40 million Americans, stricken by such cravings as the Big Mac attack and the Whopper whim, happily surrender to the artery-clogging, waist-expanding pleasures of fast food. But for diet-conscious consumers in particular, a megaburger binge provokes guilt feelings. Reason: the grab-a-bite meal of a quarter-pound cheeseburger, French fries and 16-oz. cola typically contains 1,070 calories. Since an average 170-lb. officeworker must consume fewer than 2,900 calories a day in order to lose weight, a trip to the burger stand does not leave much room for breakfast and dinner.

GRIMES—BLACK STAR

Knoxville, Tenn., Businessman Doug Sheley, 36, saw opportunity in the gap between fitness and fast food in 1978, when he owned 18 Wendy's restaurants and a share in a health club. Recalls Sheley: "Every time I walked into the club, somebody would say, 'How many calories in your Frosty, Doug?' " Sheley, a former small-college football player who had begun to put on some extra padding, decided that America needed a kind of McHealth food. Three years later, he opened the first D'Lites restaurant, his prototype for a chain serving familiar road food with reduced calories. Now he has begun to franchise the idea, aiming to bring a less fattening burger to towns all over the U.S.

The first three D'Lites restaurants, all in Atlanta, are averaging annual sales of more than $1 million each, compared with about $850,000 for the standard U.S. chain eatery. Their initial success has prompted 2,000 applications to build D'Lites stores. Since April, Sheley has sold 500 of the franchises for from $15,000 and $25,000 each in such cities as Chicago, Kansas City and Miami; the first outlet opens this week in Charlotte, N.C. Because Sheley wants to keep a close watch on the chain's growth, the number of D'Lites allowed to start up in the next year will be held to about 50.

Sheley's menu displays some ingenious slimming down. A typical meal of a vegetarian pita-bread sandwich ($1.49), baked potato (99¢) and sugar-free soft drink (55¢) contains 431 calories. Even the cheeseburgers are lightweights, comprising a bun with 25% fewer calories, low-fat hamburger patties and diet cheese. Other offerings include salads (with low-cal dressing), soup, frozen yogurt, cheese-covered potato skins, and light beer. The company's slogan consciously echoes the advertising for Miller Lite: "More of a good thing. And less."

Other chains, including Burger King and Arby's, have already begun appealing to fitness buffs by supplementing their beefy menus with salad bars and chicken sandwiches. But Sheley thinks D'Lites will be different because he designed everything with lightness in mind. His shops give an impression of upscale airiness, with their blond-wood exteriors and glass skylights. The interiors suggest a greenhouse, complete with hanging plants, brass fixtures and etched-glass partitions. Says Sheley: "I wanted to be the first chain to offer a full-range menu in a place that doesn't look plastic."

Sheley chose Atlanta for his prototype restaurant because the city contains a heavy concentration of his prime customers: 30-to-40-year-old junior executives who play sports like racquet ball and who earn more than $25,000. Says Sheley: "If we had come out of California, the entire nation would have thought of us as a nuts-and-berries company."

Dining at D'Lites; inset, Founder Sheley

Closing a gap between fitness and fast food.

Since Sheley wanted to avoid flaky-sounding food, he had to shape up the standard fast fare. For example, he gave $7,500 to the University of Tennessee to develop a lower-calorie, high-fiber bun. After spending $800,000 in research and other start-up costs, he flipped his first burger at D'Lites in December 1981.

Now chairman of the company, Sheley hopes to make D'Lites a big part of the $32 billion fast-food business, an industry that is growing by nearly 11% annually. He picked up $2.3 million worth of financing in February by selling 32% of his company to a group of five venture-capital companies. He hopes to expand the chain to 1,000 restaurants in ten years. At that pace, D'Lites could become a formidable enough competitor to give even McDonald's a case of the shakes. ■

Reach Out and Bilk Someone

Prosecutors say telephone oil-lease pitchmen swindled 66,000

The earnest voice on the telephone described the offer as a sure thing. By sending $8,784 to the U.S. Oil and Gas Corp. in Coral Gables, Fla., the customer would be guaranteed—in writing—to win a lease worth $25,000 for the oil and gas rights on a parcel of U.S. Government land. Between September 1982 and June 1983, some 66,000 people drew down savings and took out loans to send the company money.

According to the U.S. Attorney's office in Miami, the customers were caught in an elaborate telephone trap designed to lure the greedy and the gullible. Of the 66,000, only 60 people got leases, making the "sure thing" a one-in-a-thousand shot. John Aboudara, a San Francisco engineer, and his wife Susan were victims. Says Susan: "We have two young kids, and that money could have been spent much better than giving it to someone we didn't know. It hurts to be dumb."

A grand jury has indicted 24 people connected with U.S. Oil and Gas, including Gurdon Wolfson, the company's owner and president, and Larry Waxman, its executive director, for fraud and conspiracy. All pleaded not guilty; if convicted, they face possible fines of $10,000 and three years in prison. In addition, Federal District Judge William Hoeveler, acting on a civil suit filed by the Federal Trade Commission, last week issued an injunction to prevent U.S. Oil and Gas from continuing its fraudulent sales. He froze the company's assets and in effect put it out of business. Said the judge: "The profit to the company was enormous, and the chance for reward to customers was almost nonexistent."

Testimony by former employees of U.S. Oil and Gas provided a fascinating, behind-the-scenes glimpse of what law enforcement officials call a "boiler room" operation. Such telephone-sales scams are springing up in South Florida faster than authorities can shut them down. Testified James Bennett, a U.S. Oil and Gas salesman who quit because his conscience bothered him: "These were crass people. They'd sell their own mother. And if their mother was already sold, they'd go out and buy another mother and sell her at a profit."

The scheme revolved around the lotteries that the U.S. Bureau of Land Management holds every two months for oil and gas leases on about 1,200 tracts of Western land. This terrain is not the Government's most valuable property. Says Kathy Cooney, a Bureau of Land Management official in Wyoming, where most of the federal land is located: "About 98% of this land has been leased before, and no oil or gas was found."

U.S. Oil and Gas told customers that for $8,784 they could buy chances to get leases on 48 different parcels of land, competing against only six to eight people per tract. None of those other six or eight, the telephone salesmen promised, would be clients of U.S. Oil and Gas. In reality, 1,000 people or more were pitted against one another in the lotteries for most tracts, and in at least one case, two-thirds of the competitors were clients of U.S. Oil and Gas. Of each $8,784 investment that the company took in, $3,600 was used for Government filing fees, $1,600 was the salesman's commission, and the remaining $3,584 went to U.S. Oil and Gas.

Witness Bennett quit after three sales

The Bureau of Land Management announced last week that it would suspend the lotteries for six weeks to correct abuses. Said Democratic Senator Dale Bumpers of Arkansas, who is sponsoring a bill to abolish the lottery system: "The moratorium is a move in the right direction, but it is not enough. The lottery system lends itself to fraud."

Ironically, U.S. Oil and Gas was backed by the Better Business Bureau of South Florida. But the U.S. Attorney's office alleges that the endorsement was part of the scheme. Henry Harris, president of the South Florida B.B.B., was indicted for taking bribes from U.S. Oil and Gas to "eliminate or alter" telltale information about the company in his files. Said the indictment: "Harris suppressed a listing of complaints and a history of numerous federal and state judicial 'cease and desist orders.' " Harris, who pleaded not guilty, was fired last week by the directors of the South Florida B.B.B.

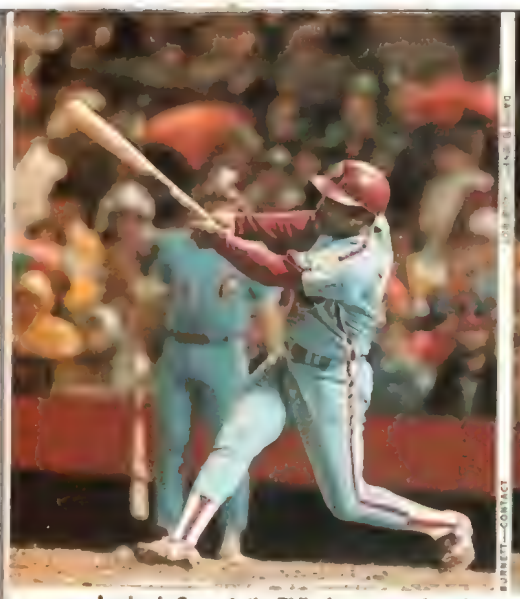
Better Business Bureau's Harris was fired

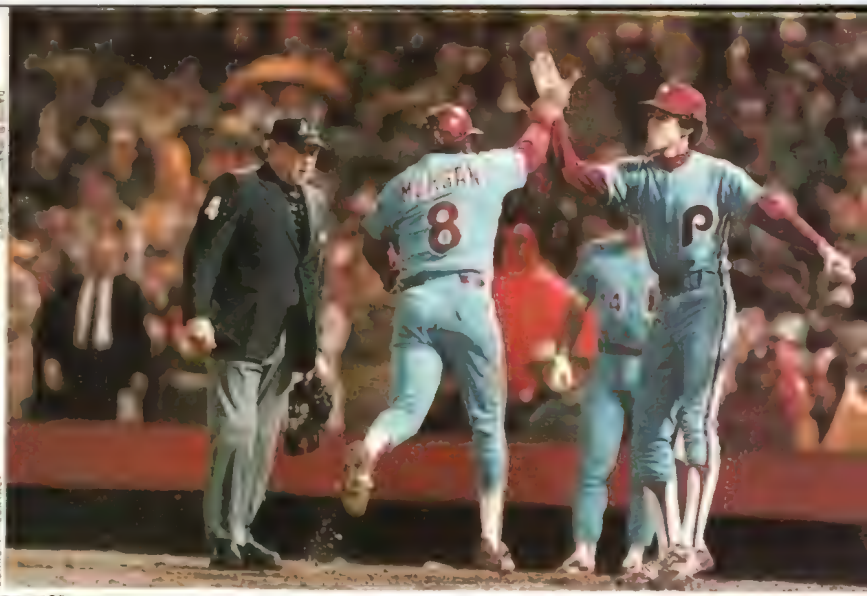
Fast talk from the "boiler-room capital."

U.S. Oil and Gas operated out of a large dingy room on the second floor of a Coral Gables office building. Seated in two dozen Plexiglas cubicles, salesmen called people all over the U.S. and made their pitches from prepared scripts. If they were not persuasive enough, supervisors listening in on the calls would interrupt and try to nail down the sale. Salesmen told customers that the company's pool of trained geologists—"considered the Rolls-Royce of our industry"—would select the land most likely to have oil and gas. In fact, the company spent only $1,052 a month for geological services. Mark Douglas, a former U.S. Oil and Gas employee, testified that he earned $500,000 in commissions by using several different sales ploys, one of which he called the "Reagan pitch." He told potential customers that his company had contributed $1 million in cash to the Reagan Administration in return for the Government's rigging 10% of its lotteries for oil and gas leases.

Former Salesman Bennett described his colleagues as a "collection of sleaze bags—cigar chomping, foul smelling. They were physically so unattractive they had to work by telephone. No one would have even opened the door to them face to face." Bennett recalled the first sale he made: "It was a Kentucky family that was going to cash in its insurance to make the payment. We tried to stay away from the sophisticated Northeast. We were targeting people who could never afford to recover the loss, and this family was just the type we wanted." After he had made three sales, Bennett said, "something just clicked. I thought there must be a better way to make money than just to take it from people. So I called all three families back and told them not to send their money." He resigned the following day.

Hundreds of similar operations still flourish in the Miami area, known for being the "boiler-room capital of the world." Says Norris Penland, a U.S. postal inspector: "Besides the oil-lease scam, we have insurance, precious metals, banking and even ballpoint pen rip-offs." Yet the police are understandably more concerned about Miami's high rate of murder, robbery and drug smuggling. Complains Robert Kalin of the Miami consumer protection office: "There is so much felonious crime here that the authorities have no time to deal with many white-collar crimes." —*By Charles P. Alexander. Reported by Joseph McQuay/Miami*





Losing in Game 1, the Phils drew even when the veteran Morgan homered and trotted home to a hero's welcome, an act he was to repeat in Game 3

Sport

A Series of Replacements

Juggling players deftly, Baltimore had a winning look

Undeniably the best player in baseball is the leftfielder for the Baltimore Orioles. He was the best last year when he slugged 41 homers and knocked in 123 runs, and he was the best this year when he had 35 home runs and 130 RBIs. The fact that he happens to be a composite of several different characters, for the most part Lefthanded Hitter John Lowenstein and Righthander Gary Roenicke, is a bit befuddling, but it begins to describe the 80th World Series.

The Orioles arrived at this glory in place of the Chicago White Sox thanks largely to Roenicke, who batted .750 and hit an important home run in the American League playoffs. For his reward, he was benched the first two Series games with Philadelphia and displaced by Lowenstein, who made a marvelous catch in Game 1, hit a mighty homer in Game 2, and was replaced by Roenicke in Game 3. "I don't want to play the third game," said Lowenstein sensibly. "Steve Carlton is pitching." That is a typically reasonable reaction for an Oriole, especially Lowenstein, who never says, "I hit a home run," rather, "I immobilized the outfielders," and who regards personal records lightly. As he says, "All statistics will be rendered meaningless at the outset of World War III."

This is not the attitude of the National League champion Philadelphia Phillies, veterans of slightly smaller wars. The Phillies likewise share positions but grudgingly. Centerfielder Garry Maddox hit the winning homer in Game 1 (2-1) and said, "I honestly didn't think I'd still be here by now. I have not accepted this platooning role. I don't want to be that kind of player next year." Maddox watched from the bench as Baltimore won the second game, 4-1.

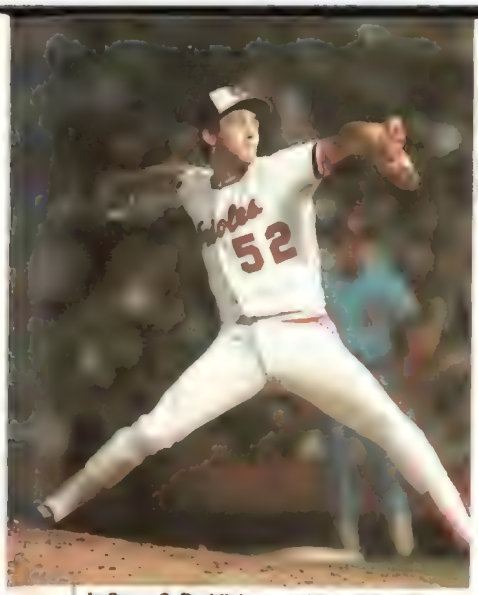
When the venerable first baseman Pete Rose, 42, was shelved in Game 3 in favor of equally honorable and creaky Tony Perez, 41, Rose felt "hurt" and "embarrassed." In the 21st year of his beautiful career, Rose batted only .245 and was beaten out during the crunch of the race by recent Minor Leaguer Len Matuszek, who had been promoted too late to qualify for postseason play. Rose says, "I'm nothing if not a team man. I didn't have to move from second base to left field in 1967 to make room for Tommy Helms; I didn't have to move from left to third base in 1975 to make room for George Foster; I did have to move from third to first base in 1979 to make room for me." Back for Game 4, he cracked two singles.

Plainly, although Rose is crouched just ten hits from 4,000, only 201 behind Ty Cobb, there is no room for him in Philadelphia any more. One day next month, the Phillies must commit to another $1 million for Rose or sever him at $300,000. While management insists that no decision has been made, Rose simply does not believe that, and he is ready to shop himself around "to any team with a chance to win, because I don't think I could play if there was no chance to win." Or maybe it is time for him "to swim to Japan." With Rose on the bench even for a day, it seemed odd to think that a World Series was going on, the composite classic where even the managers came in twos and threes.

Philadelphia General Manager Paul Owens, 59, personally relieved Field Manager Pat Corrales in July, when the team was languishing in first place. Long before any potential Series opponent was thought of, Owens was praising former Oriole Manager Earl Weaver, who retired last year after 15 seasons. In particular, the "Pope" (the nickname for Owens left behind some years ago by an irreverent soul named Richie Allen) admired Weaver's ecumenical use of the entire roster of 25 men. "If everybody feels they're somebody," Owens preaches, "you end up with a team on the bench as good as the one on the field," and vice versa.

Over the past 27 years, Baltimore has won more regular-season games than any other major league club. For the largest part, the credit has gone to Weaver, who was replaced by Joe Altobelli, an Oriole organization man from 1963 through 1976. In a way Baltimore chose three men to follow Weaver. The first notion, picking between Weaver Coaches Cal Ripken Sr. and Ray Miller, would have been troublesome. Naming Ripken might have hastened the inevitable departure of the talented pitching coach Miller, and presenting Miller his opportunity now could have alienated not only Ripken but also his son, the star shortstop. So selecting Altobelli was the only chance to have and hold all three. Altobelli has not intruded on the styles of the other two or, except for his own calmer demeanor, veered significantly from the methods of Weaver. "Earl taught us how to win," the Oriole players say. "Joe lets us win."

Righthanded Pitcher Mike Boddicker, 26, a student whom Weaver considered unpromising, had Altobelli's permission to win 16 games since graduating to the big leagues in May. Then Boddicker struck out 14 White Sox batters in the playoffs to become a celebrity and next



In Game 2, Boddicker was king of the hill

won the second game of the World Series on a three-hitter. Not only a new pitcher, but a new pitch, was discovered. In the Oriole vernacular, a change-up is referred to as a "fish." Since Boddicker's singular pitch is part forkball too, it has been declared a "foshball," a wiggly hybrid that dips down and in on righthanders. "It doesn't really break," Philadelphia Slugger, or Slumper, Mike Schmidt says woefully. "It just kind of dies."

Nobody last week could decide which was more delightful: that Boddicker came from an off-season job at a grain elevator in Norway, Iowa, or that he planned to return to it. He calls it rewarding work, $4.50 an hour. Had former Cy Young Award–Winning Pitchers Jim Palmer and Mike Flanagan not broken down early on, Boddicker would not have been called. He is the precise stuff of a World Series dream

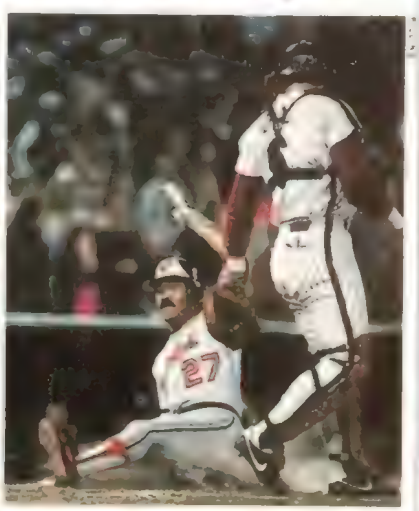
On the eve of his 38th birthday last week, Palmer won the Series' third game (3-2) in relief of Flanagan, as the Phillies' 300-game-winner Steve Carlton had the unusual experience of being caught from behind. Palmer, for most of this year a "nonperson," his own phrase, is contemplating a change of address himself after 19 seasons. Unlike Rose, though, Palmer has been in unfailingly fine humor. "I thought we had an illegal mound in Baltimore, but that [Veterans Stadium] mound must be 25 inches high. I almost fell over on the first pitch. No wonder Carlton is as good as he is." The two unspectacular innings Palmer pitched ("that was throwing, not pitching") fell just right for him to gather his first World Series victory in twelve years.

Ford was felled in Game 2 when a Willie Hernandez fastball ripped into his batting helmet

Beaned on the bill of his batting helmet by a frightening pitch in Game 2, Baltimore Rightfielder Dan Ford homered in the sixth inning of the third game and figured in the winning run when Shortstop Ivan DeJesus erred on a quick Ford bouncer that scored Benny Ayala. It was not unpleasant seeing Ford get up to do these wonderful things, just as, for at least a while, Joe Morgan was a joyous sight. "I have never been this close to going away," he says quietly, but the proud manner in which he adds, "I can still hit the fastest pitches in our league," suggests he will not quit at 40 at that. If his batting average was .230 for the season, a burst of Morgan's old self in the closing month filled his ego to at least an inch above the brim "I'm the best 5-ft. 8-in. baseball player in history," he says. "You ain't five-eight," says Rose

If the Phillies decide this winter that 22-year-old Juan Samuel is ready to play second base every day, Morgan may travel on. He has packed quite often in the past four years but frequently takes the pennant with him. "I go from Cincinnati to Houston, and Houston finishes ahead of Cincinnati. I go from Houston to San Francisco, and San Francisco finishes ahead of Houston. I go from San Francisco to Philadelphia, and Philadelphia finishes ahead of San Francisco."

When he homered in Games 1 and 3, Morgan was exuberant. But after the Phillies slipped behind, two games to one, he was angry. "We got ahead and then sat back, and waited and waited, and got beat," Morgan said. "That's the way you get beat. The Orioles didn't get here by quitting, and we didn't either." Baltimore won the fifth game too, 5-4, again with scant help from its finest player, Eddie Murray. He and Mike Schmidt wore the same frown. (All statistics will be rendered meaningless at the outset of World War III.) The Orioles had unloaded their supply of pinch hitters all at once. (If everybody feels they're somebody, you end up with a team on the bench as good as the one on the field.)



But he was up and swinging in Game 3, sending Ayala sliding home with the winning run

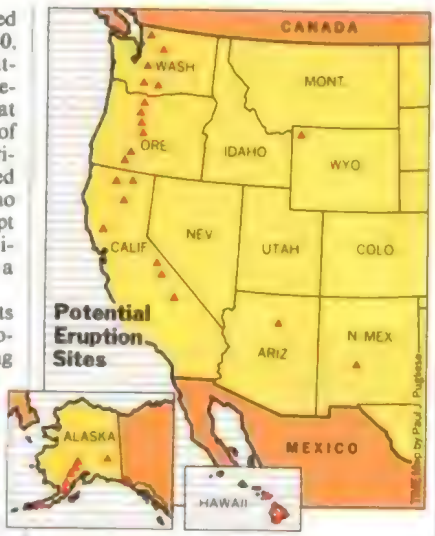
Morgan made the last out, a gentle streamer to second base. Baltimore was within one game of the championship. Of Perez and Morgan and Rose, Phillies Coach Dave Bristol had said, "Their leaves don't fall off in the autumn," but it was a coming-of-winter day. —*By Tom Callahan*

Volcanoes Never Really Die

Mount St. Helens may have signaled a new wave of eruptions

When Mount St. Helens exploded with cataclysmic fury in 1980, many Americans regarded it as an isolated example of nature on the rampage. Geologists, however, have long known that the restless mountain was only one of many dormant volcanoes in the American West. Although some have not stirred in tens of thousands of years, there is no assurance that one or more will not erupt again, perhaps in the near future. As scientists say, "There is no such thing as a dead volcano."

To assess when these sleeping giants might violently reawaken, the U.S. Geological Survey (USGS) has been conducting a long-term study of volcanic hazards in the U.S. In an interim report, it has made public a list of 33 volcanic sites in the Western states, Alaska and Hawaii that could go off at almost any time. While the report carefully makes no predictions, it notes that some volcanologists fear that the eruption of Mount St. Helens, as well as other recent signs of seismic unrest in the U.S., may hint at the onset of a period of more intense volcanic activity for Americans.



The initial indication of such terrestrial turmoil came in 1975, when Mount Baker, a 10,750-ft. volcanic peak in northwestern Washington, began to puff and fume. Vented steam has continued to melt ice around the summit crater of the mountain, which is only 90 miles from Seattle. The Geological Survey says that rising magma in the mountain's cone may be stoking Mount Baker's internal fires. Magma is hot, melted rock from deep within the earth that fuels volcanoes and becomes visible as lava when it breaks through the crust.

The rise of magma is often accompanied by swarms of small local earthquakes. Such tremors, which enable scientists to estimate how close to the surface the magma may be, have been felt at Mount Hood in neighboring Oregon and at Mount Shasta in Northern California as well as Mount St. Helens. In addition, the USGS study notes that since 1982 earthquakes have shaken California's Coso Range, a volcanic region west of Death Valley; Yellowstone National Park, which is famed for its hot springs and geysers, notably Old Faithful; and Mammoth Lakes, a popular California ski resort near the Nevada border.

The Mammoth Lakes activity is especially worrisome to the scientists, to say nothing of local residents, who saw a severe drop in tourism immediately after the USGS put the area on its volcano-hazard list last year. The study notes that during the past 1,500 years, the Mammoth Lakes area has been second only to Mount St. Helens in volcanic activity, on the average erupting every two or three centuries along a 15-mile chain of lava domes and old vents. The most recent major eruption took place about 250 years ago, when the area was showered with flaming ash that was, in one scientist's words, "hot enough to incinerate entire forests." Moreover, the resort has been repeatedly shaken in the past few years by minor earthquakes, including one in July that registered 5.2 on the Richter scale, a moderately powerful jolt capable of cracking walls, knocking dishes off shelves and causing other minor damage. Scientists have measured at least a 13-in. swelling of the ground near Mammoth Lakes in the past two years, and found that one new hot spring has formed and three other long-dormant hot springs have become resurgent. All this is interpreted as an indication that magma under the region is gradually working its way to the surface.

Mount St. Helens during its 1980 outburst

Danger signs in the puffing and fuming.

Some volcanologists caution that far too little is known about volcano behavior to make any firm forecasts about imminence of eruptions. In their view, what seems like multiplying danger signs may, in fact, be a byproduct of the recently intensified monitoring of the earth. Other scientists, however, are sure that the signals are both new and significant. Moreover, because of their recent experience with Mount St. Helens, these volcano watchers have become more optimistic about their ability to make reasonably accurate short-term predictions about the likelihood of an outburst.

Since that May morning three years ago when the Washington peak blew its top, experts have been probing the mountain with every sort of instrument, including seismometers planted within the crater that was formed by the big blast. Every time the volcano twitches, the rumblings are recorded and sent by radio to the University of Washington at Seattle. Mount St. Helens has cooperated by continuing to shake, vent gases and debris and emit lava flows. So thoroughly have the scientists analyzed the interplay of these events that they can now see recognizable patterns in the volcano's behavior. Some disturbances have served as early warning signs, and over the past three years the scientists have been able to predict 13 minor Mount St. Helens eruptions. The last seven, starting in April 1982, were announced up to three weeks before the actual occurrence. Equally important, none of the predictions were false alarms. With understandable pride, the researchers announced last month in *Science:* "Such repeated accuracy is uncommon if not unparalleled in volcanology."

That predictive capability may be tested in the future. As the USGS study on volcanic risks points out, the violence that has racked the U.S. in the past is likely to happen again. This time, however, the consequences could be far more serious. Mammoth Lakes and many of the West's other volcano zones are now the hub of busy recreation centers, many of whose residents are only vaguely aware of the peril that may be building in the ground beneath them. It will be up to the scientists to give them accurate forewarnings of the danger. —*By Frederic Golden.*
Reported by Dick Thompson/San Francisco

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Children's chairs, fabrics and a toilet show how new materials and modern conveniences can determine the shape and pattern of today's good design

Design

Forms That Follow Function

Proof that everyday objects can be simple and elegant

To enter the wonderful world of good design now on display at the Philadelphia Museum of Art, you pass fluttery rococo plaster nymphs in the ornate *beaux-arts* classic entrance hall. The abrupt aesthetic change is like jumping from a sauna into a cool swimming pool. Titled "Design Since 1945," the exhibition (through Jan. 8) presents a world based on the primacy of function, which beautiful form is supposed to follow automatically. It often does. Modern style is the only authentic one of our time, and modernists and their friends therefore peremptorily equate modern with good. It often is not.

With more than 400 objects of furniture, household goods and small appliances by 285 artists from 18 countries, this is one of the most extensive and impressive retrospectives of the genre ever staged. The exhibition was conceived by Architect George Nelson, 75, to show the effect of design on daily life and the effect of changing technology on design. Nelson's own contribution includes his 1942 proposal to build downtown pedestrian malls and his 1944 invention of the storage wall that also serves as room divider. Nelson has created or inspired much of the modern officescape. This show reflects his elegant functional flair, a wealth of material organized in a logical way that pulls the viewer through a sequence of open and narrow, straight and winding, busy and contemplative display areas

The products of the new technologies—from Raymond Loewy's 1948 television set to Giorgetto Giugiaro's 1981 Logica electronic sewing machine—are concentrated by Curator Kathryn Hiesinger in a central space, a circle of dramatic display columns that Nelson calls Stonehenge. Models of Explorer I and a 1976 Satcom satellite hover above. Along the way to the shrine, like altars lining a processional, are huge blowup portraits of the most influential designers of the age. There is Charles Eames, whose chairs, toys, films, buildings and exhibits, produced with his wife and partner, Ray Kaiser Eames, made good design American. There is the Dane Arne Jacobsen, whose sleek furniture and tableware for a while convinced the world that all good design must be Danish. There are two Italians (Ettore Sottsass Jr. and Marco Zanuso) and a Finn (Tapio Wirkkala), reflecting the international, eclectic diversity of the decorative arts in our time.

Yet the exhibition presents a world born in illusion and doomed to confusion. Modern design began with the notion that artists and craftsmen, rather than technicians, should shape products made by machines, giving beautiful form to rational function, "liberating" the toiling masses from the "crime" of ornament and clutter. By 1945, Bauhaus idealism was established in the U.S. Textile Designer Jack Lenor Larsen writes that the movement became "a cause, allied with the optimism of a world to be made over in the light of the Four Freedoms. The solution was so simple and clear—and naive."

Confusion set in when it turned out that the toiling masses did not care to be liberated from ornament and wanted no part of functionalism. Some people would sooner tattoo their own skin than go without decoration. Those interested in good design, says Sociologist Herbert J Gans, belong to "an upper-middle culture, not quite highbrow and not quite middlebrow." There aren't enough of them to warrant mass production. *Furniture/Today*, the leading trade paper, reports that only 14% of the dining-room and bedroom sets sold in America in 1982 were contemporary, as opposed to 45% that were Early American. The chairs that Mies van der Rohe intended for mass production and for the working class

Unbreakable, stackable dishes and a picnic set

1951 chair of steel rods and plywood

Italian-style Logica electronic sewing machine

Photographs for TIME by Ted Thai

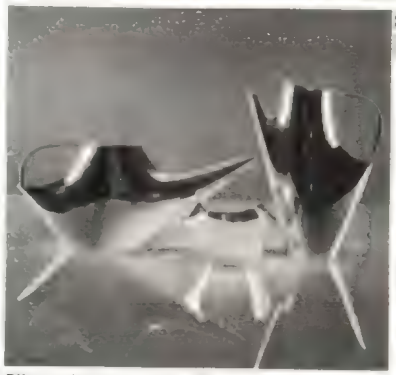
Design

are handmade for corporate executives.

New York City's Museum of Modern Art, which introduced and nurtured the movement in the U.S., tried in the 1930s and again in the 1950s to win a wider audience for the cause. It presented several exhibitions, particularly of inexpensive objects, and held competitions. The famous molded-plywood chair by Eames and Eero Saarinen was a MOMA winner. Critic Russell Lynes called these efforts "grass-roots taste-making with a vengeance." Edgar Kaufmann Jr., director of MOMA's design department, nevertheless persuaded several furniture manufacturers in the 1950s to go into production. No sale. Noted Kaufmann's successor, Arthur Drexler: "The people who were stopping this were the buyers."

It is their loss. The Philadelphia exhibition shows that the design of our time is often exciting and at times beautiful. Modern art at its best is surely more varied and inventive than baroque, with its ubiquitous baby angels, or art nouveau, with its obsessive limpid vegetation.

Functionalism may have failed to conquer the mass market, and modern is surely the least popular style in the history of what curators call "the decorative arts." But it has often brought classic beauty to mundane objects: Italian Architect Gio Ponti's toilet is an example. Artists have domesticated technology, like the electronic Logica sewing machine that Giorgetto Giugiaro logically styled. They have given elegance to synthetic materials like plastic. Jean-Pierre Vitrac's disposable picnic dishes. Earl S. Tupper's cereal bowls and Massimo Vignelli's stacking dinnerware are indeed museum pieces.



Silver-plate tea and coffee service

New materials have given children's chairs color, fun and sturdiness. The craft of weaving takes advantage of polypropylene, Mylar and machine production. There is a marvelous collection of fabrics at the museum by such masters as Anni Albers and Jack Lenor Larsen. Design becomes art in Lino Sabattini's silver-plate tea and coffee service and Ernest Race's shaped steel-rod chair.

Creations like these are overwhelmed by junk because consumers are blinded by a mistaken notion of tradition, of what is proper. The products of new technologies are therefore far better received than contemporary versions of furnishings and utensils that have always been with us. It is hard to imagine an electronic calculator in Early American style.

American indifference to good form and concept may be beginning to hurt America's industry. In most corporations, designers are relegated to the status of what Critic Ralph Caplan has called "exotic menials." The Japanese and some Europeans, in contrast, have shown that creative minds on the production team can help to produce a higher-quality product. Most foreign governments promote design. Official Washington snubs it. The extensive State Department reception rooms are anachronistically furnished in colonial style.

The Philadelphia show provides no answer to the question of why this appalling lack of faith in the art of our time prevails. But the exhibition does show that good modern design is still good. Form still follows function. Or at least it should.

—By Wolf Von Eckardt

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No patience for reassurance and making no kind of political peace: in *The Day After*, survivors of a nuclear attack on the U.S. await aid

ABC

Video

The Nightmare Comes Home

ABC's movie The Day After *stirs a storm of nuclear debate*

Peanuts. Or so says a desperate, despairing physician in *The Day After*. Even Hiroshima was peanuts compared with the irrevocable thermonuclear slaughter visited on Kansas City and its environs. Lawrence. Sedalia. Green Ridge. They have all been devastated. But this is not some horrible, local nuclear accident. This is worldwide atomic warfare. The missiles have been launched, the bombs have gone off. The global village has been nuked.

No escape, no hope. And no happy endings either. Only the suggestion of a blighted tomorrow, full of radiation poisoning that desiccates survivors and deforms unborn children. Say this for *The Day After:* it has no patience for reassurance and makes no kind of political peace. It sets itself a relatively easy mark—to illustrate the ravages of nuclear war—but a punishingly high goal. It may be that no television film has ever had such ambition, or presumption, and just so no one misses the point, the network and the film makers spell it out in grave white letters just before the final fade: "It is hoped that the images of this film will inspire the nations of this earth, their people and leaders, to find the means to avert the fateful day."

The Day After will not be broadcast until Nov. 20, but its political implications have already been discussed, denounced and championed by proponents and opponents of the nuclear freeze. ABC executives are united and adamant about the apolitical nature of their 2-hr. 5-min. presentation. "We never intended the film to be a political statement," claims Brandon Stoddard, president of ABC Motion Pictures and the initiator of the project. "The movie simply says that nuclear war is horrible. That is all it says. That is a very safe statement." Adds the film's director, Nicholas Meyer: "*The Day After* does not advocate disarmament, build-down, buildup, freeze. I didn't want to alienate any viewers. The movie is like a giant public service announcement, like Smokey the Bear."

The movie has already started its fair share of brush fires. Tape copies leaked into circulation and were being screened for freeze sympathizers as long ago as July. Congressman Edward Markey, co-sponsor of a House freeze resolution, caught an early show and says, "It's the most important television program ever because it's the most important issue ever. It's the most honest account of nuclear war that has been done." "It's an awesome film," adds Congressman Thomas J. Downey. For Janet Michaud, executive director of the Campaign Against Nuclear War, "ABC is performing an enormous public service. It's giving the American people the ability to become part of the debate over the most important issue of our times." For Roger Molander, founder of the nuclear-war-education group Ground Zero, *The Day After* is a conduit to confrontation. "To come to grips with the reality of nuclear war, one has to go through a nuclear passage, to confront a nuclear war in all its horror. This will provide a passage for 30, 40, 50 million Americans."

Television networks, which like

Robards as irradiated doctor searching for his home

ABC

to hear numbers like that, nevertheless give a collective corporate shudder at the slightest hint of advocacy. "ABC's responsibility is to the film itself," says Stoddard. "How it is perceived or used by other people is beyond our control." That may be, but the freeze supporters have made a strong head start. Leaked copies of *The Day After* are being shown at antinuke fund raisers, while the opposition has been effectively shut out. "This film has been used to generate interest and support, including financial support, for our efforts," Michaud admits.

Paul Dietrich, president of the conservative National Center for Legislative Research, wangled himself an invitation to a private showing and calls the film "anything but nonpartisan." Says John Fisher, president of the American Security Council: "Clearly someone associated with the production has a significantly different perspective than we do, because somehow the pirated version hasn't been exposed to people on our side of the issue. This movie says deterrence has failed, and that's a political statement."

A family surveys the wasteland that once was their farm

Having made the film their own, freeze advocates are now using it, in the words of Disarmament Activist Josh Baran, "to educate people. It is the best use of television I can think of." Last April, Baran helped start an *ad hoc* organization called The Day Before, which will work with 17 national antinuclear groups to set up seminars in more than 100 cities around the country for two days following the film's air date. Ground Zero will mail out 100,000 viewing guides. The Center for Defense Information is considering producing a 60-sec. commercial, narrated by Paul Newman, offering "a nuclear war–prevention kit." "I plan to send in for one of those kits," writes Conservative Columnist William F. Buckley Jr., "and if Mr. Newman doesn't send me an MX missile, I'm going to report him to the Postal Service people for fraud."

All this heat and dust have made advertisers, already shy of buying time on such a dubiously commercial program as *The Day After*, almost paralyzed with reluctance. By some accounts, the network has lined up four or five sponsors; by others, it has sold only half the 25 available 30-sec. commercial spots. "I couldn't confirm half, but I know it's a good portion," comments Jeff Tolvin, ABC's director of business information, with gingerly care. The network is charging a hefty $135,000 a spot—a price that could dip as show time approaches and empty air time looms—but the problem, according to Madison Avenue, is not monetary. "It may be one of the most devastating pieces of film I've ever seen, TV or otherwise, but it is artistically unsuitable to most of our clients," says Joel Segal, senior vice president of broadcasting for Ted Bates Advertising. "It isn't the issue of controversy; it's more a matter of the commercials' conflicting grossly with the content of the program." Asks another agency executive: "Do you want singing and dancing and music in that kind of program environment?"

The scenario is not too elaborate or cynical for the byzantine world of show biz: sponsor recalcitrance triggers stress. Tapes are leaked, positions taken, battle lines drawn, articles written. No movie since CBS's 1980 Holocaust film *Playing for Time* has stirred such a dust devil of ideological p.r., but the stakes are even larger here. *The Day After* cost an opulent $7 million, and its promotion budget may ultimately equal that figure. ABC, gambling that it will make up in ratings what it misses in ad dollars, schedules the film for sweeps week, when the three networks all go for broke in the ratings. The timing is perfect: Nov. 20 is not only a Nielsen trifecta, it is less than two weeks before the Pershing IIs are due to be installed in West Germany. More controversy, more publicity. Is the timing a reflection of political intent as well as business expediency? The network firmly denies it. *The National Review* editorializes that ABC is making "a $7 million contribution to the faltering campaign against the deployment of the Pershing II." So *The Day After* lumbers in carting more weight than Mother Courage.

Atom memoir

For all this, the film's beginnings were astonishingly humble: Brandon Stoddard saw *The China Syndrome* and wondered what the home-front consequences of nuclear war would be. When Nicholas Meyer met Jason Robards on an airplane and offered him the lead role of a humanistic surgeon, Robards accepted with elegant simplicity. "It beats signing petitions," he said. Now that *The Day After* has been temporarily positioned right at the center of the nuclear debate, there is no more room for humility or modesty. The finished film was premiered last week in Lawrence, Kans., where much of it had been made on location, and the townspeople were tearful and shaken. Stoddard reports he wept when he saw the first cut of the film and says the present version "is the most important thing I have ever done." Director Meyer calls the movie "the most valuable thing I've ever done with my life." Mayor David Longhurst has invited Ronald Reagan and Yuri Andropov to Lawrence for a summit. Another Lawrence citizen, Bob Swan, member of the antinuke Let Lawrence Live organization, says he is

After the holocaust, the faithful forgather to start picking up the spiritual pieces

"Do you want singing and dancing and music in that kind of program environment?"

Antinuke activists in Lawrence, Kans., put their feelings where their banners are

trying to link up his home town by television or telephone to Leningrad, so that Soviets and Americans can hash things out person to person. After the broadcast, ABC will put on a special 45-min. edition of *Viewpoint*, anchored by Ted Koppel. The show, intended as both a kind of emotional decompression chamber for viewers and a debating platform between friends and foes of the freeze, has an additional, and certainly not accidental, function. It gives *The Day After* the weight of a major news event.

Nothing, however, can give it the substance. Under all the furor, spontaneous or manufactured, and the high urgency, real or prefabricated just for the premiere, is the film, a frail vessel indeed to bear the fate of mankind. History and distance have not made Stanley Kubrick's 1964 film *Dr. Strangelove* any less great or—sadly—less relevant, but even a movie as fine as that would have to struggle to stay above the sort of ideological tide surging around *The Day After*. No one has yet made the case that *Dr. Strangelove* has been bested, although there are suggestions, even from Meyer, that it has been beaten out in the high earnestness sweepstakes. Meyer concedes his movie "has a minimum of imagination" but thinks *Dr. Strangelove* is "distilled through comedy," which presumably means that his own enterprise, being so conspicuously short of humor, serves some loftier social purpose. This type of cultural con is a piece of undiluted show-biz self-protection, and a good thing too. Political immediacy is just about all *The Day After* has going for it. By any standards other than social, it is a terrible movie.

The film is so aimlessly anecdotal in its opening positions that there is little dramatic connection between the characters. Reality is so quickly and cursorily observed that there seems nothing else to do but bring on the bombs. There are no people here, only targets, stick figures on a Midwestern landscape waiting to be wasted. A kind of predictable character collage revolving erratically around the travails of Robards' nicely realized surgeon, the movie misses dramatic force because it has no center. It does, however, have a centerpiece, a 4-min. sequence representing the atomization of Middle America and, by extension, much of the rest of the world.

People turn where they stand into living X rays just before they disintegrate entirely. Fire storms swallow up towns. The images of destruction, mild for a theatrical movie and practically gentle by any factual measure, are still startling by American television standards, and they pack force. Once this montage of immediate death ends, however, *The Day After* has to get back to its characters, which is to say that it must run on empty. Nuclear annihilation may be the subject, but the film appears to have been the victim of an editorial chain-saw massacre. Whatever the executive reasons for reducing its three-hour running time to just over two may have been, considerations of dramatic coherence cannot have numbered high among them. The female lead (Jobeth Williams) dies off-screen, her passing noted in just a line or two of dialogue. Another major character, a farmer and family man (John Cullum), gets shot by squatters, and his widowed wife and orphaned children react only by turning toward the sound of the gun. Characters tumble in and out like cards in a dropped deck.

Watching the film's premiere in Lawrence

"Like a giant public service announcement."

Paradoxically, when the film is vaguest it is often at its strongest. Impending nuclear war is announced in a series of bulletins on radio and television, casually broadcast and half-heard at first. The sound track carries snatches of references that accelerate to slightly longer descriptions of airport blockades and MiG-25s "invading West German airspace" and that end, finally, with a shocked anchorwoman saying, "Three nuclear weapons in the low-kiloton range were airburst this morning over advancing Soviet troops." There is only calamity after that. ABC's determination to keep up appearances of political evenhandedness have helped the film makers conjure up what seems like a spookily accurate scenario for Armageddon: the beginnings of worldwide disaster as a series of barely overheard fragments. This is global tragedy with no fixed responsibility.

Screenwriter Edward Hume and the film makers were correct in choosing to avoid blaming either the U.S. or the U.S.S.R. for the initiation of catastrophe. This moral neutrality may be one reason the network is actually going to broadcast their film, advertisers or not, champions or not, critics or not. Less than 20 years ago, the BBC refused to show Peter Watkins' very similar but far more devastating *The War Game* because it was "too horrifying." *The Day After*, nowhere near as strong or as skillful, is still frightening enough, and here it is, occupying more than two hours of prime commercial network time. But such a signal of cultural change can also be an intimation of trouble. The generally shabby quality of *The Day After* is of major concern because, rather than startling audiences into a new awareness, it is just as likely to anesthetize them with mediocrity.

This process will not stop with *The Day After*. Paramount already has a movie in the pipeline called *Testament*, about one family trying to survive a nuclear blast. One of the hottest commercial novels due next spring is *Warday* by Whitley Strieber and James Kunetka, which shows America reeling from atomic desolation and California, intact and safe, effectively closed to the rest of the country. "There's a hell of a percentage increase in these day-after-nuclear scripts," says Michael Fuchs, president of Home Box Office's entertainment group. Apocalypse has clearly become something more than the fate that looms just over the horizon line. It may be the growth industry of the '80s. —***By Jay Cocks. Reported by Peter Ainslie/New York and Denise Worrell/Los Angeles***

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Let's Get Trivial

The hottest board game in America has all the answers

Question: When is the pursuit of trivia not trivial? Answer: When a gang of three Canadians converts this curious hankering after the piffling and the piddling into the hottest game in town. The game in question is called Trivial Pursuit, and for more and more people across the U.S. and Canada the game offers not just the pursuit of happiness but happiness achieved.

Retail sales in the U.S. and Canada, where the game was invented and launched in 1982, may reach $70 million by the end of this year. Says Hudson Dobson, who distributes the game out of Dallas for U.S. manufacturer Selchow & Righter: "I have been in this business 30 years, and Trivial Pursuit is the biggest individual game I have ever had. It defies everything we've had before." F.A.O. Schwarz Manager Walter Reid predicts that the game will be "a long-term fad, not like Rubik's Cube, which wore off after nine months."

The hub at the board's center, where the winner eventually lands

Playing with arsenals of minutiae instead of joy sticks.

T.P. doesn't beep, bleep, buzz or zap. It is played on a simple 20-in. by 20-in. multicolored board with a wheel-shaped pattern. Any number from two to 24 players ask each other questions drawn from 1,000 cards; a correct answer allows the player to move. Hardly Dragon's Lair but with a price tag as high as $40 in the U.S., it is indisputably a Boardwalk of board games.

As in all trivia contests, the questions make the game. There are 6,000 of them, witty, whimsical, wry and, sometimes, off the wall. Sample: Who played for the New York Rangers, the Brooklyn Dodgers and the New York Knicks in a single season? (Organist Gladys Gooding.) Who was Bram Stoker's most infamous character? (Dracula.) What's the only country crossed by both the equator and Tropic of Capricorn? (Brazil.) What's a newly hatched swan called? (A cygnet.) Who portrayed Tonto on TV? (Jay Silverheels.)

The questions come from six categories: geography, history, art and literature, science and nature, entertainment, sports and leisure. In addition to the original game, there is now a Silver Screen edition of movie lore. Two versions now available in Canada, a Sports edition and one full of the esoterica beloved by the baby-boom generation, will soon be released in the U.S.

The game took shape on a rainy Saturday afternoon in Montreal in 1979 when two Canadian journalists, Chris Haney and Scott Abbott, challenged each other to a game of Scrabble. Then, Haney recalls, a light bulb went on over his head: "Why don't we invent a game?" Less than an hour later they had designed the basic structure. Devising the questions, however, took much obsessive poring over almanacs, encyclopedias and old newspapers. After nearly two years of research, the group, which included Haney's brother John, a retired hockey player, settled on 6,000 queries.

How to get backing was the hardest question of all. After scrounging a tidy bankroll for manufacture, the partners test-marketed 1,100 units in 1981. All were sold within a few weeks. Another loan from a bank manager who got hooked on the game enabled the entrepreneurs to produce 20,000 more. Word of mouth did the rest. The game acquired a cult following in Canada, and in 1982 Selchow & Righter, the venerable U.S. games company (Parcheesi), began manufacturing it in the U.S. British and Australian versions are imminent, and next year French, German, Dutch, and children's renditions will follow.

The game's appeal is far less obscure than most of the questions. It derives from the pleasure of playing against people armed not with joy sticks but with arsenals of minutiae. Notes John Nason, vice president of marketing at Selchow & Righter: "The pendulum's swinging back from video games. With a video game you sit alone in a corner. Playing a board game there is interaction—moaning, groaning, laughter."

No region of the country seems immune from that interaction. In North Miami, Ira and Ruth Gordon coax their friends to shuffle through their memories. Says Ruth Gordon: "Every couple we've ever invited over to play the game has bought it the next day." Nancy Spencer, a devotee of the game from Clifton, Va., claims, "It's better than charades, and that's hard to beat." She adds, "It's only frustrating when the kids know more than you do." In Hollywood, where game playing is sometimes the most exigent art form, Trivial Pursuit and its cousin Silver Screen are monster hits. During the filming of *The Big Chill*, the entire cast became addicted to the game, playing it night and day. Says *Footloose* Producer Craig Zadan, "There's not a person in the entertainment business who hasn't heard of the game, played it or been hooked by it."

Question: What Chinese parlor game swept America in the 1920s? Answer: mah-jongg. Question: Will Trivial Pursuit sweep America in the 1980s? The correct answer has not yet been written by the public. But the early returns are encouraging. For the final answer, buy the 1990 version. By then the game will have become an American classic—or just a trivial footnote. ■

Hot Times

A novel woodburning stove

Smoke not only gets in your eyes; it is wasted heat. At least since Benjamin Franklin observed the phenomenon, owners of woodburning stoves have been trying to prevent all that expensive warmth from going up the chimney. Now a small Vermont company offers a modern solution: a fireplace-stove that uses a catalytic converter, similar to those found in emission-controlled cars, to re-burn the smoke and gases. The Shelburne Catalytic converter is 2 in. high, 8 in. in diameter and perforated like a honeycomb. It is coated with palladium, causing a chemical reaction that ignites the wood gases at 500° F (instead of the usual 1,000° F), converting them into heat. The recovered heat is then pushed out into the room with a blower.

The Shelburne Catalytic stove has two drawbacks. At $1,250, it is steep for a stove. And at 450 lbs., it is very heavy. Vermont Stove Co. President Paul Bortz advises each customer, "Get four very big friends and a case of beer, and don't let them drink it until afterward." ■

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"Where is it?"

T.P., Texas

The provocative letter above is reprinted here in its entirety. It reminds us that if we're not careful, we just might subtle ourselves right out of business with these little announcements.

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Cinema

Wheel life and reel life: Drag-Strip Ace Shirley Muldowney and Actress Bonnie Bedelia

Right Stuff

HEART LIKE A WHEEL
Directed by Jonathan Kaplan
Screenplay by Ken Friedman

There they go—*vrooom!*—tearing up 400 yards of Middle America. The two hot-rod drivers are enacting the Automobile Age's axiom of machismo: Speed thrills. Ten seconds later, the cars barrel across the finish line and the winner steps out, shaking her shoulder-length hair, allowing herself a tight, triumphant smile. Shirley Muldowney, drag-strip ace.

In format, *Heart Like a Wheel* occupies the ragged terrain somewhere between old B movies and new TV movies. A blue-collar inspirational, it follows Muldowney from her teen-age nights on New Jersey back roads in the 1950s to her unprecedented third National Hot Rod Association world championship title last year. As with the Mercury space program, drag racing is largely an achievement of the designers and mechanics; the driver is a high-risk passenger who needs guts as much as skill to command a vehicle packing 2,500 h.p. and moving at 250 m.p.h. with a force of 3 g's. In competition with a pack of cynical road jockeys, Muldowney proved herself an astronaut of asphalt—a woman with the right stuff.

The movie's virtues are rare ones these days: honesty, modesty and a respect for all its characters. Shirley's husband (Leo Rossi) may have a streak of envy that festers into malice, but he is portrayed sympathetically as a man incapable of understanding that his no-nonsense housewife could beat him at a man's game. Connie Kalitta, Shirley's lover once she hits the circuit, is a hell-raising womanizer, but in Beau Bridges' engaging performance one can see Connie as an endangered species in a game that TV is trying to streamline into respectability. "This used to be a rowdy sport," Connie recalls. "Now they want to make us into damn . . . golf!"

In the daunting role of Shirley—aging easily from 17 to 42 in 113 minutes of screen time, awakening slowly to the challenge of her own expertise, proving herself one of the boys while still very much Daddy's little girl—Bonnie Bedelia is quietly spectacular. Her soft eyes, tiny voice and sneaky shy smile have previously cast her as the noble loser; here she shows that those emblems of vulnerability can hide reserves of humor and resilience. This is a wonderfully American kind of acting: technically resourceful, but unforced and radiant. *Heart Like a Wheel* is a pretty darn good movie, but Bonnie Bedelia—wow! —***By Richard Corliss***

Time Bomb

RUMBLE FISH
Directed by Francis Ford Coppola
Screenplay by S.E. Hinton and Francis Ford Coppola

The easiest way to praise a film is to call it poetic. The easiest way to dump on a film is to call it unrealistic. Believability is the line drawn in the dirt; on either side are warring sensibilities, rival gangs of moviegoers or critics. Seen this way, the defenseless movie is reduced to a Rorschach inkblot, an excuse for prolonging the debate between fantasy and naturalism.

Rumble Fish is the messiest, most provocative inkblot of the year. On the naturalistic level, Francis Coppola's film is a botch, a hoot. The two main characters—Rusty-James (Matt Dillon), a 17-year-old punk who figures he moves with the swagger of stardom, and his older brother the Motorcycle Boy (Mickey Rourke), tired of being an outlaw legend in Rusty-James' eyes—are little more than the sum of their mannerisms. Their father (Dennis Hopper) is a philosophizing sot who comes and goes with the whim. Rusty-James' girlfriend (Diane

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92

Cinema

Brothers Dillon and Rourke in *Rumble Fish*

An exercise in hallucinatory style

Lane) is a mere receptacle for his careless abuse; his best friend (Vincent Spano) is a cowardly grind seduced by Rusty-James' danger. None of these dead souls ever enters the land of living drama, where obsession and ambiguity intersect and a poor soul in the dark can look up at a figure on the screen and say, "Hey, that's me."

Instead, one suspects, Coppola wants the moviegoer to shout, "Hey, what's *that*?" If *Rumble Fish* fails as a traditional movie about real people, it is beguiling as an exercise in hallucinatory style. As he did in his adaptation of another S.E. Hinton novel *(The Outsiders)*, Coppola has taken the protagonist's point of view as his visual strategy. There it was Technicolor romance; here it is stygian monochrome. To the Motorcycle Boy, colorblind and partly deaf from too many fights, the world is "black and white with the sound turned low," and what he sees is what we get. Dark clouds hurtle across the sky; diagonal strips of shadow fall like knife scars on every face; steam rises from the streets and rolls off the most innocuous front porch. Clocks, with or without hands, are everywhere, reminding the Motorcycle Boy of his mortality; and the sound track has the ominous rhythm of a heartbeat, a time bomb.

Rumble Fish may prove to be another kind of bomb. Coppola simply will not behave. Pressed to the wall by his failures with *One from the Heart* and Zoetrope Studios, prodded by a Hollywood that wants one of its pedigreed talents to make "a good picture," the director keeps slipping away into stylistic eccentricity. In one sense, then, *Rumble Fish* is Coppola's professional suicide note to the movie industry, a warning against employing him to find the golden gross. No doubt: this is his most baroque and self-indulgent film. It may also be his bravest. —**R.C.**

A Sense of Awe

NEVER CRY WOLF
Directed by Carroll Ballard
Screenplay by Curtis Hanson, Sam Hamm and Richard Kletter

"Landscape is character," the writer's old aphorism holds. Given the imagistic capacity of their medium, and the talent and will to use it, movie directors always have the opportunity to go it one better: they can turn landscape into *a* character, a protagonist as dramatically charged as any human figure can possibly be. Carroll Ballard, who directed the lovely *The Black Stallion*, has taken this commercially risky chance with *Never Cry Wolf* and has made something splendid of it.

Based on Farley Mowat's account of his one-man, government-financed expedition into the deeper reaches of northern Canada in search of ethological and biological information about wolves, the film re-creates most of the book's incidents with a minimum of fictional embellishment while sustaining a dramatic momentum of its own. Most important, it is in every sense true to the spirit of Mowat's writing, which mixed self-deprecating humor, outrage over man's misunderstanding and misuse of the wilds, and a sense of self-discovery.

Mowat's adventure had prejudiced beginnings. Responding to complaints from hunters, his employers hoped he would prove wolves, whose bad reputation in lore and legend ever precedes them, were responsible for the decimation of the caribou herds of the tundra and offer a justification for lupine slaughter. Mowat found, instead, that man was the predator, that the wolves, besides being agreeable and intelligent in their domestic ways, performed an invaluable Darwinian function in selecting out the unfit deer. All this Ballard shows in images of great but distinctly unsentimental beauty, stressing the contrast between the blundering ways of man and the sometimes harsh, sometimes subtle efficiency with which a natural environment functions when left to its own devices. As the Mowat character, Charles Martin Smith plays with ingratiating innocence, stubborn and plucky. His art, like that of Ballard's cameraman, Hiro Narita, lies in understatement that does not imply dispassion. Ballard and his masterly crew of film makers have reimagined a corner of the natural world, metaphorically connecting the cold spaces and indifferent silences of a vast land with the heated struggle for existence taking place closer to the ground, nearer to their cameras. They leave us awed. —**By Richard Schickel**

Smith

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Sex, Scandal and Sanctions

PARALLEL LIVES: FIVE VICTORIAN MARRIAGES
by Phyllis Rose; Knopf; 336 pages; $16.95

Victorian writers, observed G.K. Chesterton, "were lame giants; the strongest of them walked on one leg a little shorter than the other." That remark has been amplified by Phyllis Rose in her lively study of five 19th century couples. The title, *Parallel Lives*, has two meanings: the disparate views of marriage held by husband and wife, and the juxtaposition of twittering romantic expectations and tragic neuroses. Reading Rose's work is like turning a valentine to find graffiti underneath: not a pleasant experience, but a compelling one. The couples could not have been better chosen. Each contains one famous writer: John Ruskin, Thomas Carlyle, John Stuart Mill, Charles Dickens and George Eliot, née Marian Evans. Three of the unions were devoid of passion, one degenerated into widely publicized scandal, and the sole happy one was the most shocking of all. George Eliot dared to live with a man without the sanction of either religion or the state.

BETTMANN ARCHIVE

Little of the information about these literary celebrities will be new to students of Victorian letters. But Rose's anecdotes and insights provide a fresh view of the circumstances that bedeviled relations between the sexes a century ago. Take the piteous marital saga of John Ruskin, the most famous art critic of the age. On his wedding night, the 29-year-old Ruskin was paralyzed with disgust when confronted with the first naked female body he had ever seen. Promising to consummate the marriage six years hence, Ruskin told his bride Effie Gray that childbirth would ruin her beauty as well as interfere with their traveling in Europe so he might look at art. When the six years were up, Ruskin reneged, accusing the distraught Effie of insanity. She countered by obtaining an annulment on the basis of her husband's "incurable impotency." Ruskin presumably never again took the risk of encountering a naked woman; Effie married the painter John Everett Millais and lived happily ever after.

Sex was also rare, if not utterly absent, in the conjoining of the Carlyles and the Mills, although these marriages were fruitful in other respects. During the Carlyles' 45-year relationship, Jane Welsh indefatigably cosseted her historian husband, screening him from "tiresome visitors, hapless servants, bedbugs, maddening noises." At the same time, she managed to write thousands of witty and reflective letters to her husband and friends that count among the best in the English language.

Excerpt

"For both the Carlyles the quintessential expression of Jane's role within the marriage was her continuing battle to protect her husband from the crowing of cocks. He was extremely sensitive to noise. A dog barking kept him from work; a cock crowing kept him from sleep. Beyond that, the noises aroused in him a fury which in itself upset his work. Noise was an insult to his creativity and genius. 'A man has work . . . which the Powers would not quite wish to have suppressed by two-and-sixpence worth of bantams,' he said, and she agreed. 'We must extinguish those demon fowls or they will extinguish us.'

Jane understood the way in which the cocks were an obsession with her husband, involving a question of his ego and status. Usually a letter or a conversation with the owner of the cocks was enough, but Jane was prepared to go to even greater lengths: she once considered buying the house next door to theirs to silence the cocks. Even in her dreams, she fended off cocks."

Mill and his wife Harriet Taylor collaborated on some of the 19th century's most radical and influential philosophical works, including *On Liberty* and *The Subjection of Women*. During their 28-year attachment, says Rose, Mill sought to be dominated by his brilliant, aggressive wife because he had been tyrannized as a child by his father. Although Rose's psychiatric argument is well reasoned, it is hard to accept; if ever a man prevailed over tyranny it was Mill, who became one of his era's most eloquent champions of freedom for the individual and the rights of women.

There can be no doubt about who held the power in the Dickens' doomed household. The prodigiously energetic writer had been happy with his pretty wife Catherine Hogarth in the early years of their marriage. But he became disenchanted and finally furious with her as she grew fat and listless. A few years after the birth of their tenth child in 1852, he moved out, taking all but the oldest of the children with him, as he had a legal right to do. The scandal caused by his action was compounded when Dickens took the extraordinary step of publishing a statement about the separation in the London *Times*. In tones of outrage he denied that another woman was involved; in reality he was having a secret love affair with a young actress. Had it not been for his public statement, few newspaper readers would have heard of the Dickens marital debacle, Rose points out. "Dickens was foundering in the fantasy that his private life was public, uniquely visible, centrally important to his readers."

Rose is hard on Dickens for his responsibility in this, the most modern of the bad marriages described in *Parallel Lives*. Her conclusion: "It is a story of survival merely and proves only, as Jung said about his own reprehensible behavior to a young woman, that sometimes it is necessary to be unworthy in order to continue living."

The 24-year liaison between George Eliot and George Henry Lewes shows how difficult it is to generalize about the conjugal lives of the great Victorians. Though society considered their relationship depraved, the couple found remarkable serenity and creativity in their union. Eliot had scarcely written a line of fiction in 1854 when she went off with Lewes, a much respected critic whose legal wife had produced three children by another man.

As soon as Eliot moved in with Lewes she began writing *Scenes of Clerical Life*. Lewes coaxed novel after novel out of Eliot, while buttressing her self-esteem and shielding her from bad reviews. Even the ostracism she suffered gave her time to work. As Rose points out, the author of *Middlemarch* did not have to give dinner parties or entertain weekend guests. El-

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iot's was a fate that women, especially those who write, may envy in any era.

Rose's earlier book, *A Woman of Letters*, a study of Virginia Woolf, led her to examine Woolf's passionately propounded notions of sexual equality. Seeking a unifying principle that would link the couples in *Parallel Lives*, she looked for the dynamics of power within Victorian marriages. Not surprisingly, she concluded that "traditional marriage shores up the power of men in subtle ways." Eliot and Lewes, Rose hypothesizes, may have achieved equality because "sanctioned marriage bears some ineradicable taint which converts the personal relationship between a man and a woman into a political one." An interesting thesis, but no one, not even a gifted biographer, can generalize from the lives of geniuses. The Victorian giants portrayed in Rose's book prove too large to be contained by a single formula.

THOMAS VICTOR

Phyllis Rose

—*By Patricia Blake*

Bedtime Stories

THE OXFORD BOOK OF DREAMS
Chosen by Stephen Brook
Oxford; 268 pages; $16.95

Some authors inescapably suggest animals: Hemingway is a lion, Tolstoy a bear, Colette a cat. Anthologist Stephen Brook is a crow. For *The Oxford Book of Dreams* he has ranged over four millenniums and most of the dry surfaces of the globe in search of recorded visions. The result is a nest of glittering curiosities, some of rare value, others plucked from the dustbin of history, where they belonged. Moreover, although the collection offers hundreds of entries, it also has inexcusable gaps. The dreams of Pharaoh's servants are here, interpreted by Joseph, but they represent one-half of the biblical citations. Where is Jacob's ladder or Matthew's account of the wise men "warned of God in a dream that they should not return to Herod"? Brook's accent is more literary than historical, but even here he falters. Lewis Carroll's dream books of Alice are justly represented, but James Joyce's monumental portrait of the unconscious, *Finnegans Wake*, is accorded two lines. Joseph Heller (*Catch-22*) is indulgently granted six entries; the great dreamer Poe is given two.

Despite this disproportion, *The Oxford Book of Dreams* is an irresistible sampler. Reading Artemidorus (circa A.D. 150) is like eavesdropping in the imperial marketplace: "Someone dreamt that he had an iron penis. He fathered a son who killed him. For iron is consumed by the rust that it produces from itself." Freud's claim that the ancient Greeks had sensed what he had systematized is borne out by eerie resonances. In Aeschylus' drama, Orestes describes a snake "as though human . . . its gaping mouth clutching the breast that once fed me . . . it then mingled the sweet milk with curds of blood." John Ruskin has a serpent nightmare: "It rose up like a Cobra—with horrible round eyes and had woman's, or at least Medusa's, breasts. [It] fastened on my neck." The origins of tabloid astrology can be traced to the predictions of Astrampsychus (circa A.D. 350): "Gladness of mind shows that you will live abroad"; and *Napoleon's Book of Fate* (circa 1860): "For a young woman to dream that she is embraced by a gorilla means that she will have one of the handsomest and wisest men for a suitor."

What the anthology lacks in depth it more than makes up in breadth. The collected figments venture from Homer: "Two gates for ghostly dreams there are: one . . . of honest horn, and one of ivory" to John Updike: She repeated her dream "at breakfast. He was moved, beholding his daughter launched into another dimension of life, like school. He was touched by her tiny stock of imagery." Throughout, Brook is keenly aware of the terror and distress that reside in dreams: his categories include Nightmare, Violence, the Absurd and Frustrations. Together they should engender enough insomnia for a lifetime. Instead, precisely the opposite occurs. For in the vastness of sleep, all countries are contiguous and all generations contemporary, their nightly symbols—animals, the sensation of flight, erotic pursuits—varying little from the pre-Christian epoch to the present. That disclosure makes this nightmarish, violent, absurd and frustrating book oddly reassuring: a flawed compendium, but an ideal companion for the bedside.

—*By Stefan Kanfer*

Goya's "The Sleep of Reason"
Nightmare, Violence and Frustrations.

VICTOR

Dr. Lewis Thomas: disproving the rules

Doubts

LATE NIGHT THOUGHTS ON LISTENING TO MAHLER'S NINTH SYMPHONY
By Lewis Thomas
Viking; 168 pages; $12.95

Dr. Lewis Thomas, 69, has built a successful second career by giving many laymen their first clear overview of the moral and even aesthetic problems that can be encountered in the laboratory. The bestselling essays in *The Lives of a Cell* and *The Medusa and the Snail* moved nimbly from the microscopic to the transcendental. Nucleoli revealed worlds of meaning; peptides hid oceans of being. Charmed by Thomas' low-key lyricism, the judges of the National Book Award granted the physician-researcher its prize for arts and letters in 1975. Somehow the doctor had put his pulse on the thumb of the nation.

Late Night Thoughts finds him as steady as ever. He has much to add to his recurrent themes: the wonder of discovery and the need for humility when faced with nature's endless secrets. "It is not just that there is more to do," he writes, "there is everything to do." Urgent notes are struck, especially in the title piece. The final strains of Gustav Mahler's *Ninth Symphony* no longer evoke a musical metaphor for death's natural release. The long string passage now stirs images of the world's end. The reason for the change is that the sage has been caught up in the nuclear arms debate: "Words like disaster and catastrophe are too frivolous for the events that would inevitably follow a war with thermonuclear weapons . . . The preparations go on, the dreamlike rituals are rehearsed, and the whole earth is being set up as an altar for a burnt offering."

Dramatic pessimism does not come naturally to Thomas. He is a self-acknowledged meliorist, one who believes that change is for the better and people can accelerate the beneficial process. He proposes that the U.S. and U.S.S.R. exchange hundreds of thousands of guest-hostages in the hope that neither side

would send missiles to kill its own people. But why travel? The technology of nuclear action and reaction has already made everyone hostage in his own bed.

Thomas' plan has a low probability; scientists rarely speak of absolute impossibilities. One of the author's keenest pleasures is describing phenomena that should not occur: a species of bacteria that thrives on temperatures of more than 300° C or a type of virus that propagates vigorously even though it does not contain any detectable genetic material.

Nature has many ways of saying "Do not understand me too quickly," and Thomas is constantly watchful for the exception that disproves the rule. Both as scientist and humanist, he finds that doubt is his most reliable ally. Bewilderment, as he also calls it, is the 20th century's family secret: "Hidden in the darkest closets of all our institutions of higher learning, repressed whenever it seems to be emerging into public view, sometimes glimpsed staring from attic windows like a mad cousin of learning."

Certainty's embarrassing kin guides Thomas past accepted wisdom to good sense and imaginative speculation. He studies quantum mechanics and realizes that it holds no mystic truths or fetching metaphors for him because he does not know the mathematics. Elsewhere, he bucks psychiatric doctrine and formulates a hands-off policy toward the unconscious: "It cannot be a bad thing to own one, but I would no more think of meddling with it than trying to exorcise my liver, an equally mysterious apparatus. Until we know a lot more, it would be wise, as we have learned from other fields in medicine, to let them be." Doubt, as the doctor gracefully demonstrates, is another way of knowing. —*By R.Z. Sheppard*

Best Sellers

FICTION

1. Poland. Michener. *(1 last week)*
2. Changes. *Steel (2)*
3. Hollywood Wives. *Collins (3)*
4. The Name of the Rose. *Eco (4)*
5. Who Killed the Robins Family?. *Adler and Chastain (6)*
6. Christine. *King (5)*
7. Monimbo. *Moss and De Borchgrave (7)*
8. August. *Rossner (8)*
9. The Little Drummer Girl. *Le Carré (9)*
10. Everything and More. *Briskin*

NONFICTION

1. The Mary Kay Guide to Beauty. *Mary Kay Cosmetics*
2. In Search of Excellence. *Peters and Waterman (1)*
3. The Body Principal. *Principal (6)*
4. Motherhood. *Bombeck (5)*
5. Megatrends. *Naisbitt (7)*
6. On Wings of Eagles. *Follett (4)*
7. Fatal Vision. *McGinniss (3)*
8. The Best of James Herriot. *Herriot (9)*
9. The One Minute Manager. *Blanchard and Johnson (2)*
10. Creating Wealth. *Allen (8)*

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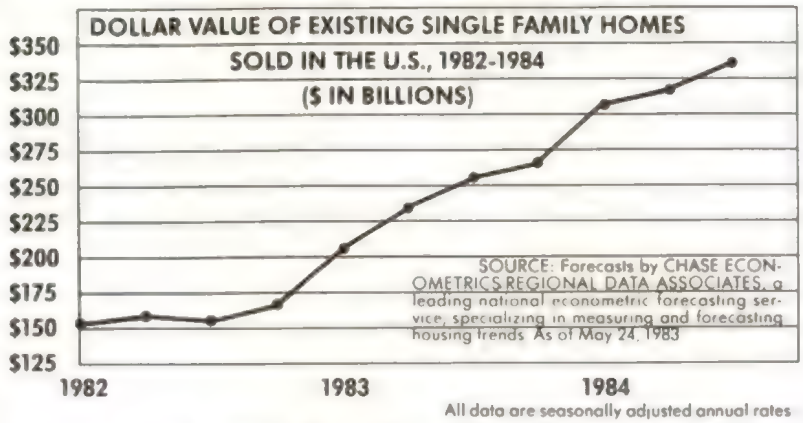

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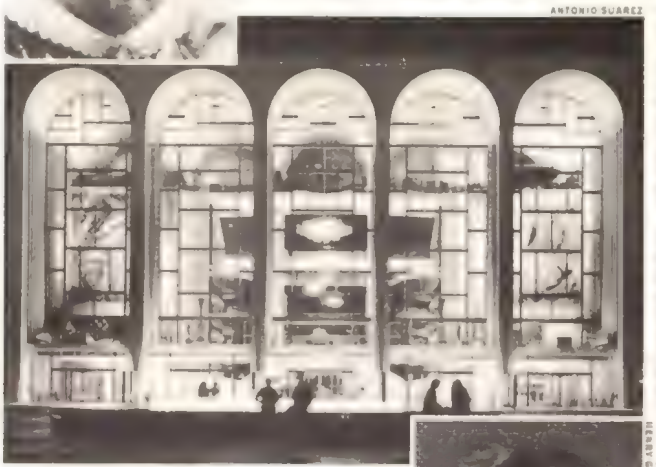
Toward a New Golden Age

As the Met turns 100, the face of opera is changing

In opera, the most passionate and passionately debated musical form, the myth of the golden age remains potent. If opera is primarily about singing—sheer, glorious vocalism over all other elements—then these may be parlous times. Where today is a real Aida on the order of Emmy Destinn, an *echt* Siegfried like Lauritz Melchior or a true Norma such as Rosa Ponselle? In the Arcadian past, there were giants on the earth. How can contemporary opera possibly compete with its starry past?

This Saturday, as the Metropolitan Opera turns 100 years old, it is wrestling with this question as never before. The centennial celebration, to be telecast live on PBS, is an extravagant affair lasting eight hours; offering a nonstop parade of stars (Domingo, Pavarotti, Milnes, Sutherland, Nilsson, Te Kanawa, among 90 others), it seems to be a ringing affirmation of the opera-as-vocalism theory. But the Met gala is more likely a capstone than a portent, for the very nature of opera is being changed by history and technology. The Met—which began life on Oct. 22, 1883, in a nondescript yellow brick building at Broadway and 39th Street in Manhattan, and has evolved into the leading opera company in the U.S. and one of the world's foremost—is being changed too. Consider the forces at work:

WIDE WORLD



ANTONIO SUAREZ

HENRY GROSSMAN

The Lincoln Center house; Caruso and Pavarotti
Great voices in the past, and the present too.

The Weight of History. The last new opera to enter the standard repertory was Puccini's *Turandot* in 1926. Certain later operas have enjoyed a *succès d'estime*, and some (like Benjamin Britten's *Peter Grimes*) are even produced fairly often; but in general, the repertory of the past half-century has been a closed shop. Thus the Met has the Sisyphean task of producing and reproducing the same roster of familiar works. When the Met was young, many of today's warhorses were new; but now opera is in danger of becoming a dead art, remembering the past yet still condemned to repeat it.

The Rise of the Stage Director. All right, if there are no new works, then make old works new through flamboyant reinterpretation. The stage director, once a traffic cop, has become in effect a second librettist. These show doctors have made some startling alterations: Jonathan Miller updated *Rigoletto* as a '50s Mafia love story; Patrice Chéreau set the *Ring* during the turbulence of the industrial revolution; Jean-Pierre Ponnelle played *The Flying Dutchman* as the phantasmagorical dream of one of its minor characters. Most radical of all is Peter Brook's *La Tragédie de Carmen*, first seen in Paris in 1981 and due to open in New York City this month. Brook's version is a rewriting of Bizet, the music cut, rescored and reordered with new characters added to the plot.

The Dearth of Great Voices. The Met complains that it cannot properly cast *Aïda* any more, and has not staged a satisfactory *Ring* in years. But longing for a vanished golden age obscures the fact that there are singers today who can compete with their heroic forebears: the Met gala boasts more than a dozen, singing alongside such potential future stars as Kathleen Battle and Leona Mitchell. Further, the days when the Met had unquestioned call on the major voices are gone. The competition from the great European houses and the other American companies is too great. As a result, the ideal of ensemble opera is once again fashionable, prizing drama as well as vocal display.

Radio, Television—and Now Subtitles. For 43 years, the Saturday-afternoon Met performances have been broadcast nationwide, bringing opera to millions. But TV is an even more potent medium, transmitting the spectacle along with the music to an even wider audience. Television has also proved a boon to intelligibility with its running subtitles. Now titles have crept into the opera house, projected on a screen, where they promise to settle the argument between those who favor hearing works in the original and those who want to hear them in the vernacular. The removal of the language barrier will likely increase attendance as audiences discover that opera is not as forbidding to the neophyte as once supposed.

All these developments are having an impact on the Met. Television is already a major factor, and only snobbism will delay the subtitling innovation. Like conductors everywhere, Music Director James Levine would prefer to cast star voices at each performance but knows he cannot always get them. Accordingly, Levine has, largely successfully, adopted the ensemble concept, taking advantage of the fact that singers generally look and act better than they used to.

As perhaps the world's most conservative major opera house, the Met has resisted the kind of directorial innovation (or excess, depending on one's view) that marks its European colleagues, to its loss. Ponnelle's willful, brilliant *Dutchman* was resoundingly booed when it was imported in 1979 and has not been seen since. But the Met does employ stage directors with strong, if more conventional, ideas: Otto Schenk, for example, who was responsible for last year's sparkling *The Tales of Hoffmann*. And, slowly, the company is recognizing that there is opera after Puccini: besides *Peter Grimes* this year, the repertory includes Poulenc, Weill, Stravinsky and Riccardo Zandonai's *verismo* potboiler, *Francesca da Rimini*. In addition, the Met has commissioned new works from Composers John Corigliano and Jacob Druckman.

As for the often remarked upon lack of great voices, that may be more a function of nostalgia than fact. There were great singers in the Met's past, there are still today, and there will be tomorrow. But they will no longer be the whole show. Verdi, who always prized drama above mere warbling, and Wagner, who attempted a synthesis of the arts, would be pleased. So should opera fans, who ought to realize that they may be sitting on the threshold of a new golden age. —*By Michael Walsh*

Great Expectations in Canada

The Grand Theater Company, London, Ont.

Director Phillips

When Robin Phillips was 15 and a student at Britain's Bristol Old Vic, his impoverished rural parents provided him £1 a week for pocket money, obtained "by selling things from the house, including their wedding presents." The sacrifice bore fruit. At 20, Phillips was acting with Laurence Olivier; by the time he was 30, he was an established director in London's West End (*Tiny Alice*), on Broadway (*Abelard and Heloise*) and, by preference, in Britain's regional repertory theaters. His success was certified in 1973 when, at age 31, he won one of the most prestigious repertory-theater posts in North America, as artistic director of Canada's Stratford Festival.

Phillips built a justified following at Stratford for his venturesome direction of more than 30 productions. But after seven years there led to "utter exhaustion," he quit and, amid acrimony over his abrupt departure, resumed the roving life of a guest director. Friends predicted that he would find himself longing for a home, and they were right. Last month, in sedate, affluent London, Ont. (pop. 255,000), about 40 miles from Stratford, Phillips launched a new troupe that is as ambitious as its title: the Grand Theater Company.

The ensemble—named for its performing space, a chastely remodeled former grand-opera house—is mounting productions ranging from *Hamlet* to *Godspell*, from a transvestite *Arsenic and Old Lace* to a studiously Edwardian *The Doctor's Dilemma*. Phillips will direct four of the nine main stage productions and co-direct three more. (The schedule also includes five children's shows, adapted from stories by Paul Gallico.) The actors, many of them veterans of the Phillips era at Stratford, work in true repertory: a weekend visitor can see four plays in two days; at its peak during December, the Grand will offer seven main stage shows and three children's plays. With only modest government and corporate support, the company is counting on ticket sales to defray an optimistic 73% of the $3.5 million budget (in U.S. dollars).

Artistically, the company already seems secure. The first four productions, although they tend toward the conventional and ingratiating, all have a high gloss, especially in design. Phillips and Phillip Silver have created a standing set: a streamlined, frame-and-window contraption that can look like a temple, a skyscraper or the wall of a conservatory. It neatly frames an all but impeccable *The Doctor's Dilemma*, Shaw's affectionate satire of medical theories, artistic pretensions and the absurd complexities brought on by love. The plot, a wittily constructed but logically dubious foofaraw, about a physician who must decide whether to save the life of a mediocre yet decent colleague or that of a gifted yet wicked artist, is taken just seriously enough to display the talents of the cast. Even the smallest performances are persuasive, and one is exceptional: as the artist's devoted wife, a woman so blind to her husband's sins that she might easily seem pathetic, Martha Henry radiates strength, grace and throbbing-voiced appeal. In *Dilemma*'s other exacting role, Brent Carver finds the scapegrace charm and wit of the dying young artist but just misses the offhand incandescence that would fit the repeated description of him as a genius. Phillips has acted the part himself, to acclaim, and knows that the character's simultaneous power to seduce and appall an audience is vital to the play's debate.

Carver is also a little shy of star quality as Jesus in the musical *Godspell*, although his singing voice is sweet and true, his movement is crisp, and his line readings are intelligent. The rest of the ensemble has a more spontaneous energy, and one player, Neil Foster, almost explodes in the up-tempo *We Beseech Thee*. The slight plot and Stephen Schwartz's exuberant score, which in the 1971 premiere seemed purely a product of flower power, hold up surprisingly well: the youths who eventually join up with Jesus have been reconceived by Director Gregory Peterson as 1980s punk rockers with spiky hair, stiletto heels and spooky makeup, and their menacing manner lends urgency to the effort to convert them to righteousness.

Waiting for the Parade is less a play than a series of review sketches, mostly comic, about the women left behind when Canada's men went off to World War II. Director Phillips and a standout cast, notably Carole Shelley, Sheila McCarthy and Susan Wright, almost overcome the predictability of the stories.

For the Grand to live up to its name, it must produce difficult plays in provocative ways. Phillips has faced up to that challenge by staging *Timon of Athens*, Shakespeare's relentlessly cynical story of a generous man who lavishes his fortune on friends, finds himself deserted by them, then retreats into the wilderness and vows to destroy his native city. The production is deft and vividly detailed, but takes too detached an approach to the play's excesses of vengeance. Timon's disillusionment should amount to more than a rage at betrayal—he should make an unbearable discovery about human nature—yet William Hutt, although forceful and majestic, does not attain that philosophical dimension. In the almost unplayable part of Timon's rebel ally Alcibiades (a role so ill explained that Phillips apologizes for it in the program), Maurice Good fails utterly. Moreover, Phillips' resetting of the show from ancient Athens to the turn of the 20th century seems arbitrary; during what should be a horrific conclusion—the conquest of the city—the olive drab of the soldiers and the formal dinner clothes of the city fathers are distracting and pointless. Still, the rendition compares favorably with the BBC's in its Shakespeare series.

Taking seriously the follies of love: Carver and Henry in *Dilemma*

High gloss and deft ensemble playing in an ingratiating first season.

Warts and all, *Timon* demonstrates the value of a repertory theater: it does not depend upon the popularity of a single production and is therefore free to experiment. Phillips has mounted a season with much of the style of his past world-class efforts. He gives ample reason to hope for future grandeur. —*By William A. Henry III*

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Everyman as Tragic Hero

Sir Ralph Richardson, 1902-1983

Nature did not cast him to play princes. The watery eyes gave him a look both stoic and startled: in Kenneth Tynan's phrase, "like a Teddy bear snapped in a bad light by a child holding its first camera." The body was pear-shaped and the vocal tones were not; they pontificated, or quavered with sentiment. The hands rose and fluttered independently, articulating a sweetly deranged sign language. Ralph Richardson was no matinee idol—no ethereal saint like John Gielgud, whose beautiful voice could coax meaning out of a computer print-out; no demon lover like Laurence Olivier, with hell-fire in his eyes and the coil of sexual danger. Sir Ralph walked the earth, with sure, heavy strides. When he left it last week at 80, his place was secure in the triple crown of great English actors whose work spanned and illuminated the century.

His forebears were Northumberland farmers, and at first young Ralph dreamed of becoming nothing more eccentric than a pharmacist. Then he saw a production of *Hamlet* in which the leading actor drew his sword and scraped it against the floor of the stage. This weird and wonderful noise mesmerized the teen-ager, and he resolved to take to the stage. With no schooling in the dramatic arts, Ralph had literally to buy his way into an amateur repertory company. His audition speech drew this appraisal from the company's manager: "It's frightful, Richardson. You could never, never be any good as Falstaff." The next time Richardson slipped into the grand carcass of that role, in 1945, he was proclaimed the greatest Falstaff in living memory.

In *West of Suez* raging at the dying sun

He had Falstaff's touch, too, for the imposing phrase of self-deprecation: "Acting," he said in 1946, "is merely the art of keeping a large group of people from coughing." Like so many luminaries of his generation, he viewed acting as a job from which one should never take a vacation; in 63 years he appeared in more than 180 stage productions, 62 movies and at least a score of TV plays. Through his early years he was the middle-class Everyman, shuffling toward archetype with good will and capacious common sense. But as he aged, his characters turned imperious and, in spite of their power, ineffectual. In David Storey's *Home* (1970), John Osborne's *West of Suez* (1971) and Harold Pinter's *No Man's Land* (1975) and in the films *The Heiress* (1950) and *Long Day's Journey into Night* (1962), Richardson found his ideal role: as the haughty burgher whose tragic flaw lies in realizing too late that he is not quite a tragic figure. Though he never played Lear, the Shakespearean role that might have been written for him, Richardson found that doddering majesty as the politician in Storey's *Early Days* (1980). Wily but too innocent, flirting with senility, raging at the dying sun of empire, Sir Ralph painted an indelible image of a civilization's decline.

Offstage, Richardson played another role, no less carefully calculated: the foxy grandpa, cheerfully distant, fond of his drink and his pet ferret named Eddie, ever ready to scoot away on his motorcycle or to celebrate an occasion with his special display of fireworks. As for the pyrotechnics of his craft, he was meticulous in creating them, blending an exhaustive reading of the script with acute observation of Everyman in the street. It was this creature whom Richardson embodied and alchemized into art. In finding something extraordinary in the ordinary man, in revealing his dreams and despair, Sir Ralph proved himself the most fearlessly modern actor of his great generation. Nature had the right idea after all.

—By Richard Corliss

SEEKING DIVORCE. Stevie Nicks, 35, rock-'n'-roll enchantress (*Bella Donna, The Wild Heart*); and **Kim Anderson,** 32, record promoter; after eight months of marriage; in Los Angeles. Anderson was formerly married to Nicks' close friend Robin Anderson, who died of leukemia in 1982 and who had asked the singer to take care of her newborn daughter.

DIED. Joan Hackett, 49, elegant, intense actress best remembered for her first film role, as a neurotic Vassar graduate in *The Group* (1966), and one of her last, as an aging narcissist in *Only When I Laugh* (1981); of cancer; in Encino, Calif.

DIED. Robert Docking, 57, Democratic Governor of Kansas who served a record four terms (1967-74), cutting taxes, curtailing state spending and calling out the National Guard and state troopers in 1970 to deal with racial troubles; of emphysema; in Arkansas City, Kans.

DIED. Isidore Zimmerman, 66, a retired doorman who, imprisoned from 1937 to 1962 for a murder he did not commit, was awarded $1 million in damages last May; of a heart attack; in New York City. In 1937 Zimmerman was falsely implicated by one of the killers of a New York police detective and had his death sentence commuted to a life term just hours before he was scheduled to be electrocuted. In 1962 an appellate court ruled that he had been convicted on perjured testimony and that the prosecution had suppressed evidence that would have cleared him. After two decades of lawsuits against New York State, Zimmerman was finally paid damages just 15 weeks before his death.

DIED. Kurt Debus, 74, German scientist who was director from 1952 to 1974 of NASA's Cape Canaveral facility (now the Kennedy Space Center), overseeing such landmark projects as the launches of the first U.S. manned spaceflight and Apollo 11's moon mission; of a heart attack; in Cocoa, Fla. Debus worked closely with Wernher von Braun, the father of modern rocketry, to design the Nazis' V-2 rocket booster, then became a passionately loyal American citizen after the German surrender. In the 1950s he worked on the Army's first missile capable of carrying and delivering a nuclear warhead, the Redstone.

DIED. Pat O'Brien, 83, who played Irish cops and priests, soldiers and football coaches in some 80 films; of a heart attack; in Los Angeles. His most memorable performance was as Notre Dame's famed coach in *Knute Rockne*, in which he exhorts the team to "go out and win one for the Gipper," played by Ronald Reagan.

DIED. Wayne Aspinall, 87, crusty Democratic Congressman from Colorado who during twelve terms (1949-72) fought for Western development, dominating the House Interior and Insular Affairs Committee for 14 years; of prostate cancer; in Palisade, Colo. Although instrumental in the passage of the 1964 Wilderness Act and the 1965 Land and Water Conservation Fund Act, he drew fire from environmentalists for his multiple-use policies that kept open public lands for mining, grazing, timbering and oil exploration.

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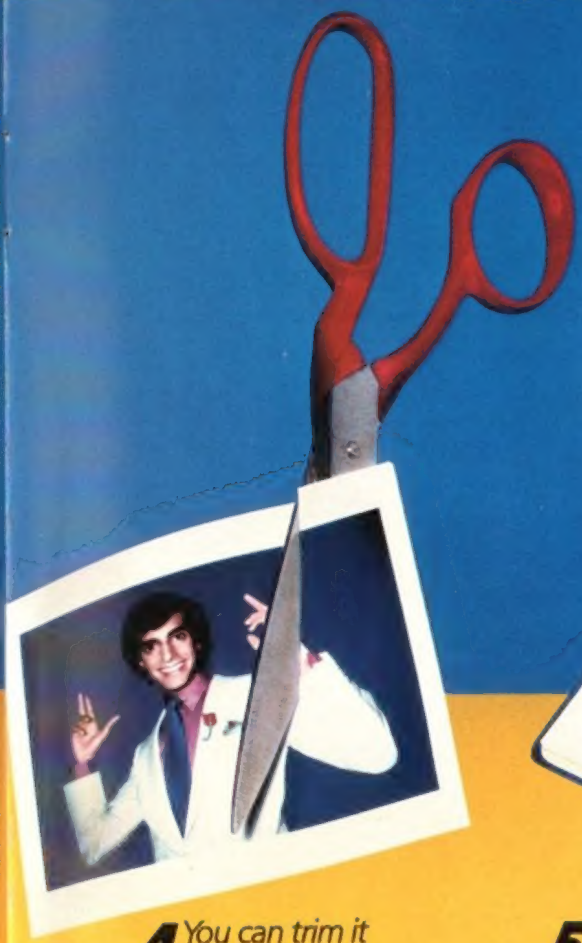

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